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Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

Vol. 212 JULY, 1920 No. 1

William Dean Howells — RECOLLECTIONS
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Magazine Insanity . . . JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.
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1920

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Stéphane Lauzanne

the distinguished Editor of *Le Matin,* whose articles in this REVIEW have attracted wide interest, will continue to present conditions in Europe as viewed from France.

U. S. Senator Arthur Capper

who stirred the Senate and the country with his disclosures of profiteering, will have an article on "What the American Farmer Thinks." Senator Capper represents the agricultural State of Kansas, is a newspaper publisher, and has large interests in agricultural publications.

Amy Lowell

was made recently honorary member of the Phi Betta Kappa Society by Columbia University. The poem she read upon the occasion, "Many Swans—Sun Myth of the North American Indians," will make a distinguished contribution in the REVIEW pages.

H. L. Mencken

whose volume, *The American Language,* discovered him as a historian of American civilization, will pay a characteristic tribute to the Puritan heritage.

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WILLIAM LYON PHELPS,
Professor of English Literature at Yale University, was graduated from Yale in 1887. He has edited many English classics, and has published *The Permanent Contribution of the Nineteenth Century to English Literature, Essays on Modern Novelists, Essays on Russian Novelists,* and many other volumes.

JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.,
the eminent neurologist, whose study of President Wilson in the May "REVIEW" attracted such wide interest, is the author of *Diseases of the Brain, The Way with the Nerves,* and *Sleep and the Sleepless.* Since his military experience during the war in Italy, a book has appeared under the title *My Italian Year.*

ELIOT WADSWORTH,
member of the Executive Committee of the National American Red Cross Society, has recently returned from an extended investigation into conditions in Eastern Europe. The present paper presents some constructive suggestions in regard to peace in that region.

WALTER GUEST KELLOGG
is a member of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. He was Chairman of the Board of Inquiry on Conscientious Objectors, and has published a volume entitled *The Conscientious Objector.*

WILLIS L. MOORE,
Chief of United States Weather Bureau from 1895 to 1913, has since that time been Professor of Meteorology of George Washington University. His treatise, *Moore's Descriptive Meteorology,* is a work of authority.

SAMUEL CROWTHER
is a student of industrial matters, and since the war has examined conditions in England and in Germany

rather extensively. The present paper is one of a short series the REVIEW will publish dealing with the malady of unrest, and suggesting a simple but surprising cure.

SYDNEY GREENBIE
has spent some years in the Far East and Australia as a student of conditions. A volume, the result of his observations, has just appeared under the title, *Japan: Real and Imaginary.*

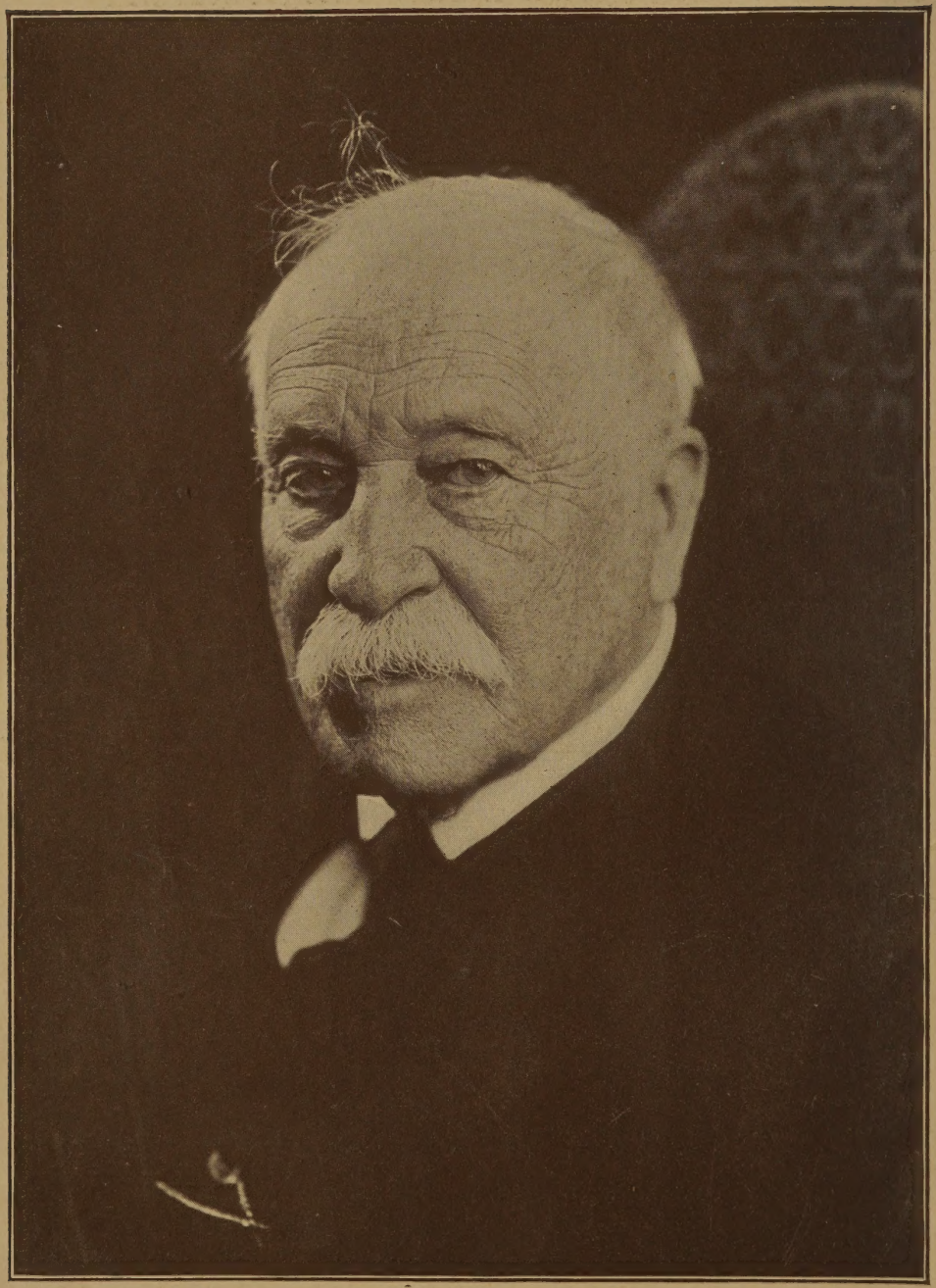
WALTER PRICHARD EATON,
after years of service as dramatic critic on numerous journals, is now connected with the *American Magazine* in that capacity. His literary interests have made him author of many volumes, which include *Plays and Players, The American Stage Today,* and *Green Trails and Upland Pastures.*

JESSE L. LASKY,
Vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, presents the views of the cinema people in opposition to Mr. Eaton's warning against their influence upon the theatre.

JEANNETTE MARKS,
lecturer in English at Mount Holyoke College, is widely known for her successful books and plays, which include those that won the Welsh National Theatre Prize, *Mary Cuckoo* and *Welsh Honeymoon.*

ANNA ROBESON BURR
is known for numerous critical writings, the more noteworthy of which are, perhaps, *The Autobiography; a Critical and Comparative Study,* and *Religious Confessions and Confessants.*

ST. JOHN ERVINE
is the young Irish dramatist whose plays, *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg,* have had such great popularity. His novels, *Mrs. Martin's Man* and *Alice and a Family,* have brought him into prominence as one of the noteworthy contemporary British writers. A new novel, *The Foolish Lovers,* further demonstrates his creative gift.



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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1920

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

MARCH 1, 1837—May 11, 1920

Mr. Howells is dead,—"a man," once said David Munro, "who in conversation appears as the gentlest of spirits, but, directly he takes his pen in hand, becomes the master." It was a true epitome. But this is not the place for amplification. Mr. Howells' identification was with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for fifty-six years, his first critical essay, on "Recent Italian Comedies," written while he was serving as Consul in Venice, having appeared in that venerable periodical in* 1864. *How many others followed could not easily be ascertained because of the anonymity of contributors in the early days. There were many, however, and they continued intermittently throughout his lifetime Of one number in* 1872, *in the absence of Henry Adams, he was the editor. "Probably," he remarked whimsically not so long ago, "I thought it very good,"—and probably it was, since in all his seventy-three volumes he did nothing ill. It was but natural, in the light of their long and intimate association, that Mr. Howells should have felt, in his own felicitous words, bound to* THE REVIEW, *as assuredly* THE REVIEW *was bound to him, "by a personal tie,"—a blessed circumstance which shall not fail of due recognition in forthcoming numbers of that periodical.* [From *Harvey's Weekly, May* 22, 1920.]

REMINISCENCES OF AN EVENING WITH HOWELLS

A dinner in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of William Dean Howells was given by Colonel George Harvey at Sherry's, New York, on March 2nd, 1912. A reception was held at half-past six o'clock and more than four hundred men and women prominent in letters congratulated Mr. Howells and wished him many added years. Practically every literary celebrity in the United States was present—never before in America have so many literary people been gathered under one roof; and President Taft came over from Washington to do honor to the venerable author.

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Mr. Howells sat at Colonel Harvey's right hand and President Taft at his left. The dinner was served at fifty small tables. President Taft, Hamilton W. Mabie, Winston Churchill, Basil King, William Allen White, Augustus Thomas, and James Barnes spoke, in addition to the guest of honor and his host.

COLONEL HARVEY'S PREFATORY REMARKS

Colonel Harvey spoke as follows in greeting and introduction:

The first realization that springs from a glance at your birthday party, sir, is that of your own amazing versatility. One needs only to recall the titles of your books to paint the picture. The unique gathering itself, for example, might be designated with exactitude as *A Modern Instance.* You find yourself primarily among *Literary Friends and Acquaintances.* Behold, sir, with gratification and delight the *Heroines of Fiction* and rest assured that not one is *A Counterfeit Presentment.*

The mere presence of so many wives without their husbands and vice versa affords a vivid reminder of *No Love Lost.* Before the evening closes it is quite within the range of possibility that we shall hear *Stories of Ohio.* For myself I freely admit that I am assuming *A Fearful Responsibility* and I plead for the full exercise of *The Quality of Mercy.* You yourself will be confronted presently by *An Imperative Duty,* while on your right, if you but turn your head, you will perceive *A Little Girl Among the Masters* —between two of them, if I may be permitted to say as much. And so we might continue almost indefinitely, even, I dare say, to the point of finding somewhere in the room *A Pair of Patient Lovers.*

No less varied than your literary product has been your work, and here again you breathe an atmosphere of congeniality. You have edited newspapers. Our most famous journalists are here. You have published a book or two. Behold, sir, our greatest publishers. You have set type. In that by-gone occupation I claim companionship before the time when inventive ingenuity transformed an art into a sciniality. You have edited newspapers. Our most famous jourist, a poet, and a dramatist shall address you.

But, sir, never forget that you began your splendid career as a native of Ohio. As such it was inevitable that public

office should not only pursue, but overtake you, as in truth it did, to the joy of mankind, since it landed you in your beloved Venice. As a statesman, then, a statesman from Ohio, if you please, you naturally crave the delight of sympathetic comradeship upon an occasion such as this. That void, sir, shall be filled to overflowing. Indeed, I may be so bold as to declare unhesitatingly that he who links arms with you tonight as a public servant is not only a native of Ohio, but is, with one exception, the most distinguished native of Ohio now living.

The delegates who framed the Federal Constitution decreed at first as follows:

> The executive power of the United States shall be vested in a single person. His style shall be "President of the United States" and his title shall be "His Excellency."

Subsequently they dropped the "title," but they kept the "style." Hence the word "stylish," meaning handsome in person and gracious in demeanor. Yet another cognomen was proposed and, indeed, is frequently used to this very day. That is "Chief Magistrate." It is an appellation which personally I have always liked and which I should surely elect as peculiarly fitting in this particular instance. What are the attributes of a great Chief Magistrate? Pliny, Plutarch, Aristotle, Montaigne—all agree. He must be a wise man; he must be a brave man; he must be a kindly man; he must be a patient man; above all, he must be a just man. Such an one, sir, it is the exceptional blessing of our beloved country now to possess—the embodiment, in truth, of sagacity, of moral courage, of benignity, of leniency, of justice.

There is yet another attribute held in high esteem by the philosopher who guided the Medicis. "The good and wise prince," he writes, "should be a lover and protector of men of letters." That sentiment surely we can all indorse. It completes the list of essential qualities. By his presence tonight, sir, our Chief Magistrate is proved in the last analysis as one who keeps the faith.

But obedience to the letter, no less than to the spirit of our fundamental law, requires recognition of the "style" designated by the Constitution. And, much as we may prefer the other, truly it is not so bad.

I have the honor, sir and ladies and gentlemen, to present the President of the United States.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S SPEECH

President Taft spoke as follows:

I have traveled from Washington here to do honor to the greatest living American writer and novelist. I have done this because of the personal debt I feel for the pleasure he has given me in what he has written, in the pictures of American life and society and character he has painted, and with which I have had sufficient familiarity to know the truth and delicacy of his touch. Neither the rhythm, nor the emphasis, nor the shading of his meaning has robbed his style of the lucidity and clearness that delight a common mind like mine, and his delightful and kindly humor that leaves a flower in one's memory has created a feeling of affection for the author that prompts an expression like this.

Easily at the head of the living literary men of the nation, Mr. Howells is entitled, on the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, to this tribute of respect.

Like Shakespeare, like Burns, like Lincoln, Mr. Howells is not a university man, but he began his literary education on a country newspaper at a time of life when others begin to prepare for an academic training, and he has continued that education to this present period of youthful old age.

I perhaps may say outside of the record that on the occasion of my graduation from Yale in 1881 Mr. Howells received the honorary degree of doctor of laws. I was very nervous as I went up to receive my degree, and Mr. Howells spoke some comforting words to me. That was more than thirty years ago, but compliments don't wear out.

Born in Ohio, in a " Boy's Town " on the beautiful river, he formed what was there an unusual ambition to succeed as a man of letters, and he began at the very bottom rung of the ladder by learning to set type. By his *Campaign Life of Lincoln* he earned enough to enable him to take that charming wedding journey in which those of us that love old Quebec and the lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay often have followed him; and then, with the additional compensation for his political work, he became consul in Venice in the four years of Mr. Lincoln's term. What business there was of a consular character between the United States and the old mistress of the Adriatic he doubtless properly performed, but *The Venetian Life* which grew in that soil of

patronage was a beautiful flower which makes us patient with the system that contributed much to the literary preparation of men like Hawthorne and Howells.

Mr. Howells is not a writer whose periods of inspiration are fitful and occasional, but he has educated and prepared himself to do literary work, as men work in other professions, making his mind and imagination respond to the regular demand of duty. On the other hand, unlike Trollope, who worked like a machine, finishing so many pages a day and showing in his work the evidences of haste and mechanical striving, all that has come from Mr. Howells' pen is beautifully wrought out, with no suggestion of hurry or the oil of the machine.

Mr. Howells, in his long and useful life, has been content to live in literature. He has attempted to play a part in no other sphere. By taste, by ability, by imagination, by the genius of taking pains, he finds himself now five years beyond the age of the psalmist, representing the best and highest of American literature. Everything that he has written sustains the highest standard of social purity, and aspiration, of refinement and morality, and of wholesome ideals, and he has added to American literature a treasure of literary excellence the enjoyment of which will make coming generations grateful.

COLONEL HARVEY'S INTRODUCTION OF MR. HOWELLS

Yesterday an unprecedented tribute was paid to our guest. By request of the Superintendent of Libraries, Mr. Howells wrote a letter which was read in all the public schools. His closing words were these:

> While I would wish you to love America most because it is your home, I would have you love the whole world and think of all the people in it as your countrymen. You will hear people more foolish than wicked say, "Our country, right or wrong," but that is a false patriotism and bad Americanism. When our country is wrong she is worse than other countries when they are wrong, for she has more light than other countries, and we ought somehow to make her feel that we are sorry and ashamed for her.

"In that letter," writes the discerning editor of the *Springfield Republican,* who, happily, is here tonight, "we have revealed one who always and first loves his fellowmen." I could not hope in reason to improve upon that phrase as an introduction. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Howells.

MR. HOWELLS' SPEECH

Mr. Howells said:

Some fifty-two years ago, come next summer, I sat with the great Hawthorne on the hill behind his house in Concord and heard him say several memorable things. The most memorable of these things was to the effect that there was nothing like recognition to make a man modest. At the time I supposed he was speaking of one of his neighbors, perhaps Thoreau, perhaps Alcott, who had not had recognition enough to make him modest. It has since occurred to me that he had the actual occasion in mind and was with a subtle prescience insinuating the kindly hope that I might profit by the insurpassable inducement to shrink into the background which has been given me here tonight. This, in fact, is what I propose to do when I have made you believe that I really mean it in putting away the crowns you have offered me on this little Lupercal of mine. I can do this the more easily when I remember that the occasion was no more the effect of my wishing than of my deserving, but was created solely by that genius for hospitality in our host which bends all wills to it when it frees itself in the motion of a seventy-fifth birthday dinner or the like. I can do it still more easily, if possible, when I recall myself to consciousness of the fact that whatever has brought you here, you are glad and proud to be here supremely because the occasion is honored by the nation in the presence of the man who honors the high office of Washington and Lincoln.

If you ask me for some conjecture of mine as to why our host or his chief guest should have united in this occasion so apparently, so evidently inadequate, I will urge in their defense that I do not come seventy-five years of age every day, and that if I should prove altogether unworthy of their kindness the occasion will not repeat itself though I should live to be a hundred. Except as a condition of being still alive, I would not have chosen to have a seventy-fifth birthday. It is something that both precept and practice would have forbidden me. I have never had a seventy-fifth birthday before in my life and I am keenly aware that in now venturing upon one I am transcending the psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten. Yet, with all this, I will not deny that there is some merit in having lived seventy-five years, in having outrun the psalmist with his hampering

limit, though there is not so much merit as the man who has done it is apt to think. The very experience of life which has enlightened him on most points rather darkens him on this one and he has come to believe that somehow he has done the things he has witnessed, or, if he has not done them, that they have been done because of him. I should like you to keep this amiable peculiarity of our race in view when I say what great things of our literature I have personally known and what great things I hope of it.

As I understand, there are only two or three men here who are seventy-five years old, and not one woman, not a single one. You cannot, therefore, you unfavored juniors, impute to yourselves the merit of the great things done in American literature during the last three-quarters of a century as one can, however unwillingly, who has lived through that space of time; but I hope that the very youngest of you will listen tolerantly if I praise the things of the past as if they were my own. Yet I would not wish to praise the past at the cost of the future or the present, for I could not sincerely do that. It is no great virtue to believe; we have found that out as to many things; but neither is it great wisdom to deny; science itself has proved that about some things. Yet belief is a great comfort; sometimes it is the only comfort we have. If we cannot always show our faith by our works we can always, I think, if our eyes are willing, find works of others to show our faith by. There has been no hour of our literary past, as I have lived it, when I had the least fear for our literary future; not even when the good fight for reality in literary art which I believed myself fighting seemed to be a losing fight did I bate my hope for the time to come or for the time that then was.

To the backward glance the light of the past seems one great glow, but it is in fact a group of stellar fires; fixed stars not unaccompanied by wandering comets, not without the gaiety of aimless meteors. Perhaps, it is as some incandescent mass that the future will behold this present when it has become the past, and we who sit here tonight shall appear one great glow without distinction of age or sex or any qualitative difference in our several glory. But we who sit here tonight are keenly aware of distinction and of differences. Such of us as are the fixed stars know very well which are the wandering comets and which are aimless meteors kindly only in their passage through our atmos-

phere. It has been so in every period; and if I say that I knew at first hand the luminaries of a by-gone period it is not merely to attribute their greatness to my acquaintance with them, but it is also to affirm their essential consciousness of difference from one another. They differed as the stars differ in glory and always will, though the stars may not know it as these great men did. The list of them is very long, and I may say that if I missed the personal acquaintance of Cooper and Irving and Poe and Prescott I was personally acquainted with all the others in whom the story of American literature sums itself. I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske. Names refulgent still, however the fire, never to be returned, seems beginning to die out of some of them; names such as we have hardly the like of.

Hardly the like of? I say this, but I say it askingly and at the worst wistfully in fear of your response to a question which I should myself answer courageously rather than categorically. I should not want to be damped by your doubt or to have my ever-youthful faith dashed by your experience, and so before you can get in a word I make haste to declare; yes, we have many like them, but of no more identity with them than they felt with one another. As far as they were truly great they must have perceived that they were not so great as they had grown to seem and each must have perceived even more clearly that the others were not so great. But it is not this point that I care to insist upon, it is another; it is that difference in the present from the past which I think is inevitable from what seems the new conditioning of our lives. All of human life has turned more and more to the light of democracy, the light of equality, if you please. Literature, which was once of the cloister, the school, has become more and more of the forum and incidentally of the market-place. But it is actuated now by as high and noble motives as ever it was in the history of the world; and I think that in turning from the vain endeavor of creating beauty and devoting itself to the effort of ascertaining life it is actuated by a clearer motive than before. If we have no single name so sovereign as these

names I have cited, we have many talents which do things impossible to the geniuses who were these names on earth. Let us love them, let us honor them; we cannot worship them too much, but let us remember their limitations and consider the potentiality of the artists who now are and are to be. Let us recognize the fact that in the present vast output of literature the pure gold is not less in quantity because the mass of dirt and dross is so immeasurably greater than in the days of another sort of mining. I myself believe there is gold greater in quantity and that possibly in a critical analysis the report of the assayer will declare as high a percentage of the genuine metal. I am not dismayed by the numbers who have taken to literature in these days and found a living in it. At first it seems a little odd, a little droll to have a publisher announce a novel as "by a new writer"; but when there are so many new readers, why should not the new writers have their innings? The old ones have had theirs and even the old readers do not want them always. Ought not we old writers, who are confronting a new life elsewhere at such close range, try to be in love with the new literature here? I myself am going to cultivate an affection for it from this on.

The great men I have named could not do just the fine things, the brave things, the true things that are done now by the men I will not name lest I miss some in the long count. In my time I have seen a whole literature grow up and flourish into national proportions. Nearly all the writers I have been naming were New Englanders, but now our writers are of every sectional origin and constitute an American authorship. They are of the West and the South, as well as of the North and East, and more and more their work tastes of the soil that mothered them. Once we had a New England literature, now we have an American literature, and Indianapolis is, as Boston was, a city in which books are held dear and the art of them is prized above any other. The poets, the best of them, are of or from the West; our best historian is a Western man; our students of the human mind in the past and the human soul in the present—a very stellar group—are of the East; but our novelists and our novelettists are from every part of the country; and each is devoted wittingly or unwittingly to the representation of the America that he knows best because he has lived it most.

A literature as authentic and distinctive as our journalism has grown up in the years since the Civil War; my years, which must seem almost antediluvian to some of you here, and with this literature as truly as with our commerce and our finance the American consciousness has increased. We makers of that literature may not always realize it and the readers of that literature very seldom knew it, but the fact remains; and its genius may be intelligibly traced for, I think. We began our national career by having no literature of our own; our reading, except in the very noble political writing of the fathers, came from England; and then, as the rift between the two countries deepened and widened, it began to come from the European continent. When I commenced author it was yet coming very little from that continent. We still prayed at the old shrines; and our knees knocked together at the names of the awful gods of English criticism who scarcely even deigned an open contempt for our poor little offerings. Gradually the light which showed us the way dawned upon us and it dawned from the countenance of that most generous of the nations, from France, from the face of her who befriended us in our struggle to be an independent people; from France whose schools no less of literature than of art and science are freely open to any in the whole world who will learn. Some of you may not know this, but I know it, for I am of the generation that lived it and I would fain help to have it remembered that it was with the French masters, the continental masters, we studied to imitate nature, and gave American fiction the bent which it still keeps wherever it is vital. You may not know it, or, if you know it, you may not own it, but this is the fact, and though a flood of unreality followed us and swept us under, when that deluge went down there all over the land, the seed that we had planted, behold! it had sprouted and stood—

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

I would have you all, whatever esthetic thinking or feeling in art you are of, look about you and see whether every plant now bearing good and nourishing fruit is not of that growth.

There are many kinds of art, but there is only one best kind; and while every one ought to be freely suffered and cordially welcomed to do the thing he most likes to do, none of us should forget that there is only one best thing. Look about you, I say, not only in America, but in England,

and you will see that what I say is true, for the English, too, have come to the right faith in their latest and greatest work. But we came to this faith first because we had opener minds than the English and because we brought a willingness to learn of those masters who could teach, because we also were somehow instinctively continental. Since then a world of continental art has offered itself to us. Masterpieces have come to us from everywhere—from Norway, from Russia, from Poland, from Spain, from Italy, from Portugal—and I know no higher joy than to recognize that our best work is a response in form and spirit to that best kind which these masterpieces exemplify. Our fiction so far as it really exists is of the European and not the English make and the newer English fiction, so far as it really exists, is not of the English, but of the European make, the American make.

If I come now to speak of poetry, I own there are no sources so sweet and pure as the English sources. But I do not willingly yield the primacy in poetry to the English poets contemporary with the American poets I know. Longfellow and Bryant and Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes—

> Touched the tender stops of various quills

to as beautiful effect of truth as the English poets of their time and, perhaps, in even wider range. But they belonged to an idealistic period when men dreamed of human perfectibility through one mighty reform. Their dream was that if the slaves were freed there could hardly be sorrow on the earth which our good-will could not easily assuage. Now long ago the slaves were freed, but through the rift of the poet's broken dream the faces of underwaged women and overworked children stare at us; and it does not seem as if it were a sufficient change that now those faces are white and not black. Has the real frightened the ideal from us? Is poetry so essentially of the ideal that it must go into exile with it? Or is it that our poetry is not equal to the claim which humanity has upon America beyond all other lands and shrinks from a duty which should be her solemn joy? They who dreamed that beautiful dream in other days were each at some moment realists in their lives as they were idealists in their art. Each according to his gift laid his offering on the altar of freedom; but has each of our later poets, according to his gift, laid his offering on the altar of jus-

tice? For equality, which is justice writ large, is now the hope of humanity and its service is the condition which has effected itself even in the mystical sources where the inspirations of art have their rise. Yet I am ready, almost ready, to say that as much good poetry is written in this time as in the time that is past; but it is not the poetry of the few, it is the poetry of the many. We no longer have supremacies, we no longer have primacies; the gods, the half-gods, the heroes are gone, I hope not to return; and it is the high average which reigns in this as in all American things. Amidst the misgivings of our excellence in poetry we may console ourselves with the fact that the average in it is higher than ever before.

This I truly believe, though I could not allege the proofs as easily as I could allege these of our national advance in the art of the stage. Not less wonderful to me than the growth of the American novel in the fifty years which have now passed like a vision of the night is the growth of the American play. Scarcely less astonishing is that mood of ours, for it is only a mood, to which this fact is not apparent. I had greatly admired the modern English drama with hardly a question of superiority to ours, but last summer, when I was expressing my high sense of it to an Englishman in London, he said: "Yes, but you know you are doing much better things at home," and though he gave me no instance he set me thinking, and I thought I perceived that in their very difference from the English things which I had so admired there was that which at least equaled our things with theirs. I thought I saw that while the English dramatists painted manners so wonderfully well, ours painted nature, our every-day American nature, which at the bottom of its heart is always human nature. If they did not paint manners so well it was perhaps because we had none to paint, or perhaps because our customs, which we make do for manners, change so rapidly from day to day, from Boston to Pittsburg, from tomorrow to the day after, and from Pittsburg to Oklahoma, that the kinetograph alone can catch them. Besides, our drama is still very new. Before the great Civil War which fertilized the fields of thought among us, as well as the fields of battle with the blood of its sacrifice, we had no drama which was essentially American except the wretched stage travesty of that most essentially American novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But now already

we have a drama which has touched our life at many characteristic points, which has dealt with our moral and material problems and penetrated the psychological regions which it seemed impossible an art so objective should reach. Mainly it has been gay as our prevalent mood is; mainly it has been honest as our habit is in cases where we believe we can afford it; mainly it has been decent and clean and sweet as our average life is; and now that Ibsen no longer writes new plays, I would rather take my chance of pleasure and profit with a new American play than with any other sort of new play. We are still waiting our Shakespeare, but we can very well wait patiently for him; perhaps one Shakespeare is enough for all time; and in the meanwhile we may console ourselves in the drama as in poetry with that high or higher average which is the distinctive American thing.

It is this which most consoles me for our bereavement in a region where it seems irreparable. In that American humor which within the half-century of my observation developed itself in such proportion as almost to dwarf any other growth of our air, there was one humorist who when he died might well have given us the sense of Shakesperian loss, though we were not yet aware of a Shakesperian gain. But the soul of Mark Twain which divined and uttered the inmost and most American mood has passed again so lastingly into the American consciousness that it will remain the inspiration of that high or higher average in humor which once again is the distinctively American thing. It will take many forms and offer many aspects to our glad recognition. But hereafter that high or higher average of our humor must always be generous and magnanimous; in its broadest clowning, its wildest grotesquery, it can never forget to be kind, to be more than kind to the whole world that the touch of nature makes kin, but especially kind to those that the world and the world's law seem to have kept strangers to the rest of the family.

If I had been witness to no other surpassing things of American growth in my fifty years of observation, I should think it glory enough to have lived in the same time and in the same land with the man whose name must always embody American humor to human remembrance. What has been my own influence on that time in that land I should like so much to say, so much to say! But the theme is too

vast, if not for my powers, then for your patience. Regretfully, very sorrowfully, I turn from the alluring opportunity. I shall never be just seventy-five years old again, and the ripe occasion must go rot in these bins of oblivion where so much fruit has failed of even the sad immortality of cold storage. Yet, in the midst of my self-denial, in my poignant regret for having said so little about myself in my survey of things, "all which I was and part of which I saw," if I may so construe the Latin, I am very truly grateful for all the kind things you are going to say of me. I must spend the rest of my days trying to puzzle out the reason of them, unless I lay it at once to your compassion for a man who is seventy-five years old and still lives. But in venturing to live on I have the hope of returning those things in kind, for I understand that it is the purpose of our host to give you each a birthday dinner as fast as you become seventy-five years old, and that his most honored guest, still typifying the nation at its best, will come to them all.

MR. HOWELLS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "REVIEW"

1864	October	Recent Italian Comedy.
1865	July	Brigandage.
1866	January	Ducal Mantua.
	October	Modern Italian Poets—I.
1867	April	Modern Italian Poets—II.
	"	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
1868	January	Francesco Dall Ongaro's *Stornelli.*
	July	George William Curtis.
1869	January	Frambi's Free Press and Duelling in Italy.
1872	July	The Florentine Satirist, Ginsti.
	October	Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy.
1888	January	Anglo-American Copyright—Symposium by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julian Hawthorne, W. D. Howells, George Parsons Lathrop, John Bigelow, C. E. Norton, Daniel C. Gilman, John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Robert Ellis Thompson, Lloyd Bryce, Moncure D. Conway, R. Pearsall Smith.
1894	February	Are We a Plutocracy?
1899	May	The New Poetry.
1900	December	The New Historical Romances.
1901	January	A Hundred Years of American Verse.
	February	Mark Twain: An Inquiry.
	March	The Recent Dramatic Season.

1901	April	Professor Barrett Wendell's Notions of American Literature.
	May	The New Poetic Drama.
	June	An Earlier American.
	July	A Possible Difference in English and American Fiction.
	August	An Exemplary Citizen.
	September	Some Anomalies of the Short Story.
	October	An Italian View of Humor—I.
	November	An Italian View of Humor—II.
	December	A Psychological Counter-Current in Recent Fiction.
1902	January	Some New Volumes of Verse.
	September	Will the Novel Disappear? A Symposium by James Lane Allen, W. D. Howells, Hamlin Garland, H. W. Mabie, John Kendrick Bangs.
	November	Emile Zola.
	December	Frank Norris.
1903	January	Mr. Henry James' Later Work.
	May	Certain of the Chicago School of Fiction.
	December	The Personality of Hawthorne.
1904	January to August	The Son of Royal Langbrith.
	December	English Feeling Toward Americans.
1905	September	John Hay in Literature.
	November	English Idiosyncrasies—I.
	December	English Idiosyncrasies—II.
1906	July	Henrik Ibsen.
	September 7	Hutton's "Brief Literary Criticism."
	October 5	Oxford.
	October 19	H. G. Wells's "Kipps."
	December 21	The Fiction of John Oliver Hobbes.
1907	March 1	The Art of Longfellow.
	May 3	A Great New York Journalist.
	June 21	The Fiction of Leonard Merrick.
	October	On Reading the Plays of Henry Arthur Jones.
1908	January	The Poetry of Madison Cawein.
	June	The Justice of a Friend.
	August	Some Unpalatable Suggestions.
	December	Lyof N. Tolstoy.
1909	June	Robert Herrick's Novels.
	July	The Fiction of Eden Phillpotts.
1910	January	Mr. Pett Ridge's Clever Books.
	February	Professor Cross's Life of Sterne.
	March	Mr. Harben's Georgia Fiction.
	May	Some New Volumes of Verse.
	July	A Political Novelist and More.
1911	January	John Brown After Fifty Years.
	June	Some Last Drops in Tunbridge Wells.
	August	The Human Interest of Buxton.

1911	October	The City of the Royal Pavilion.
	December	The Waters of Blackpool.
1912	January	Experiences of a True Baconian in Shakespeare's Town.
	April	Literary Recollections: Symposium by W. D. Howells and Henry James.
	May	A Pair of Pageants.
	July	Recent Russian Fiction (W. D. H. and T. S. P.).
	October	Mr. Garland's Books.
	November	Phases of Madrid.
1913	April	To and in Granada.
	November	The High-Minded Public Man.
	December	Charles Eliot Norton: A Reminiscence.
1914	October	The Angelic Censorship.
	December	A Number of Interesting Novels.
1915	January	History of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—"Part of Which I Was."
	March	The Plays of Eugene Brieux.
	May	Why?
1916	November	The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible.
	December	A Conjecture of Intensive Fiction.

The number of the "Review" edited by Mr. Howells was the issue of October, 1872, and the following is its Table of Contents, which amply justifies Mr. Howells' whimsical statement, "Probably I thought it good."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

October, 1872

Harder—II. Concluding part of Article.....KARL HILLEBRAND
The Germanic World of Gods.....KARL BLIND
Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy.....W. D. HOWELLS
American Novels.....T. S. PERRY
Kristofer Jansen and the Reform of the Norwegian Language
HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN
The Political Campaign of 1872
GRANT and GREELEY (Supporting GRANT).
Critical Notices.

AN APPRECIATION

BY

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Ah, poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?"

THE literary career of Mr. Howells covered exactly sixty years, his first book appearing in 1860. His published works number more than one hundred; they form a complete library. They include novels, poems, plays, literary essays, short stories, sketches of travel, autobiography and spiritual confessions. I do not find a badly written page. Despite the enormous quantity of his production, his composition shows no evidence of haste. He seemed to write evenly and tranquilly, with a style accurately fitted to the subject. His friend Henry James, whose every word was an awarded prize out of a host of competitors, never ceased to wonder at the excellent quality of this inexhaustible flow.

I should think it would make you as happy as poor happiness will let us be, to turn off from one year to the other, and from a reservoir in daily, domestic use, such a free, full, rich flood. In fact your reservoir deluges me, altogether, with surprise as well as other sorts of effusion; by which I mean that though you do much to empty it you keep it remarkably full. I seem to myself, in comparison, to fill mine with a teaspoon and obtain but a trickle. However, I don't mean to compare myself with you or to compare you, in the particular case, with anything but life. When I do that—with the life you see and represent—your faculty for representing it seems to me extraordinary —and to shave the truth—the general truth you aim at—several degrees closer than anyone else begins to do. You are less *big* than Zola, but you are ever so much less clumsy and more really various, and moreover you and he don't see the same things—you have a wholly different consciousness—*you* see a wholly different side of a different race. Man isn't at all *one,* after all—it takes so much of him to be American, to be French, etc. I won't even compare you with something I have a sort of dim stupid sense you might be and are not —for I don't in the least know that you might be it, after all, or whether, if you were, you wouldn't cease to be that something you are

which makes me write to you thus. We don't know what people might give us that they don't—the only thing is to take them on what they do and to allow them absolutely and utterly their conditions. . . . the fact that there's a whole quarter of the heaven upon which, in the matter of composition, you seem consciously—*is* it consciously?—to have turned your back; but these things have no relevancy whatever as grounds of dislike—simply because you communicate so completely *what* you undertake to communicate. The novelist is a particular *window,* absolutely—and of worth in so far as he is one; and it's because you open so well and are hung so close over the street that I could hang out of it all day long.

The precise aim of Mr. Howells and its happy success have perhaps never been better stated than in this informal letter from his rival. He chose to portray real life as he knew it through long observation and experience. He was a Realist by instinct and by training. He was so kindly that no one thinks of him as a good hater; but he had, after all, an average human capacity for hatred, and the two things in the world he hated most were falsehood and affectation. It is curious to see how the instinctive honesty of the man affected his own creative fiction and limited his sympathies as a critic. In him we find something by no means universal—a complete union of the moral character with the artistic temperament. He disliked any person or any book that did not ring true; he hated snobs and snobbery because they illustrated the vice of affectation, and in talking about such things he was as violent as he knew how to be.

It was, I think, merely his love of truth that made him write stories where every page could be verified, and made him unsympathetic to books of romance. He was right in despising many of the pseudo-historical romances with which America was flooded during the last decade of the last century; he lumped all these together as "romantic rot," and I have seen him laugh till the tears came while quoting specimens of their anachronistic oaths and impossible jargon. When I called his attention to their chronically gymnastic heroines who were always drawing themselves up to their full height, I feared for his health.

Those were bad days for the root and branch realists, because, owing to the influence of Stevenson and the natural reaction against the excesses of realism, the public had gone mad over romance. It is interesting to look back and see how that outbreak in the 'nineties affected our Great Three

—Howells, Henry James, and Mark Twain. No really important novel came from the first, though he resolutely refused to change his style; Henry James spent six valuable years in a futile endeavor to write a successful play, and then, in 1898, he wrote the best ghost story I know, *The Turn of the Screw*; Mark Twain launched a romantic dreadnought called *Joan of Arc*.

It is fortunate for Americans that our great novelists—Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Henry James, and Howells—all wrote guide-books to the European scene. For a summer tour on the Continent, or for a prolonged sojourn, no better travelling companions can be found than these four. I do not think that anyone has ever written a more vivid description of the beautiful tower in Siena than Mr. Howells:

> It was in the clearness that follows the twilight when, after the sudden descent of a vaulted passage, I stood in the piazza and saw the Tower of the Mangia leap like a rocket into the starlit air. After all, that does not say it: you must suppose a perfect silence, through which this exquisite shaft forever soars. When once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks, and columns are tame and vulgar and earth-rooted; *that* seems to quit the ground, to be not a monument but a flight. The crescent of the young moon . . . looked sparely over the battlements of the Palazzo Communale, from which the tower sprang, upon the fronts of the beautiful old palaces . . . and touched with silver the waters of the loveliest fountain in the world.

The four pillars on which our novelist's fame securely rests are *A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, Indian Summer,* and *The Kentons*. Contrary to the general opinion, I rank the first above the second. I once asked him which of all his stories he liked the best, and he replied with an interrogation point. I therefore named *A Modern Instance*. He reflected for a moment and then said with deliberation, "That is undoubtedly my strongest work; but of all the books I have ever written, I most enjoyed writing *Indian Summer,* which is perhaps my favorite." I should not like to say that Mr. Howells was a greater novelist than George Eliot; but the same melancholy theme—slow, moral decay—is surely more convincingly treated in *A Modern Instance* than in *Romola*. Furthermore, the passion of jealousy—so often farcically presented on the stage—is here analysed more acutely and more profoundly than anywhere else in modern fiction.

The Rise of Silas Lapham is an excellent illustration of Henry James's metaphor—the novelist's window opened on an American street. Page after page gives us the pleasure

of recognition; we know that these things are true. *Indian Summer* takes us to the most charming city in Europe, Florence, where, in a frame of extraordinary beauty, the portrait is astonishingly real. No wonder he felt the ultimate happiness of an artist in writing that book; the ardent glow of composition illuminates and warms the reader's mind. *The Kentons* is a child of the novelist's old age. American family life is presented with insight, sympathy, and tenderness. The small boy, Boyne, who, in most novels, would have been an ubiquitous nuisance, is irresistible. Boyne "was a mass of helpless sweetness though he did not know it." His delightful pose of aloof haughtiness is thus described by his creator: "He thought he was an iceberg when he was merely an ice cream of heroic mould."

But the man was greater than anything he wrote. He was an American, and had an American career, rising by his own efforts from obscurity to absolute primacy. Those few who attacked his art drew universal attention to their own littleness; no one attacked his personality. He showed that it was possible to combine the utmost refinement and delicacy with the most rugged manliness. Men so totally different as Mark Twain and Henry James loved him with no reservations, and had a respect for his mind and character that came near to reverence. His blood was untainted by conceit or selfishness. He was both virile and modest, a true democrat. Working daily at his chosen task, he found time for acts of kindness and generosity that will be gratefully remembered by men and women in every corner of America.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

MAGAZINE INSANITY

By JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

FOR one who has devoted a considerable portion of his life to a study of the human mind in dissolution there are few things more diverting than popular disquisitions on the subject of insanity. If their comments and interpretations of other subjects—world politics, for instance—are as apropos and penetrating as they are on mental disorder, the less their readers are guided by them the more instructive they may expect to be.

I have recently read in an important magazine an article entitled " Up from Insanity " which has all the qualities that a contribution intended to be instructive and helpful should not have. It reeks with misinformation, not only misstatement of facts, but unwarranted inferences and unjustifiable and illogical conclusions.

The Editor of that distinguished and dignified periodical says: " It is a revealing narrative, genuine down to the latest detail." It reveals the writer's incapacity to grasp the fundamental principles of psychology established experimentally and empirically and which have taken their place amongst the eternal truths of the world, and it reveals that the writer, whether because of his previous mental disorder, or wilfully, is quite ignorant of what has been accomplished by countless students and innumerable workers in the field of psychiatry by way of throwing some light upon the mysteries of the normal and abnormal mind.

" I am almost a pioneer in the field of written experience of insanity," he writes; and yet Mr. Clifford Beers' books, *The Mind that Found Itself* and *The Autobiography of a Paranoic,* two comparatively recent works that are most illuminating and have had a great effect in concentrating the attention of the public on insanity as a social problem, must have been known to him.

"It is a privilege conferred upon few men in the world to return from the dark and weird adventure [meaning insanity] to live a normal life." Considering that upward of one-third of all insane individuals recover, there is no other interpretation to be put upon this statement than that the writer of it does not know whereof he speaks.

"A friend of mine lost his mind from thinking too much about his income tax." This may be an attempt at facetiousness on the part of the writer. No physician who has dealt with the insane has ever encountered an individual made insane by "thinking too much." If so, he has been silent about it.

"I suppose, first of all, you would like to know how it feels to be insane. Well, it is indeed a melancholy situation." It is indeed a melancholy situation if you have melancholia, but if you have mania, and especially if you have certain forms in which your self-appreciation is enhanced and your belief in your potencies and possessions quickened to an immeasurable degree, it is far from being a melancholy sensation. It is a sensation of power and possession which renders its possessor incapable of believing that any such thing as depression exists in the world.

"Lately a movement has arisen to change the name of insane asylums to 'mental hospitals.' We now recognize former madmen as merely sick people. We used to think of insane people as wild-eyed humans gnawing at prison bars or raving in a straight-jacket." The casual reader might infer from this that "lately" means within the past few years, and yet three generations have come and gone since Conolly, Hack Tuke and others initiated the movement which accomplished this.

"It was inconceivable to a well-known New York publisher that an insane man could play golf, go to Africa, or talk about his experiences." The mental and emotional make-up of "well-known New York publishers" is enigmatic. There is general agreement on that point, but if there is one amongst them who believes that an insane man cannot play golf, he could readily divorce himself from the conviction by driving past any hospital for the insane. There he will see a golf course and some of the patients playing, though he will not be able to distinguish them from "regular" golfers. As for an insane man talking about his golf or his experiences in Africa, no New York publisher,

well-known or otherwise, would need proof to convince him that an insane man can do that.

" On my way through New York I called on a celebrated specialist who told me that I had only six months to live and told me to go out and hunt, roam the world and make the best of the passing hours. Six months later that great physician died insane." It is to be assumed that the celebrated specialist was a specialist in diseases of the mind. If that is so, the writer is in error. No celebrated alienist of New York has died insane within the past quarter of a century. In the second place, there has never been a celebrated alienist in New York who would fit the description " forty, rich, famous, living in an elegant home amid exquisite surroundings on University Heights with his wife, one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon, a statuesque blonde of astounding loveliness," save in the last qualification. Each one of them has had a beautiful wife, but none " a statuesque blonde of astounding loveliness."

If the writer consulted a physician who made that statement to him, he had the misfortune not only to be insane himself but to seek the counsel of a physician who was also insane.

The writer of the article says that he will attempt seriously to show that the center of the will is distinct from the center of the mind, and is a separately functioning organ; but in the stress of relating his experiences he forgot to do so. In fact, there would be no more satisfactory way of estimating his mental possessions and equilibrium than from an examination of this written document.

Those who are experienced with the insane give great diagnostic weight to the writings of the insane, not only the orthography and the syntax, but the sequence of thought, the rhythm of expression, the continuity of narrative, the pertinency of reference, the credibility of citation or example, the discursiveness of the narrative, and the way in which the writer develops and finally presents the central thought or idea. All these and other features of the written document are evidences to which he gives great weight. " Up from Insanity " is neither sequential in thought nor in narrative. Nearly every paragraph furnishes evidence of the distractibility of the writer's mind, and the discursiveness of the entire article amounts almost to rambling. It is marked with journalese jargon which reminds me of the newspaper

accounts of the kidnapping or spiriting from Cuba of Señorita Cisneros.

The pith of the human document that we are discussing is that "every man's strength wells up from some center deeper in him than the brain." It does. A man's personality at any moment is the sum total of all the reactions of every cell or physiological unit in his body; but acceptance of this fact does not alter the universally accepted belief that the brain is the organ of mind. To have it said by a psychopathic individual that his restoration to a normal mental state came after he had observed "that a double nerve center at the base of the spine had been aroused and the function of these centers brought balance and poise and strength, which was instantly reflected in every movement and thought, and that these basic nerve centers are the center of the will," neither proves that there is such a center or makes it at all probable that it exists.

Why such humanistic and scientific puerilities as these should have been taken seriously is not easy to understand.

Our knowledge concerning the human mind is not by any means complete or satisfactory, but there are certain things about it which we know. For instance, we know that there is a conscious mind and a subconscious mind. The discovery in 1866 of the "subliminal consciousness" of the psychologist (the "unconscious mind" of the psycho-analyst), was called by William James the greatest discovery in modern psychology. We know that the person the individual thinks he is is the equivalent of his conscious mind. The man that he really is is the man his unconscious mind makes him. The face that he sees when he looks in the glass is the face that goes with his conscious mind. The face that others see is the one that fits his unconscious mind. Anyone who would observe the revelations of that unconscious mind in literature can readily gratify his wish by reading the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* that remarkable presentation by James Joyce.

We know today that a man's ego or individuality is the equivalent of this unconscious mind. We know that therein lie the power of genius, the source of vision, the springs of inspiration that gush forth in prophecy, in artistic creation, in invention.

We are now engaged in investigating this subliminal consciousness, or unconscious mind, with every means at our

disposal, and year by year we are making headway. Our progress is not adequate, perhaps, to satisfy the impatient and the impulsive, but with each succeeding decade there is a distinct achievement. Nevertheless, in the half-century during which we have been working at the matter in a methodical—perhaps one might almost say a scientific—way, we have discovered things about the mind which are truly epoch-making.

It is evident that the writer of the article, "Up from Insanity," has never been insane. He is a psychopathic individual who has had distressing episodes. At times these episodes have paralleled with considerable closeness the features of definite mental diseases such as manic depressive insanity, at other times they seem to have resembled the features of dementia precox; but he never was the victim of either one. He inherited an unstable nervous system which displayed itself in youth as a shut-in, markedly sensitive, anti-social personality. Like the majority of such individuals, he was subject to periods of excitation, at which times he did things at top speed. Neurologists call this a "hypo-manic state," that is, a state that resembles mania in miniature. Such states would be followed by periods of inadequacy, of retardation, of mental and physical activity, and by depression.

After a severe attack which he suffered when he was twenty-one, he had what is called in polite circles a "nervous breakdown," the chief symptoms being abortive delusions of reference. He thought that certain parts of his body had changed so materially that it was necessary to hide them from the gaze of onlookers. It made him sick to look at his own face. He had to wear colored glasses in order that others might not read his secret from his eyes, and his sense of relationship with everything constituting the external world was disordered disagreeably. Accompanying this there were a series of symptoms which constitute "feeling badly," and all the functions of the body that were concerned with nutrition were disordered, so that he became weak and lost flesh. Oftentimes his depression of spirits was so great that he convinced himself that he wanted to die, but he did not embrace a good effort to accomplish this end, when it was offered to him. In fact, he struggled so valiantly with the run-away horse that he checked him and "slid from his back ingloriously," physically exhausted.

It would be interesting to know why sliding off the back of a horse who has run away and whose frenzy has been subdued by the rider should be an inglorious dismounting. Of course it might be more glorious to tame him to such a degree that his master could stand upon his back and direct his capriciousness with a glance or a silken cord, but surely there is nothing inglorious about *any* kind of dismount from the back of a horse who has been transformed from a wild to a gentle animal.

Nevertheless, the experience was a beneficial one. When he reviewed his prowess he realized that he had imposed his will-power, mediated by muscle, upon the animal, and it occurred to him, a victim of aboulia like the majority of psychopathic individuals, that to impose a similar will-power upon himself would be a salutary procedure. With this discernment came other revelations. One was that he had always been lacking in concentration and was easily distracted—psychopathic hallmarks which can be effaced to a remarkable degree in many instances by training. The first fruits of his labor in this direction was the discovery that Dr. Cook had been understudying Ananias, Munchausen, et al.

In another part of his article he says, with consummate familiarity, " You are from Missouri when it comes to asking you to accept new thoughts." He may be assured that one of his readers is not. New thoughts are as acceptable to this reader as breath to his nostrils; but he would claim citizenship in that State if asked to accept it as an indication of perspicacity to have discovered that Dr. Cook was a fake.

Despite the fact that the writer of the article had " developed the sixth sense to a startling degree," which assured him success as a journalist, he was chafing under his impotencies when he met a former medium who " had given up that life since her marriage." Unlike the celebrated specialist's wife who was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen up to the time he met his own wife, this one was " the most insignificant little woman I ever saw." Whether it was her experience gained as a medium, or as the wife of a rich lumberman of the Middle West, that prompted her to shy the alleged lunatic, fearing he would bore her with a narrative of his troubles, or whether she did not want to rake up her past, cannot be gathered from the meager narrative.

However, he got from her this nugget of wisdom: "To be really successful you must get in touch with the great reservoir of experience." From "one of the country's greatest physicians," the like of which are his personal friends, he got a paraphrase of the Scripture: "Learn a lesson from the flowers of the field, be humble and modest, be natural and play a man's part."

It was then that calm repose settled upon him, and his nervous energy returned to the old channels and nourished him.

If Mr. E. J. had only appended a few of his dreams to his human document, there would be very little difficulty in pointing out the emotional repression that was at the bottom of all his mental symptoms. That he conforms to a certain well-known type of psychic fixation there is very little doubt. He has always been bereft, because he has a feeling of being spiritually or mentally alone. He never learned to be independent in mind, but always looked for an uncritical, soothing, maternal sort of love from people who are not ready or willing to give it. He has not changed materially. Now that his so-called recovery has come, and being unable to find what he demands, he takes refuge in the next best thing, and plays at obtaining it vicariously; he convinces himself that he is going to devote himself to doing for others "all the little kindnesses that life offers."

The layman who would get some knowledge of insanity should avoid such confessions as that of E. J. If he would make acquaintance with the self-coddling of a neurotic individual who delights in self-analysis, self-pity, and exaggeration of his symptoms, and who is a fairly typical example of juvenile fixation, his purpose will be accomplished by reading this and similar articles. There is, however, a safer and more satisfactory way of securing such information, and that is by reading the writings of Pierre Janet. There he will find the obsessed, the hysteric, the aboulic, the neurasthenic individual discussed in masterly fashion, and he will find the presentation unmixed with medieval mysticism and puerile platitudes, unflavored with specious "uplift" sentiment and psychological balderdash.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

THE PEACE IN EASTERN EUROPE

BY ELIOT WADSWORTH

THROUGH nearly four and one-half long years of the war the peoples of the world had been constantly buoyed up to super-human efforts by the thought of what peace would ultimately bring. Freedom, happiness and plenty were held forth by the leaders and spokesmen of the Governments represented on either side.

Since the armistice a year and a half has passed. Some of the predictions have been realized; others have utterly failed. Meanwhile, many new problems which call for solution have come into the lives of the people.

The effect of Bolshevism, and the Soviet rule whether a by-product of the war or not, is becoming better and better known as the truth is told of the situation in Russia. The number of people who suffer from this entirely new and strange theory of government is increasing rather than decreasing. Bolshevism has swept over southern Russia and is penetrating into the eastern end of Asia Minor.

From some personal observations of territories in which the Bolshevik army has held sway for longer or shorter periods, there can be no doubt that it means destruction for well-ordered civilization. A visit from Bolshevist forces leaves nothing that is movable or breakable in dwellings, institutions or factories.

The difficulties arising from the war in the western countries are too well-known to need much discussion. The countries which have retained their identity and substantially their boundaries are struggling to get back to their normal life. Some have suffered great physical damage; all are suffering from the enormous strain which was placed on their resources and vitality by war activities. What we had regarded as the normal machinery of civilization was overstrained and overloaded beyond the danger point. Railroads slipped back in their efficiency; postal service, tele-

graphic communication, banking credits, all show the effect of overwork and under-maintenance. To bring these countries back to pre-war comforts and efficiency will require the united efforts of the peoples involved—but it can be done.

Further east in Europe the Peace Treaty has created a number of new nations which stretch from the Black Sea to the Baltic in the following order:

Roumania: more than doubled in size with new territories to organize and assimilate.

Jugo-Slavia: comprising the old state of Serbia together with the Croats and Slovenes, must be knitted into one state with a suitable representative government.

Hungary: with a territory greatly less than was formerly included in its borders and a form of government new to its people.

German-Austria: the remnant of what was formerly the dominating territory of the Austro-Hungarian Empire stands isolated in the heart of Europe.

Czecho-Slovakia: consisting of three peoples—the Czechs, Slovaks and Ruthenians—must reorganize and develop its resources without access to the sea except over the railways of its competing neighbors.

Poland: a nation whose people have been for one hundred and fifty years living under the domination of three different monarchies, has organized as a democracy. From the day of its birth it has been called upon to fight for existence, with its army against the Bolsheviki, with its sanitary forces against typhus; and at the same time endeavor to revive its industries under entirely new conditions.

Lithuania: made independent after a century and more of domination by Russia.

Latvia, Esthonia and Finland: each comprising from one and a quarter million to two million people to whom independence had hardly been a dream for many generations.

This breaking up of territory into new political divisions with individual interests, customs regulations, and currency, is a backward step on the path which the world has been following for a hundred years.

During this century the centralization of authority and increased business coöperation between nations has been the outstanding feature of the world's development.

In 1914 there was throughout the world the closest relationship in the business community. Barriers had been broken down by treaties, postal conventions and cable facilities. Trade between the peoples of the earth had become more universal and easier than it ever had been before.

As an instance of the value of a central government and coöperation we have only to look to our own thirteen Colonies under their loose confederation and later under a strong Federal Government. After the revolution and before the adoption of the Constitution, Albert J. Beveridge in *The Life of John Marshall* describes their situation in the following words:

Very considerable were the obligations "public and private" which Madison wrote his father that he "strongly suspected" a part of the country intended to repudiate. The public debt, foreign and domestic, of the Confederation and the States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, appeared to the people to be a staggering sum. The private debt aggregated a large amount. The financial situation was chaos. Paper money had played such havoc with specie that, in Virginia in 1786 [as we have seen], there was not enough gold and silver to pay current taxes. The country had had bitter experience with a fictitious medium of exchange. In Virginia by 1781 the notes issued by Congress "fell to 1,000 for 1," records Jefferson, "and then expired, as it had done in other States, without a single groan."

Later on, foreigners bought five thousand dollars of this Continental scrip for a single dollar of gold or silver. In Philadelphia, toward the end of the Revolution, the people paraded the streets wearing this make-believe currency in their hats, with a dog tarred and covered with paper dollars instead of feathers.

Washington, in speaking of the Confederation, wrote the following to Lee:

To be more exposed in the eyes of the world, and more contemptible than we already are, is hardly possible.

Again to quote Mr. Beveridge on the conditions of those days, the following is of interest:

The senseless and selfish nagging at trade in which the States indulged, after peace was declared, produced a brood of civil abuses as noisome as the military dangers which State control of troops had brought forth during the Revolution. Madison truly said that "most of our political evils may be traced up to our commercial ones." The States passed tariff laws against one another as well as against foreign nations; and, indeed, as far as commerce was concerned, each State treated the others as foreign nations. There were retaliations, discriminations, and every manner of trade restrictions and impediments which local ingenuity and selfishness could devise.

The idea of each State was to keep money from going outside its borders into other States and to build up its own business and pros-

perity at the expense of its neighbors. States having no seaports were in a particularly hard case. Madison picturesquely describes their unhappy plight: "New Jersey, placed between Philadelphia and New York, was likened to a cask tapped at both ends; and N. Carolina, between Virginia and S. Carolina, to a patient bleeding at both Arms." Merchants and commercial bodies were at their wits' end to carry on business and petitioned for a general power over commerce.

The situation of the new countries in eastern Europe is not so very different from that in which our Colonies found themselves in 1781-9. Although the number of people involved is enormously greater and the facilities available for doing business are quite different. Yet by cutting up this territory, formerly so closely associated, and creating the new independent states, many of the troubles under which our ancestors labored have been brought immediately into existence.

In considering this whole development, it must constantly be borne in mind that the new conditions affect far more the dwellers in the cities than those who make their living from the soil. It is the city with its complicated industrial organization, its dependence upon railroads, quick communication, payrolls and banking which feels at once any deterioration in the public services. To the city people who enjoyed all modern improvements, the pre-war days look almost hallowed in their luxury, plenty and solidity. They are now dependent upon the limited means of new nations launched forth into this modern industrial world unorganized, unfinanced and to a great extent unequipped with the fundamentals which carry modern civilization.

In 1914 they were using without thought the stable, well-understood methods which had taken generations to establish. For fifty years a large proportion of the individuals who have lived in this territory have been accustomed to steadily improving railroad, postal and telegraph service, a world market in which to buy and sell commodities, and a medium of exchange in which to transact business. A Roumanian could communicate and do business with a man in Finland, or in any of the intervening territory, without undue delay. Letters dropped in a postbox in Belgrade would be delivered in Helsingfors with almost unerring certainty. Goods turned over to a railroad destined from one small town to another several hundred miles away, would reach their destination untouched and without un-

necessary delay. The people depended upon all this machinery, the evolution of a century. To a great extent it has been cut up into small divisions by new boundaries based upon nationalities without regard to commerce or industry.

One of the most potent influences in this quick interchange had been the stabilized currency. There were many different currencies in Europe but they had a well-defined relative value. The Roumanian franc or any other currency could be figured into its value in Russian roubles or German marks with complete assurance. The rate might fluctuate a few per cent but any bank could give the daily rate, and further than that, would make the exchange in a few moments. It had taken many years to achieve this result. It was a fundamental need for a modern industrial world.

What has become of these facilities in the areas of eastern Europe?

In the first place, each geographical boundary drawn on the map has become an economic barrier. Railroads which used to run across all this territory in one great system, now stop short at each of the many boundaries. The supply of rolling stock and locomotives, greatly reduced by the war, is far too small in nearly every country. Naturally, each country objects to losing any part of such an essential piece of equipment. To send a car from Roumania to Warsaw, across three intervening states, requires unending negotiations and guarantees. For a car to cross the border from one nation to another, suitable guarantees for its return are necessary.

Arrangements for sending telegrams or carrying of mail, must all be newly made. Each nation must agree as to the tolls. Even with the respective shares adjusted, the constantly shifting value of the currency of the different nations makes a new condition almost every day.

The medium of exchange is one of the great obstacles to a return to pre-war conditions. Many new currencies have been added to those which formerly existed. All idea of a gold basis has disappeared from every currency. A fixed rate of exchange is impossible. A bank could hardly assume the hazardous position of changing one currency to another without at least a wide basis of profit. The effect of these changes upon the economic conditions of eastern Europe can readily be understood.

Among a population of perhaps seventy million people there had formerly been a free interchange of agricultural and manufactured products. Today, each small group into which these peoples have been divided is paddling its own canoe and getting along as best it can. Jugo-Slavia may have a surplus of wheat or hogs. Poland may need this surplus. Poland may have oil or lumber beyond its needs; Jugo-Slavia may need them. To make the exchange is slow, expensive, and, indeed, nearly impossible.

One example of how this affects the whole of Europe and, in fact, the world, may be useful. Upon the output of the Teschen coal fields a large part of southeastern Europe has always depended. To mine the coal, explosives were needed. They could only be obtained in Germany. Before any substantial supply could be obtained it was necessary to give a guarantee that these explosives would not be used for military purposes. This meant negotiation, in addition to a difficult financial arrangement. For the full operation of these mines, lumber for timbering was needed. Here again, there was difficulty, as there were no lumber mills nearby and it was necessary to arrange with an outside State, not only for the purchase, but for transportation across the geographical border. As a result, for many months the output of these mines was far below normal, and the territory depending upon them for fuel was forced to get along as best it could.

There are certain primary needs for which coal must be used: First, railroads; second, the public services of cities; third, a minimum of heating for institutions, public and private buildings. After this may come industry; so that industry suffers first from any shortage.

Another example will be found in the Galician oil fields, which under steady development had greatly increased their output until in 1909 two million tons of oil were produced. A constant investment of money was needed in the form of new wells to take the place of the old wells which ceased to produce. During the war these fields were captured and recaptured; producing wells were damaged, the drilling of new wells impossible. In 1919 the output of this field was only seven hundred thousand tons. It is estimated that unless new wells are drilled—an operation requiring nearly two years—by 1922 the output will be only four hundred thousand tons.

Here is another basic need for modern civilization which by a reduced supply is handicapping the return to normal conditions. Capital and confidence are needed to make a new start.

This is the situation in which these people find themselves in the peace which has been so long and ardently looked forward to. They have freedom, but have learned that freedom is not everything in these complicated days. Team play with the proper leadership, the right rules and apparatus, are needed to make freedom worth having.

It is not practical to suggest that these newly created countries, each full of a high patriotic spirit, should be brought together as were the Thirteen Colonies. The facilities upon which they depend must be reconstituted in some other way.

Left to themselves, the rebuilding of the fabric so greatly worn and ruthlessly cut into sections will be a slow and difficult task. They must have capital and raw material. They must cooperate. As they are today, each is dependent upon and competing for such private capital as may be found in the world. Concessions and special privileges, running for long terms and offering large profits, must be offered to make investment in these countries attractive to private capital which finds in all world markets extraordinary opportunities urgently offered by nations, corporations and private borrowers. Already some investments have been made by bankers and merchants of the United States, England, and France, but by no means in quantities sufficient to meet the need. Even such help, given by divergent interests, may accentuate rather than assist the necessary movement toward coöperation.

The problem of getting this great section of Europe back to normal is one which requires the combined effort of all the nations. Capital and raw material should be provided, but with this aid to a renewing of industry and an improvement in facilities, should go a determined effort toward the breaking down of economic barriers. It is a huge task, worthy of the efforts of the strongest men. It is a work which, if carried through, would mean a very real contribution to the comfort and peace of the coming generations. The United States built the Panama Canal, not as an investment, but to add to the facilities of the world, to create new markets and bring old markets nearer together. The United

States has done constructive work in the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, not entirely for its own gain and not without considerable expense.

Here in eastern Europe we have a problem greater than any which has faced the world since the United States became a nation. We are, I believe, able to cope with it if we have the desire and the leadership. We are the only nation in the world today with the money and the raw material. Such a work might be looked upon as humanitarian only; certainly the relief which would be afforded to millions of human beings cannot be left out of the reckoning. There is another great reason which, in itself, should be conclusive. The commercial world, of which our country is an important part, needs to have the millions of people of eastern Europe again take their place as producers, consumers and builders. Other nations would without question join in such an effort. Business and trade affiliations would grow out of it which would be of permanent benefit to the commerce of this country.

A great opportunity lies before us in the making of such a contribution to the progress of civilization. We as a people should take it.

ELIOT WADSWORTH.

IS GRAMMAR USELESS?

BY WALTER GUEST KELLOGG

THE study of English in our schools is today receiving so much attention and is recognized as of such vital importance that it is well to ascertain whether the system of teaching it is all that it should be. So many different subjects must be taught that it is axiomatic that no time, no energy should be wasted and that no subject should encumber our curriculums which is not necessary in itself nor adapted to the special needs of the students who desire it. In an age when so much stress is laid, not merely upon the studies with which those of an older day were familiar, but upon extensions and refinements of those studies, it is prudent occasionally to "take stock", so to speak, and to inquire whether we are not carrying upon our shelves shopworn goods which had better be relegated to our lumber room, thus to make way for other materials more appropriate to the needs and demands of our customers.

English grammar, as it is commonly taught, presents itself as Exhibit A. There may be other exhibits, but certainly none can be more damaging to the cause of popular education than this unneeded, unscholarly excresence which has persisted so many, many years, informing no one, occupying time and effort that could be more profitably employed, and justifying itself only from the point of view of the publishers who publish and the men and women who write the hundred and one books yearly under the name of English Grammar.

Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie* put the case in a nutshell when he wrote:

> I know, some will say it (i. e. English) is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth Grammer. Nay truly, it hath that prayse, that it wanteth not Grammer: for Grammer it might have, but it needes it not; being so easie of itselfe, and so voyd of those cumbersome differ-

ences of Cases, Genders, Moodes, and Tenses, which I thinke was a peece of the Tower of Babilon's curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue.

If we are to learn Italian, Greek, Spanish or any other alien language, grammar is essential, unless we are to learn it in Italy, Greece, Spain or in an environment in which that language is the mother tongue, or the language commonly and generally spoken. In the United States, if we desire to speak Latin, we must have other canons to go by than the canon of usage, and a grammar will be of service; if, however, we are to learn English, we can best learn it from the common speech of the people about us.

A child speaks English that is quite sufficient for his purposes long before he attains school age, and constantly, without being formally taught, adds to his vocabulary words that he knows are the symbols for the thing he wants, and, as he grows, as his needs multiply, so his stock of words increases. Long before he enters a class-room, his capacity for understanding and for making himself understood in idiomatic English is marvelous.

The greatest writers of whom England can boast acquired English as the child acquires it, by use. Shakespeare, during the six years which comprehended his schooling, never saw nor heard of an English Grammar, nor did Sidney, Marlowe, Spenser, Milton and a host of later writers. The Grammar Schools of Shakespeare's time were Latin schools, the grammar taught was Latin grammar and it was taught in Latin. The first grammar of English did not appear until nearly a decade after Shakespeare had left Stratford to begin his career in London—and it was written in Latin. Shakespeare learned English by reading and speaking English and by hearing English spoken.

It would very probably have occurred to no one to write and publish an English Grammar had it not first occurred to a certain Dionysius Thrax to write and publish a Greek Grammar. The author of the Greek Grammar wrote it in order that Roman boys and girls might become conversant with Greek; it is quite possible that he would have laughed at the idea of a Greek Grammar for the youths of Athens. Yet, if Greek had a grammar, Latin must have a grammar and English, bound to keep in the

running, must have one. The fallacy persists; our grammars, appropriate for the foreign markets, unfortunately are believed to have been intended for home consumption. Why an American boy or girl should study English grammar when Shakespeare and Milton were successful in getting a fair hold on the language without it, and by means open to any boy or girl, is a mystery that not even time will solve.

It may be doubted if there exists such a thing today as English Grammar, as this subject is commonly understood and commonly taught. English, like Latin, Greek and German, was once a highly inflected language. During its passage down the years, it lost many of the formal characteristics so dear to the heart of the grammarian and it has emerged a vastly simple, rugged and uninflected form of expression. In losing much, it has gained immeasurably.

In the middle period in the history of a majority of tongues, inflection of case, tense, number, gender, etc., occupied altogether too prominent a place. As a means of denoting the relation of words in a sentence, it obtruded unduly upon the hearer's attention and served by its overelaboration and its variety of aspect to obscure the meaning which it purported to convey, exactly as excessive ornamentation obscures the effect of a painting or a piece of architecture. In their later periods, these languages gradually dropped many of their inflected forms, and the trend everywhere has since been toward a greater simplicity, toward a minimum of variants.

This tendency has been particularly noteworthy in the development of English where what is known as analysis has in great part superseded inflection. In Latin, for instance, *amo* is " I love," but " I loved " is *amabam,* and " I have loved " is *amavi.* If we would convey the notion expressed to a Roman by *amavi,* we do it by analysing or breaking up the conception of *amavi* into its component parts and write the three words: " I have loved ". The constant recurrence with us of the prepositions " for," " to," " of " and " by," instead of case forms, and of the auxiliary verbs " have," " will," " shall," " be " and " do," instead of complex verb forms, is an illustration of the make-shifts we have adopted to avoid the complications of conjugation and declension.

Our adjectives, our possessive pronouns, and our articles

no longer must be made to agree with their nouns—indeed they simply cannot be made to agree with them. We have one uninflected form of adjective and it functions perfectly with all nouns. Similarly, our possessive pronouns are interchangeable and we can say "my hat and shoes" and signify precisely the same idea as the Frenchman inflects into his *mon chapeau et mes souliers.* And the French must say *mon chapeau* instead of *ma chapeau* simply because "hat" in French happens to be masculine.

We have in our nouns no vocative case, no nominative, no dative, no ablative case. Where the Romans inflected their nouns by declension, we say "Charles, what is it? Charles is a naughty boy. He hit Charles. He gave the ball to Charles. He sat with Charles", and Charles in every instance bears all the outward and visible signs of the original Charles and appears quite unaware that he has been used in five different cases. He has been spared the humiliation of being successively Carole, Carolus, Carolum, Carolo and again Carole, as the Latin would have had him, and persists throughout as Charles, pure and simple. We may, of course, say Charles is in the vocative case because he is addressed and later in the accusative case because he happens to be hit, but assuredly he has not changed a bit and there would seem little reason in having to study about it in the dull pages of a grammar.

The possessive case is still inflectional: "Tom" becomes "Tom's". The added s and the apostrophe are all that are left of declension; to form the plural we drop the apostrophe and add the s to the singular. The instances in which the plural is otherwise formed may be learned in half an hour.

In the verb, we can scarcely discern the few inflectional remnants of mood, tense, number and person. I, you, we, or they love, but he, she or it loves; I, you, we or they have; he, she or it has. The same verb may be indicative or imperative; the context, the tone of voice must determine in which sense it is used. The subjunctive has all but completely disappeared. We denote passivity not by a voice form, but analytically with the help of the auxiliary: "I am loved", "I am hated".

Did we possess the intricate and illogical genders of Latin, French and German, the grammarian's lot would be happier. Almost alone among the languages of the world,

English (except in pronouns of the third person) has no grammatical gender. To paraphrase Buttercup, "things *are* what they seem"; gender corresponds with physical fact. If the sex is masculine or feminine, the gender accordingly is masculine or feminine; if the object is without sex or we choose to regard it without reference to its sex, it is neuter. Why *hortus,* garden, should be masculine, and *manus,* hand, should be feminine, has puzzled as many students of Latin as the masculine *crayon,* pencil, and the feminine *ile,* island, have bewildered as many students of French.

Grammar must be one of two things. It is either the study that engaged us so wearily in our younger days with its conjugations, comparisons and declensions, or it is, as Professor Barrett Wendell defines it, "this system of good use which tells us how we may compose words in sentences. . . . In English," he says, "good use in composition is a question chiefly of good sense; I have yet to find a sentence that makes good sense—and anybody who knows what words mean can tell, with a little thought, whether a sentence makes good sense or not—that is not good English."

English Grammar, as it is taught today, is a mixture, a conglomerate of both notions, with the emphasis rather on the first. It is a thing of laws, rules, ordinances, by-laws and exceptions; an unscientific, illogical, inflexible dictum which emphasizes the letter and not the spirit, which forces children to decline nouns in cases which do not exist, to conjugate verbs in tenses, moods and voices which long since have ceased to be and to make adjectives agree with nouns when agreement is neither necessary nor possible. A child may conjugate and parse and "diagram" until the crack of doom and never, unless he hears good English and reads good English, will he be one inch nearer the goal—the correct and idiomatic use of his mother tongue.

English Grammar, as it is now taught, should be dropped entirely from our schools. A child need never parse nor "diagram" an English sentence, conjugate an English verb, nor decline an English noun. Indeed, it would do little harm if all the English Grammars adapted for use in elementary schools were to be committed to a

bonfire. We should then be in a fair way to begin anew.

The teacher is the crux of the problem.

The greater part of the work of instruction will continue to fall upon the teacher of English, but correct use should be taught on every day, in every school, and in every class. No recitation in physiology, for example, however satisfying it may be according to the standards of physiology, should go unchallenged if it is faulty in its English. Nor should any written paper in any subject be allowed to pass muster if its English is incorrect.

Its importance should be impressed upon all pupils. It should be made plain to them that a knowledge of other things may be desirable, but that cultural and commercial opportunity depends, in great part, upon one's knowledge of his mother tongue, and that, first and foremost, the work of the school is to be centered upon attaining a correct use of idiomatic English.

The errors commonly made in every-day speech are, upon reflection, few in number and are the result of carelessness rather than ignorance. The speaker, if his attention be called to his mistakes, can usually correct himself.

Much of the English of today is objectionable not because it is ungrammatical, but because it is half-baked. It is the clumsy expression of a thought never completely realized—an attempt to express a conception never more than half conceived. The sentences that do not mean what they say or do not say what they are intended to mean, are quite as common as the sentences that are improperly phrased. The remedy is to be sought in clearer, straighter thinking.

No more valuable aid can be found than the writing of daily themes. These daily themes will quicken marvelously the student's powers of observation, enlarge his vocabulary, and, in his quest of material, will broaden his sympathies and appreciations.

If the teacher is chosen for his knowledge and use of English, if English is held up to our students as a fundamental, and if it is taught in all our classes, then there will be no place for so-called English Grammar, and the hours at present devoted to it may well be given to some other subject. It is obvious that we are speaking here of English Grammar in the elementary and secondary schools. The history and the process of growth of our language will

always be studied and should always be studied in our colleges and universities by those who desire such specialization.

In New York State the truth was seen years ago, but in practice it has been only half realized. Much less time is now spent on English Grammar, but we still are devoting too much daylight to it. The syllabus prepared by the Department of Education recommends that no formal grammar be taught until the sixth grade is attained, but one wonders why it is still permitted to be taught at all. In one city, whose educational standards are ranked high, the local authorities have prepared for children of thirteen a syllabus which comprehends many strange and wonderful terms. I quote some of them: "attributive complement, predicate adjective, compound predicate, compound object." What do they all mean? Who but the grammarian or the pupil in the sixth, seventh, or eighth grade can say? Years and years ago we forgot their meaning; their very sound, however, evokes our youth, for we, too, heard those self-same words or words like them; once they stood for something and we were quite serious about them. Today, they find us cold and unresponsive—they are but shells, husks, dead words and no sense abides in them. We perceived that we had no use for them, that they served no purpose for us, and so, long since, they passed into the limbo. And a hundred times a day you or I or the boy in the fifth grade (who never has studied Grammar) may use an attributive complement (and do it very nicely, too), and yet be totally unaware of it.

Usage is the standard, and by usage must English be taught. No grammar nor dictionary can lay down the law nor have the effect of a statute; they can only record what passes current among the people of the time and can only preserve the customs of today and the precedents of yesterday, as do the common-law reports. English always will be in a state of flux, of evolution, until the day comes when it shall be fixed and stable and governed by exact and arbitrary rules; on that day, there may be a place, perhaps, for English Grammar, as it is now taught, but on that day English, as we know it and love it, will be dead.

WALTER GUEST KELLOGG.

EXPLORING THE ATMOSPHERE

BY WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D. SC.D.

EXPLORATION into the realms of the upper air hold out entrancing allurements to the daring aviator. While the use of kites and balloons in sending automatic meteorological instruments aloft have revealed much more of the wonders of this heretofore uncharted wilderness of cold and partial or total darkness than the general public is aware, only the outer fringes of the mysterious region have been penetrated.

The geographic poles have been conquered and the jungles of Africa traversed; and deep borings have been made into the bowels of the earth until heat has seemed to arrest further progress. Fortunately it is easier to combat the cold of altitude than it is to contend against the heat that increases with descent into the earth. The exploration of both regions is of the utmost importance to the coming developments of civilization. It is not visionary to assume that the heat of one may in time furnish the power necessary to do the labor of mankind, give warmth and light to habitations and operate transportation systems. The conditions of the other offer pure, highly electrified and physically stimulating air into which dirigible ships may sail and in which they may remain for days and weeks with their multitudes of human passengers.

As mechanical appliances for operating in cold, rarified air are perfected it is probable that long-distance travel will be pursued mainly above the clouds and the whirling vortices of storms, where the air serenely follows its allotted pathways around the earth at velocities somewhere between one and two hundred miles per hour, and where the view is unobscured by clouds, fog or precipitation, and where the electrical potential, although high, is so homogeneously distributed that there is no danger of lightning stroke.

Ten years ago, in a number of Chautauqua lectures, the

writer invariably was greeted with looks of incredulity when he prophesied that within a decade, travelers of the air would take breakfast in New York and afternoon tea in London. This is now an accomplished fact, and it is reasonable to assume that in the near future aerial navigation will be safer than travel by rail or automobile. The hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth's surface will be sailed over and closely scrutinized while enjoying all the comforts that heretofore have been associated with Pullman service.

In 1862-66 Glaisher, the English meteorologist, ascended in a balloon to about the same height as that attained by Major R. W. Schroeder, of the United States Army, who achieved a much more difficult feat when he flew in an aeroplane to over 36,000 feet. These are the extreme altitudes to which human beings ever have attained, but they are probably only the beginning of explorations into a vast and largely unknown and extremely cold region,—one in which darkness increases with elevation, until at the outer limits of the atmosphere no illumination whatever exists.

The terrific eastward wind, and 69 degrees below zero, encountered by Major Schroeder are conditions that already had been revealed by the work done at the research station of the Weather Bureau, at Mount Weather, Va., and by ascensions at the Blue Hill Observatory of Massachusetts, and at European stations. Balloons flown from Mount Weather reached greater heights than were attained anywhere else in the world, 19.1 being the extreme altitude gained. The beginning of ascensions were made in the Rocky Mountains with balloons, hydrogen gas and meteorographs sent from Mount Weather. A large number of these instrumental weather explorers were liberated and reached great altitudes—15 to 19 miles—as they swiftly drifted eastward in the stratum above storms.

In 1898, under the direction of the writer, 1200 observations were made with kites by observers of the U. S. Weather Bureau at seventeen selected stations, during the six warm months from May to October. We were surprised to find that the loss in temperature for the first 1000 feet ascent during extremely hot periods was as much as 15 degrees, and the average decrease in temperature per 1000 feet elevation for all stations for all times, and at all elevations up to 5280 feet, was 4 degrees.

For over five years kites were used at Mount Weather to carry instruments aloft to heights ranging from two to four and one-half miles, and to keep the apparatus up several days at a time, so that a continuous record might be secured of all hours of the day.

Few are aware that the rectangular kite of the meteorologist was the forerunner of the aeroplane of the aviator. In 1903, while directing Weather Bureau experiments at Roanoke Island, N. C., the writer saw the Wright brothers, or their representatives, lying flat upon their backs on the lower plane of what appeared to be Weather Bureau kites and gliding in the air from the top of sand dunes. This was the beginning of real flight by man. The ingenuity of the Wrights transformed the weather man's kite, strengthened it, took out the ends, hitched on a rudder, and when the petrol engine had developed sufficient power with a given weight, installed it, and flew.

In the future the meteorologist and the aviator will be closely associated. With observations made from aeroplanes simultaneously at a number of Weather Bureau stations and included in the telegraphic reports to Washington, it will be possible to make highly accurate forecasts for all parts of the country with respect to the incipient whirls or vortices so much feared by aviators, and for weather, wind direction and velocity at various high levels; and it should be borne in mind that all these conditions may be quite different in the upper reaches of the air to what they are at the surface of the earth.

Brigadier-General William Mitchell, Chief of Army Aviation, in an interesting lecture delivered before the Cosmos Club in Washington on May 25 last, spoke of the necessity for active co-operation of the meteorologist to aid in the construction of daily high-level weather charts as well as the making of forecasts of wind direction and force for the upper regions, where such extensive travel will occur in the future. All the data that the meteorologist needs is pressure, temperature and clouds. When he has plotted each in its proper geographic position, the barometer readings from say fifty stations east of the Rocky Mountains, taken at 15 or 20 thousand feet elevation, which is about midway between the bottom and the top of cyclonic storms, and drawn in the isobaric curves that connect stations of the same pressure, he knows precisely the direction

and velocity of the wind without the use of other information, the pull of gravity causing the wind to move from a region where the barometer is high and the pressure great toward a region where the barometer is lower and the pressure less. The scientist knows that it will blow with a velocity directly proportional to the difference in pressure. The low pressures or storm-centers, with their vast systems of spirally inflowing and upwardly moving winds, warmth, clouds and precipitation, are definitely located by the barometric curves, as, also, are the high-pressure or cool, clear and stable areas wherein all the conditions of the low-pressure are reversed, the air moving downward in the region of the high-pressure center and outward along the surface of the earth. The present weather map is based upon barometric readings corrected so as to read what they would if the cisterns of the barometers were exactly at sea level.

The purpose now is to construct, with the aid of aviators securing the observations, a daily chart on which all barometers shall either be read at the four-mile level above the earth or else their readings corrected so as to read the same as they would if the instruments were at the exact level desired. Then the horizontal gradients of pressure on the selected level are established and the weather chart is ready for the interpretations of the skilled forecaster. This coöperation of the bird-man and the weather-man in studying the geography of the new air-world will mark an epoch in meteorological science as far reaching in its consequences as were the discovery of the barometer by Torrecelli and the uncovering of the principles of the thermometer by Gallileo, neither one of which were known until twenty-three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Thus swiftly does the mind of man explore the hidden recesses of Nature's mysteries, and with each conquest carry itself to higher realms of existence.

By comparing the sea-level and the high-level chart it will be possible to establish the vertical gradients of pressure and temperature in the four quarters of both cyclones and anti-cyclones and for the first time be able mathematically to discuss the mechanics of storms, so that weather forecasting may evolve from impericism to something closely approaching scientific deductions of exactitude.

In the not distant future more forecasts and storm warnings will be issued by the Weather Bureau for ships of the

air than for those of the sea; the navigation of the air must play an increasing and important part in the coming activities of the world.

Science is becoming so skillful in harnessing the forces of Nature to man's desires and in the development of mechanical appliances that it is reasonable to anticipate that within a quarter-century or less human beings will be nearly as numerous as insects in the air, will remain aloft longer and sail to vastly higher altitudes. It is well therefore to know something of what science has learned about this new world into which man is projecting himself.

Immediately after this country entered the World War the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics published in elaborate form the results of the researches made at Mount Weather and put them into the hands of all the fighting aviators. These sailors of the atmospheric ocean were benefitted by the meteorological explorers who had preceded them with the kites, balloons and meteorographs of Mount Weather. There was ready for the use of the Army at the front a fund of useful information of a region that but a short time before was entirely uncharted and in which they must engage in mortal combat. The conditions found by Major Schroeder were all described in this report by the Committee on Aeronautics, just as the courageous sky traveler found them. The instruments carried by the exploring balloons had keen scientific eyes and they recorded on clock-timed cylinders what they saw. When the balloons burst as they did finally as the result of the loss of density with increasing elevation, the instruments slowly descended under parachutes that conveniently opened for the purpose of staying rapid descent. In this publication, wind, clouds, temperature and other conditions were tabulated and charted for all levels likely to be reached by the fighters. A pilot was able to determine at a glance at what level and in what direction his wind would shift as he rose and he was given a fair approximation of the velocity that he might expect.

Had not the Committees in Congress supported me with the necessary appropriations to construct Mount Weather and carry on this special research work during the preceding ten years there would have been no source in this country whence such data could be secured and no source in any other country whence such a complete series

of extremely high-level observations could be obtained.

We now know that the temperature falls rapidly with ascent,—about one degree for each 300 feet,—until the top of the storm level is reached, at seven miles, when a most wonderful thing ensues:—the thermometer no longer falls as the balloon rises; it remains practically stationary so far as exploration has been made, which is to the height of over nineteen miles.

We have named this region above the storms the Isothermal (equally heated) Region. Its temperature everywhere is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit below zero and it changes only about 8 degrees between winter and summer. Of course one must assume that ultimately the temperature shades away to practically nothing as outer space is reached. Outside of the earth's atmosphere,—the oxygen of which ceases at about thirty miles, the nitrogen at fifty and the the hydrogen and helium at about two hundred miles,—there is total darkness even at midday, and little or no temperature—over 400 degrees below zero in the intensity of its cold.

Observations show anomalies that are startling. At one and one-half miles high there is little difference between midday and midnight, except that the coolest time of the twenty-four hours is during day time and not at night, as would be most naturally supposed. This is important information to an aviator or to the pilot of a ballon. As previously stated, at the height of only 1000 feet in free air at the hottest time of midsummer's heat, the air is found to lose as much as 15 degrees in comparison with that at the ground. Almost within arm's length of the streets of great inland cities there is a cool and healthful atmosphere when humanity is sweltering and dying from heat below. May not several Eiffel towers for each sanitarium some day sustain them far above the tallest sky scrapers of the present—1000 or 2000 feet high.

At the height of ten miles it would be difficult to hear the human voice because of the attenuated medium of transmission, and the twilight would deepen, even though it were midday. At thirty miles there would be no oxygen, one's voice could not be heard at all, and the stars would come out and darkness ensue although it were bright sunlight below. The nitrogen would cease at about fifty miles.

The traveler in the upper levels can carry oxygen and

make air as he needs it, and he can insulate himself against the cold of this new world, which he will find deficient in dust motes and doubtless entirely wanting in the bacteria of putrefaction and disease. There will be no clouds to obscure his vision, nor rain, nor snow. He will not often ascend above the region where there are not some dust motes to scatter and diffuse a part of the solar rays and give him light, or at least a partial illumination. Above the nitrogen there are only the hydrogen and the helium, the two lightest of all gases. These make themselves manifest as far out as two hundred miles from the earth in their warming effects on meters that shoot into them and become luminous by the heat of friction.

The darkness of outer space may be proven by taking an enclosed volume of air, free it of dust motes, of which there are millions per cubic centimeter, and then try to illuminate it, and it will be found that no matter how powerful the light that is directed into it it remains wholly dark. When one looks up at midday he apparently sees the whole universe illuminated; but in point of fact only the thin stratum of the earth's air in which he lives is illuminated. Outer space is practically without temperature or light. The rays of the sun do not become either light, or heat, or electricity until they encounter the denser molecules of the air near the earth and the invisible dust-motes and cloud-particles in suspension in the air, and through such interference are transmuted from etheric vibrations into other forms of energy—heat, light, electricity, etc.

Few persons are familiar with these simple problems of the phenomena of the air, which have such an important bearing on the distribution of corporal man into realms above what he has been accustomed to inhabit.

The northwest wind always brings physical energy and mental buoyancy, because it has a downward component of motion that draws air from above, where it is free of impurities and where high electrification has changed a considerable quantity of its oxygen into ozone, in which condition it remains but a short time after reaching the lower potential near the earth's surface. More people die under the enervating influence of the south wind than under the influence of the north wind, because the south wind hugs the surface of the earth and becomes laden with impurities and is lacking in electrical stimulation.

When inventive man becomes more familiar with the ocean on the bottom of which he has lived so long, he will not wait for the north wind to bring down to him the benefactions of higher up; he will go after them and remain aloft as long as he desires to do so.

The further development of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane are among the most important functions of the engineer of the future. The meteorologist must establish the climatology of various strata above the earth. Mount Weather, instead of being abandoned, as it has been by the present Administration, should be operated on an enlarged scale and other institutions of similar purpose established. No autocratic old woman with a broom should be allowed to sweep back the progress of science in exploring the nearly untracked wilderness above the earth, for here man will largely disport himself in the time to come. The hanging gardens of Babylon will be outdone in the twentieth century and the eyrie of the eagle left far below by those who will live a part of their time in elevated structures having bases resting upon the earth.

Before travel in the isothermal stratum, above storms, is frequent or protracted some engineering difficulties must be overcome, but these are in process of solution by some of the ablest inventors of the world. In this region there is only one-fourth of an atmosphere, with 60 degrees below zero temperature, and it is necessary not only to warmly enclose and insulate passengers and pilots, but to feed the carburetter of engines with air artificially regulated to pressures and heat so as to be somewhat comparable to what the engine used at lower levels; and the ratio between power and the size of propellers must be adjustable so as to maintain efficiency in the extremely rarefied sailing medium.

Why should not eclipses and other astronomical events be regularly observed from great aeroplanes, or preferably from monster dirigible air ships elaborately equipped for observational work above the optical disturbing effects of clouds, dust and the heterogeneously heated lower air? The possibilities of research and discovery are almost limitless.

WILLIS L. MOORE.

ON PROLONGING HUMAN LIFE

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M. D.

Is old age a disease? No, it is not *a* disease, but it is disease. Neither old age, middle age nor youth are functions of time. They are physical states, the mere expressions of definite incident forces with which time has no more to do as a factor in causation than a tape measure with the height of a man. This is elementary, obvious and incontrovertible, and the only excuse for stating it as a principle is the fact that it is so generally ignored, not only in popular thought and language, but in philosophic and scientific discussion of the problems relating to human existence.

In casting time as an entity out of physics, Einstein has done no more than earlier thinkers have done for philosophy, yet so powerful is the influence of mere terminology and of allegorical conceptions of natural processes that even the pathologist dealing with visible evidences of infection and poison in the tissues of the elderly talks about "conditions normal to the *time* of life." The assertion that arterial hardening and other tissue changes, commonly although not always found in later life, are normal to that age period, is tantamount to asserting that they are due to time, a postulate that cannot really be presented in thought since time is a mathematical abstraction, has only a relative existence and cannot exert a physical influence over anything.

It may seem that I am merely harping on an academic string, but this is no academic question. It involves the demolition of a fallacious principle that has for ages held back the human race from enjoying the full fruits of human intelligence and attaining freedom from the thralldom of a mythological conception of the life cycle of man.

Once clear the mind of this paradoxical notion of the causation of old age and we strike at the roots of human misery, of human futility and failure. Today we stand humiliated before the brute creation. What can we, as

thinking organisms, report to the jungle as to our custody of human bodies and human lives? True, we have done some commendable things. We have cut down the death rate, both in war and peace, from certain diseases, while at the same time increasing the efficiency of our engines of destruction. We have cut down the death rate in places formerly pestilential, such as Panama and Havana, but the fact that we talk so much about these things is a pitiful commentary on the ages of ignorance and neglect through which we have passed, while deceiving ourselves with the mechanical trappings of civilization.

In spite of science, culture and the intellect of man, the "genus homo" is carrying at present a greater burden of disease, misery and starvation than any other animal organism. The life cycle of man is not only limited but filled with a mass of pathology, physical and mental, that is due to definite physical causes and preventable by definite physical means.

In considering problems relating to the quality of human life and the lines of its possible future development, we can make little progress unless we work and think in the spirit of Huxley who said "Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up any preconceived notion, follow humbly wherein and to whatever abyss nature leads, or you will learn nothing."

Current notions with regard to the duration of human life are based largely upon superficial observation and tradition. True, we are faced by the undeniable fact that one-half of the people die before sixty years of age. A lifetime of seventy years is considered as representing the human life cycle and is supposed to be fixed by biological, if not by a divine, law. In a sense this is true. That is, the human organism has evolved through many phases to a type that resists the unfavorable factors in environment and faults in its own structure for that period. The attacks of tubercle bacilli, of typhoid bacilli, of streptococci, the insidious effect of poisons formed in the body, as well as those admitted to the body, may be regarded as governed by natural law, but it is quite obvious that with larger knowledge of the operation of such laws, man's intelligence can set in motion influences also in accord with natural laws that can profoundly modify the life cycle of man or of any other organism. In earlier times such attempts were more along

supernatural than natural lines. Some mysterious and marvelous elixir or charm was sought that would enable mankind to withstand the so-called ravages of time, which we now know were mostly the ravages of micro-organisms. As science gained more light and divested itself of the superstitions and crudities of the alchemist and the medicine man, there was in fact very definite progress made in improving the death rate at certain age periods, chiefly under forty, when communicable and epidemic disease carries off its largest toll. This left untouched, however, the problem of mere ageing, of gradual failure in vitality, and final old age; and even those conditions frankly recognized as disease, such as arterial and kidney changes which claim in this country about 130,000 people yearly between the ages of thirty and sixty, have been wholly neglected as to their prevention. These casualties are accepted more or less philosophically as "acts of God," and no definite attempt to reduce the mortality from such causes has been made, as in the case of epidemic and communicable diseases. In fact, the death rate from these chronic maladies has increased in this country during the past thirty years and there has been no favorable influence on the mortality in the later ages of life, although in England and Wales and in the Scandinavian countries, and even in Prussia, the census returns indicate an improvement in the death rate at each age period. Various explanations have been offered for this apparently unfavorable trend, from absolute denial of the accuracy of the records by the optimist who would accept them unhesitatingly if they were pleasant and who does unhesitatingly accept the figures regarding the drop in the death rate from tuberculosis and typhoid, to the theory that it is due to the admixture of foreign stocks with a high mortality from such causes. There is good evidence that a substantial part of the increase in mortality from these organic diseases is, in fact, due to this cause, but there is no evidence that native stocks are showing any gain in vitality at the advanced ages. Hence, while the general death rate has been markedly reduced (from 19.6 to 14.2 in the registration area since 1890), there is no indication that the life span has been lengthened. The benefits of scientific progress have been conferred chiefly upon the young, but without apparently assuring them any more favorable condition in later life than has been enjoyed by their ancestors.

Evidently there is work to do along this line and these are the problems that interest most deeply those who joined in founding the Life Extension Institute. These men had no illusions as to the value of mere life extension. The sheltering and pampering and protecting of a defective organism in order to drag out a few more years of a more or less miserable existence would not be a fundamental service to humanity, although the duty of medical science is always to conserve life without regard to the burden that it places on society. The real meaning of life extension work lies in its ideal of living on higher planes of existence, in attaining a broader physical and psychic life, in developing the latent resources of mankind and in training man to make the most of his endowments and of his environment. This, it would seem, must inevitably lead to longer life and life so lengthened would improve social conditions generally and ensure an elderly life and old age free from many wretched handicaps.

What warrant have we for assuming that such things are possible? Does the failure thus far materially to increase the life span, in spite of scientific progress, prove that we are engaged in a Sisyphean task and working against nature or some irrevocable higher law? To me the testimony from the field of biology where profound changes have been effected in the life cycles of other organisms, offers a conclusive answer. The human organism cannot be separated from the rest of living organisms. If it can be shown that life cycles are not pre-ordained or immutably fixed, we may face the problem of extending the human life cycle, of expanding the power of the human organism exactly as we would face such problems in the laboratory when dealing with the fruit fly or the sea urchin or the star fish or the tadpole. There are living organisms such as the redwood tree, that have a life cycle apparently limited only by the geologic age in which they live. There are others that live but a day because of obviously faulty structure. Working with the fruit fly, Loeb and others have prolonged the life cycle of this organism 900 per cent merely by keeping it at a lowered temperature and protecting it from adverse external factors, such as infection and poison.

There are numerous similar experiments on record where the so-called influence of time has been defied and a definite prolongation of the life span attained. Loeb has

emphasized the significance of the result attained with the fruit fly as evidencing the attainment of natural death, that is, death occurring notwithstanding the protection of the organism from all forms of external injury or infection. It was assumed that death finally occurred either from loss of peculiar substances formed by the organs of the creature and necessary to maintain the mechanism of its existence, or the accumulation of poisons which were never thoroughly eliminated from its body, owing to some faults in structure. It is probable that here we have an expression of a fundamental law of life. Barring accident or injury, all organisms die through fault in their structure or their adaptation; because they are poisoned, infected or deprived of essential factors that maintain life. These definite causes of disease, old age and death can actually be grouped under definite categories that will include all possible factors yet to be discovered that could influence the life cycle of man. These categories are as follows: Heredity, Infection, Poison, Food deficiency, Food excess, Hormone deficiency (Hormones are substances essential to maintaining the equilibrium of health and the efficient functioning of organs. They are known to be formed in a number of glands and organs, such as the thyroid, adrenals, pituitary, sexual glands, the pancreas and possibly some others), Hormone excess (actually poison), Physical injury or strain, Psychic injury or strain, Physical apathy, Psychic apathy.

Clifford once said that from a cubic inch of air omniscient science could reconstruct the whole plan of the universe, and it may be said with equal truth that science fully informed as to the means of protection against the adverse factors named or yet to be named under these categories, could indefinitely prolong human life—and more—indefinitely expand its power. This, of course, is a mere presentation of a principle and not a prediction. No one with even a smattering of scientific knowledge can doubt that the best of us are merely nibbling at life. Evolution has after many years brought us to a point where we look back with contempt upon the Pithecanthropus Erectus and the Neanderthal man, but it is doubtful whether we are much in advance of the Cro-magnon man whose superior intelligence did not save him from extinction. Despite our civilization which we are wont complacently to speak of as complex, although it is really superficial, there is no evidence

that moderns excel in brain power or in intellectual stature the wise men of old. We have more information, we have discovered more about the mechanism of the universe, but the quality of the human organism shows very little evidence of improvement, notwithstanding the current belief in "upward" evolution.

Professor Edward Grant Conklin, in a recent Princeton lecture, has dissented from this view of further upward evolution as applied to man. He sees little probability of a superman appearing and points to evidence of actual physical deteriorations in the modern human type as compared to earlier types. These relate, it is true, to comparatively minor matters such as skeletal changes, decrease in the acuteness of special senses and the like, but there is lacking in the biologic record any evidence of upward development during the historical period. On this subject I have no dogmatic opinion and would not venture to assert that modern man is distinctly inferior physically to ancient man, but I have a very positive opinion as to the present physical condition of man, and that is, that he is far below a reasonable standard of animal excellence. Where among wild animals can you find so many individuals with septic teeth, faulty vision, septic tonsils, inefficient bowels, physical asymmetries, flat foot, defective and infected nasal cavities, defective hearing, unhealthy skin, impaired organs and tissues? When man first moved into this pathological field I cannot say. It is claimed that the ancient Egyptians had their tooth troubles.

It may be that Professor Conklin is right and that natural evolution has reached a biological *impasse* in man, but on this subject we are entitled to hear from the clinician, the physiologist and the hygienist, as well as the biologist. Admitted that without help, evolution can do no more, we are at liberty to speculate on the power of intellect to control nature. Huxley postulated a reversal of natural selection through man's interference in preserving the unfit; the contrary hypothesis is tenable that man can take up the work where nature laid it down and by directing natural forces, deliberately mould a higher type of organism. This would seem to be the real hope of the future.

That immense opportunities confront human intelligence, cannot be doubted. That a transformation of the human type is possible with a vast access of power and

vision and capacity for bending to its will the resources of nature, is the underlying thesis of this article. Possibly man is but another trial in the "great plan." No less than 10,000,000 species have existed on the earth, many of them for vast stretches of time, only to pass out. It may be that another and another biological cycle will be necessary before the real man comes, nevertheless we find ourselves with a definite hold on facts that were denied to previous civilizations so far as we can learn. We can see definite means of working forward to a practical solution of mysteries that our forefathers placed in the sphere of the supernatural.

From these ambitious reaches of thought, let us come down to earth and ask what really does this all mean to the man on the street? Have we any message for him? Surely there is a direct and practical message. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, but we can reverse the formula and say that from the ridiculous to the sublime is often but a step. Little Tommy Grace with a pain in his face is not sublime, but the change that can be wrought in a human being by the removal of a root abscess often approaches the sublime and may appear almost as miraculous as the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands. This does not apply to all root abscesses, but to some, and 62% of people whose teeth we have X-rayed showed root abscesses. I do not mean to convey the impression that all our ills are due to our teeth, but make the point that something at least is known regarding definite menacing factors grouped under the categories I have mentioned as influencing the life cycle, and that something is also known regarding definite means of protection. With reasonable cooperation from the individual and from organized society, I have little doubt but that the span of human life could easily be extended well beyond one hundred years and, what is more to the point, expanded and much of the sordid misery and the humiliating limitations squeezed out of it. Too much must not be expected in a decade or in a century, and yet the Egyptians under the third and fourth dynasties emerged from comparative barbarism and in less than a century developed a culture and an engineering and architectural skill that produced the pyramids. Without making predictions or fixing time limits, we can tell our story and do our work, and, to use the old phraseology, let "time" do the rest.

First, eugenics is a science to reckon with. If man's in-

telligence cannot in the course of time reduce the stream of gross deficiency by some means of controlling breeding, then will the real man have to come into his own and that job must be left to some higher race of organisms yet to appear. Dodging the platitudinous dialectic brick-bats that this assertion invites, let us consider the infant who is here. Prenatal care offers definite promise of better equipment for the infant. Infant and child hygiene are even now doing much. Nutritional problems are being solved. Physical training problems are with us. Mental training is baffling the wisest minds and there regularly appear in our leading magazines wails of agony from educators and philosophers deploring our deficiency in this regard.

But what of the young adult cast upon the great ocean of life to strike out for some unknown shore? Our draft examinations told us something about the male and would have told a similar story about the " deadlier of the species " had she been called. In spite of much care in earlier years, this young male in the flush of youth showed deficiencies. He needed just the kind of physical overhauling that he received, only a more thorough one.

Shortly before the war, General Leonard Wood asked me to estimate the probable rejection rate if a draft should be necessary. I answered " 50% if we take ages 18 to 45." He replied, " That is conservative, judging from my own observation of recruits examined." You see, General Wood was not an optimist, but just a military and medical scientist, viewing the matter cold-bloodedly, " sitting down before fact as a child." Probably more crimes or at least mistakes have been committed in the name of optimism than in the name of liberty, and we may charge to optimistic amblyopia at least one-fourth of the present world misery, not to speak of the war casualties.

The draft actually revealed about one-third of those examined between the ages 21 and 31 disqualified for active service. The rejection rate rises rapidly with age and at least a 50% rate would have been reached as a total if ages to 45 had been included. There was an excess of 30% in the rate for the entire age group, as against age 21 in our draft, and in Great Britain the rejection rates, according to Major Comrie, were: age 18—23%, age 23—48%, age 41—69%.

We see this paralleled in the death rate in the population.

At age 40 the death rate is about three times what it is at 20. My own predictions were based not only upon many years of observation of life insurance risks, but upon recent evidence derived from the examinations by the Life Extension Institute of many thousands of industrial employees active at their work and others in all walks of life. More than half of these people, forming a cross section of the population down to and including the average active worker in industry but not including the sick and dependent and unemployed, were found in need of some form of medical, dental or surgical treatment, and practically all had at least some slight defect, the correction of which would improve their life prospect if not their immediate condition. In addition to physical defects, faults in living obviously impairing their lives, were found in more than 80%. Errors in diet, exercise and personal hygiene were so common as plainly to reveal the lack of adaptation of the human animal to his surroundings.

In the British draft records it was found that four-fifths of those examined had defects worthy of record. In our draft statistics, we find 47% recorded as having reportable defects.

In the Life Extension Institute reports of more than 150,000 physical examinations, we do not find the record of any perfect man or woman. There is always some departure from ideal physical condition, there is always something that can be done. From those showing a high state of vitality and minor defects, only a very small percentage, we step down to those showing really serious and advanced disease,—about 5 to 8% in any working population, people actually at work and supposedly in good health. A concrete case will illustrate. A man fifty years of age, examined in a group of supposedly healthy workers as a matter of routine, claimed to be in good health and had no complaint except callouses on his feet. On examination, he was found to have a blood pressure of 220, his kidneys were advanced in disease, he had septic teeth and tonsils, his vision was defective and he was wearing defective glasses purchased at a store. He was consuming large quantities of coffee, tea and tobacco, and he had callouses on his feet! Poor man! Much could be done even for him by clearing his mouth of infection, by regulating his diet and habits, and fitting him with proper glasses. He is not an uncommon type. Cal-

louses on his feet! No, the callouses are on the brains of society and of science that has for ages stood waiting for people to come and report that they have callouses on their feet, or what not, instead of periodically overhauling the human body to find out whether any of the factors grouped under the categories I have mentioned are at work. This particular man may have had rising blood pressure and developing kidney trouble for 15 or 20 years. The early signs are often found in young people.

In a group of several thousands of insurance policyholders examined periodically under this system for the purpose of prolonging their lives, the death rate during a period of seven years was cut down 50%. It has been figured by a leading statistician that the periodic examination of any group will save at least three lives per thousand per annum, apart from the dividends in increased living capacity. This is the practical work of life extension now being carried by the Institute into industry, among life insurance policyholders and among its own members who join in this work, not only to gain its benefits for themselves, but to extend it throughout society. Health construction and disease prevention placed on a practical business basis and carried through practical business channels, gives economic as well as psychic and moral dividends.

Apart from the prolongation of life by such practical means, we must, as honest scientific thinkers, face the possibilities of more direct and specific measures. We have already sufficient light on this pathway leading to strange and startling possibilities, enabling us to discern a world transformed. We know that diet is not so simple a matter as formerly supposed. Specific substances, vitamins, are necessary in our food for growth and development and the maintenance of health, entirely apart from the chemical elements and simple combinations of protein, carbo-hydrates, fats, minerals, etc., formerly regarded as sufficient. Strange and terrible diseases arise from lack of such substances,—beriberi, scurvy, pellagra, and possibly other forms of disease. We also know that the autonomic nervous system and certain glands over which it presides form substances essential to life and health and well-being,—hormones. Excess or deficiency of hormones may cause profound changes not only in physical condition, but in character and personality. Sex expression, which is one of the most basic formative

elements in personality during the greater part of life, can be wholly changed by alteration in the gonads or sex glands, and in animals the transplantation of glands has shown the transformations possible along these lines.

Science must face this fact as to the influence of these bio-chemical factors on the integration and disintegration of personality. It is well to throw a dash of cold water on the present tendency to discuss personality as an entity which can go out walking and then return to snuggle once more in the body.

The question arises as to where the personality comes from that a cretin obtains when he emerges from incipient idiocy to intelligence as a result of feeding him thyroid gland? There is, so far as I know, no evidence that the human mind can grasp, to explain this phenomenon otherwise than on the hypothesis of an integration of personality arising from the bio-chemical changes in the body of the subject.

Professor Francis G. Benedict, in his experimental work on a squad of men that had been adjusted to a low plane of nutrition (about two-thirds of the supposed minimum standard requirement), men organically sound and physically able not only to work but to excel in endurance tests, found a remarkable change in sex expression and consequently in personality, due to changes in the bio-chemical adjustment of the subjects. These men had low blood pressure, slow pulse rate and lowered metabolism, they were " bailed " of considerable reserve nitrogen, and their physiological condition and their outlook on life during the period of the tests were profoundly altered, that is, in the majority of these subjects, owing to practical obliteration of sex expression,—physical, psychic and aesthetic.

The many examples of profound physical and psychic changes resulting from variation in the supply of hormones or other specific substances, indicate the possibility of ultimately acquiring knowledge that will enable us to administer combinations of substances that will maintain life and health indefinitely, barring accident or physical and mental strain and injury, although these may conceivably be successfully combatted to a certain degree by specific means. Carrying these speculations to their ultimate implication, we find a number of alternative destinies confronting mankind.

Regulation of the birth rate, or an artificial death rate,

would be inevitable if the so-called natural death rate were reduced to a negligible factor. A condition of society would obtain strange beyond belief and so different from the present world as to be unrecognizable by one who could awaken in it like Rip Van Winkle after a long sleep.

The attainment of longevity by regulation of conduct, by following the rules of personal hygiene and bending the body to the will of the individual, is not likely to cause any social upheaval or dislocation. Such influences working gradually would be accompanied by social adjustment to a longer life cycle. Let us therefore be neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but just good citizens courageous to face the truth as to our weaknesses and to move for their correction. Periodic physical examination and an intelligent regulation of our lives, of our social and industrial conditions, may seem a commonplace formula after discussing an elixir of life, but it will do much to lift the burden of woe and of error that now weighs down the nations of the world.

It is useless to argue that nobody wants to live longer than the present life span. I venture to assert that if simple means be found greatly to prolong human life, that is, without working for it, few would be found to make the decision against utilizing it, and no doubt nations would fight for it.

EUGENE LYMAN FISK.

PHASES OF UNREST—III

THE PURPOSE OF THRIFT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

SPENDING, not saving, is the custom. To get saving highly esteemed we shall have to see to it that a "nest egg" is the really fashionable thing to have.

The ordinary copy book maxims preach the advantage of saving in such a way as to compel the normal human to be an anti-conservationist. If one deliberately believes that a higher total of life's increments of enjoyment is to be had by spending liberally when there is money to spend and then hibernating when there is no money to spend, then, surely, in a free and unsocialized country, no really first-class moral precepts can be found to the contrary. If one chooses to spend while young, and starve or go to the poor house when old, that is purely a matter of choice. From certain angles, and for certain dispositions, it is surely better to have a full measure of pleasure while the capacity for enjoyment remains, than to deny oneself those pleasures in order to have a competency in old age when the capacity for enjoyment does not exist. It is not passing strange that the miser has never commanded the respect of anyone other than his banker, while the free-handed man is welcome everywhere. In fact, being extremely economical as a habit of life comes close to being penurious.

So, therefore, when you preach the morality of thrift, you are likely to draw a picture of the kind of a person that nobody wants to be. To rail about the sins of luxury, is as someone has said to "bring us down with a bump on thrift, that meanest and ugliest of all the so-called virtues, the last refuge of the craven."

It brings up a picture of that kind of a property owner which every town has; the man who has saved and denied himself until he has seared his soul. He spends his declin-

ing years living upon the virtues of his thrift and making himself a nuisance to the community by assiduously collecting all rents on the day due and in person, and refusing to make repairs in his best thrifty spirit. As Hartley Withers has said:

> Now I fully admit that thrift as an end in itself is a very unproductive quality in the eyes of most people, and that it is, in fact, often found in partnership with other qualities that are still more justly despised. From thrift to meanness and from meanness to hypocrisy are short steps. . . . To save money simply for the sake of saving after one has made ample provision for one's old age and for any dependents on one is a pastime that is open to criticism on many grounds.

It is one thing to save in wartime and in order to prosecute a war, and it is quite another thing to save in peace time to prosecute nothing in particular excepting the virtues. Now, to be perfectly frank, the amount of saving in wartime by the people in general did not amount to nearly so much as the talk about it. The saving among those who worked for wages was more or less compulsory; in most cases they subscribed for Liberty Bonds rather than lose their jobs; they instructed that these bonds be paid out of their wages in installments, and then struck for higher wages because the remainder, after making the subscription, was insufficient for living expenses. Where employers distributed small bonds or thrift stamps as bonuses, the employees cashed them in as quickly as they could get to some place that would buy them.

A certain section of public opinion now thinks that, during the war, the Government dealt extensively in gold bricks, for how, otherwise, should something which the Government says is worth $100 sell at a discount? And the campaigns of bond selling and thrift stamp distribution carried on so extensively in the public schools, were really more in the nature of games than education. The purposes were best served by making it a game, and there is no criticism meant to be made of the methods, but those teachers in the public schools with whom I have talked, say that, in the minds of the people, although the word " thrift " is very popular, and has now a very definite meaning, that meaning is connected with an enjoyable excursion into badgering people to buy little stamps—the connection between the stamps and the money is quite obscure. The boys gave up collecting marbles and other trinkets for the time being and

went in for stamps—that is, thrift stamps rather than postage stamps, or cigarette cards, or any of those numerous things which the normal boy feels it his duty to collect in excessive quantities.

Is it not mere caddishness for one who can afford to buy and does buy silk shirts and silk stockings, and automobiles, and who freely admits that he wastes money, but who justifies himself somewhat belligerently by saying that he can afford to waste money and that it is nobody's business, to object to other people doing the same sort of thing only because he thinks the other people cannot afford the expenditures? Right down in our hearts we know that the concern is not at all with the welfare of those other people who are wasting their money, it is really a matter of jealousy and of class distinction based on clothing—a feeling that these people have committed social misdemeanors, as when the cook duplicates her mistress' hat. And anyone who preaches thrift to people on the ground that they should not have what they like for their money is simply preaching nonsensical cant. He is really preaching revolution.

If, then, thrift has no virtue in itself, if every person within the limits of the law is entitled to spend what he can earn, and more than he can earn if he can get away with it, is there any unmoral reason for thrift?

The reason for thrift is plain. It is not necessary to talk about morality. It is simply that if we do not have thrift we shall not have a margin of production over consumption —that is, we shall not have Capital. If we do not have Capital we cannot have progress for we shall have no means wherewith to make improvement in existing facilities for production. There is the danger of extravagance. And it is a very real danger.

We often get a wrong start on thrift. We think of it only as buying less whereas we should think of it as buying more wisely. Look at some of the false arguments.

We know that buying less does not increase production, but, on the contrary, decreases production because the demand fails. If we should all stop buying for a time, undoubtedly a great number of stocks held in weak hands would have to be sold off, but more probably the stocks would be bought by the stronger merchants and all prices advanced in order to cover the cost of holding—the only thing that would drop would be production. That is, we

should not add to the wealth of the country, we should merely go into a period of national hibernation.

It is a tribute to the economic sense of the American citizen that appeals to be thrifty on the ground that prices will thereby drop have been received as an unfounded rumor.

There is another class of argument that one meets with now and then, which would encourage thrift—encourage the accumulation of money—so that enough might be had in one bag, for a grand big whirl—that we might have national periods when we were all sailors or lumber jacks and had just struck town. There is a certain humanness in this thought which, in a way, makes it less objectionable than the economic idiocy that I have just mentioned; it does not pretend to be anything more than it is. But intensive preparation for periodical spending debauches is not thrift.

There is a reason for thrift as a positive and not a negative habit.

Thrift is not opposed to silk shirts and automobiles. It is not opposed to extravagance as a vice; it is opposed to getting nothing for something, and we might almost define thrift as consuming less than one produces for the purpose of being able to produce more. If a nation consumes all that it produces it cannot go forward. A community is but a collection of individuals. Therefore, thrift is an individual affair.

The habit of saving to provide against one's old age, is, in a way, salutary, but as an end it is not in economics very important because the number of people who eventually become public charges is really insignificant. The habit of insurance makes the incapable aged worth keeping about to collect his insurance after death, and more often than not, in these days, the children of an old and destitute worker are seldom out anything by having to support him through his declining years. Whether their ability to save is thus unduly decreased is another matter, but commonly the support of the aged is more inconvenient than costly, and, even if uninsured, the aged, unless disabled, usually give some kind of an economic return for their support.

Thrift can be considered amiably as a social question; but its present day importance is economic and not social. Its economic side is paramount today. For *the purpose of thrift is to provide more working capital so that the means of adding to the wealth of the nation may be augmented.*

Adding to the productivity of the nation increases the stock of goods for distribution and not only increases the buying power by decreasing the price of commodities, but also actually increases the wage of the worker by increasing the demand of capital for labor. That is the great big fact in thrift. It is not merely a virtue. We do not say that a manufacturer is virtuous who puts back a large portion of his earnings into his plant and equipment in order to be able to earn more. I have never heard anyone extol the virtues of the big packing companies because they have most signally increased their productivity and their earnings by, for many years past, putting back the larger share of their earnings into their packing establishments.

Thrift followed by investment is simply common sense. Thrift has not been popular because it has been represented solely as a kind of morality which might be achieved by sufficient chastisement of the soul. To my knowledge it has never been impressed upon any body of workers that they could raise their real wages more quickly by investing in industry than they could by striking against industry. Yet such is an absolute fact. I say that very few workers have ever examined into this economic equation. I might add, too, that very few employers have.

The primary thought in most stock purchasing and compulsory saving schemes is not to raise the wages of the worker by providing more efficient means of production, but the thought is rather to chain the worker to his job by representing that he will lose something concrete if he leaves. This may be disguised under the paternal anxiety of seeing that the poor fellow does not waste his money. And, probably because there has been no public instruction of the real efficacy of thrift, of the real part that it plays in the capitalistic system, there has been almost no provision for anything in the nature of systematic national thrift, no positive systematized force whose slogan will not include anything in the way of providing for future comfort or for an accumulation to be enjoyed at some future time, but whose slogan will connote something *to be enjoyed positively and in the present.*

Thrift would not thus lose any of its virtues. If one wanted to be thrifty because one was virtuous the road would be left open; if one wanted to provide against one's old age or against emergency the road would be left open. Some

people do not so care; they are content to live from day to day. But everybody, without exception, would like to live better from day to day. And that is what national thrift can accomplish if it be systematically and intelligently put forward. Deprivation, the doing without things that ought to be had, is not thrift, but a peculiarly vicious form of thriftlessness, for then thrift, as far as that individual is concerned, is a taking away and not an adding to.

It is not popular to refer to anything German. Yet Germany, in many ways, provides the greatest example of thrift that the world has ever known. The German thrift was positive instead of negative as is the French thrift. As is well known the German population before the war was well fed and well housed; it was increasing very rapidly. The greater part of the population was steadily employed, the necessities and in fact many of the luxuries of life were cheaper than anywhere in the world. Throughout all Germany there were few slums; and even Hamburg, which is a seafaring town where the riffraff of the world might be supposed to congregate, was quite without anything which we would call slums.

The greatest outstanding reason for this enormous prosperity, in spite of the great sums spent upon the military and naval forces, in spite of the vast cost of government, in spite of the high taxes, and in spite of a rulership which always kept an eye on war, was the universal habit of saving, which habit was inculcated in the first place and then intensified until it became second nature by the provision of truly remarkable facilities for easy saving.

Provision for saving is half the battle; the other half is the desire to save springing from intelligent motives. Germany had 15,000 credit societies with about two million members and the total deposits before the war were more than 22 billion marks. They had about 3,000 public savings banks with deposits of more than 12 billion marks. In addition are the state and the provincial saving banks, the city, township, country, trade, and private banks. The institutions to receive savings are located solely with the desire to convenience the people and their banking hours are regulated to suit the same needs.

All over Germany, banks, coöperative societies, and credit societies are at hand to receive savings, and it is a part of the German's life to spend less than he earns.

The habit of thrift is preached everywhere; the governmental offices are not extravagant, and whenever a great sum was spent in Germany, outside of the army and navy, it was to put up a public building or to improve the appearance of a municipality. I have not given figures because the present inflated condition of the currency makes figures expressed in German marks meaningless. But as an instance of what economic education of a people means—and an economic education which does not result in knowing the why and wherefore of thrift is not much of an education—is evidenced by the fact that today Germany, realizing that wealth comes only through production, is paying for such imports as it will receive, solely by production.

For instance, other countries will import leather and try to pay for it with some credit instrument. Germany will import leather only on condition that the seller agrees to receive payment in the finished products of that leather. That is, their currency having become for the time being worthless in international exchange, they will pay only in that on which currency is founded—the result of productive labor.

In contrast, we have in practically every other once belligerent country the thought among people generally that the way back to a stable basis is not through work, but through a further inflation of the currency.

Only the demagogue, inciting for a purpose, will condemn a good thing because of its origin. The German thrift has not been at the expense of living conditions; in purchasing power the German wages before the war were large. They were smaller in gross sums than the American wage but, as will some day be realized, it is not the amount of money that counts—it is what you can buy with it.

French thrift is proverbial, but there is a decided question whether it is a sort of thrift which should be recommended for emulation, for it is to a considerable extent of the negative rather than of the positive order. The French have deprived themselves to save, they have deprived themselves in essential particulars, and more of the result of saving seems to have gone out of the country for the purchase of foreign securities of countries with which France did not to any extent trade, than into the industries of France.

But is there any reason why thrift should be more important today to us here in America in the midst of prosperity

than in times past? It is true that we have periodical waves of intense national virtue when we would not be as others are. But I have disclaimed thrift as a virtue—although I have no objection to anyone taking his thrift in that form if he chooses. Today's reason for thrift is less ethical perhaps than before, but a thousand times more urgent. It goes to the very roots of our national well-being. We are nearly to the point of "save or perish." Without savings our prosperity will vanish. And it is the comparatively small and not the large incomes that will have to provide the savings. Which is only another way of saying that the future prosperity of the country depends upon the ability of the wage-earner to save.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY IN THE PACIFIC

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

THE tragedy in Europe has left Europe in the background. Civilization is rapidly veering round in the direction of the Pacific.

The facts leave us little room for speculation. Big monthly magazines hitherto featuring articles meant to supply the needs of people likely to tour Europe are now accepting readily material dealing with the Orient. Two of the best sellers in travel books this year portray life in the South Seas. At Honolulu, Hawaii, there has recently been a congress of scientists who have set for themselves the task of studying the various races in the Pacific. This summer there is to be an international Trade Congress in the Pacific. The Methodists are celebrating their Centenary of activity in the Pacific Isles this year. The World Sunday School Society Association holds its convention in Tokyo. A body of leading American business men have recently gone to Japan to study conditions. And industrial conditions in America are turning our attention to the methods by which labor problems have been handled in Australia and New Zealand.

Is this tendency purely accidental or is it fundamental to the real growth of civilization? Or is that mystic force which first urged mankind to follow the trail of glacier towards Europe and round the globe now about to complete a cycle, and the reunion of mankind to be consummated? Is it possible for all the peoples who have made themselves secure in the Pacific to come together? What peoples are there?

Twenty or thirty years ago the Pacific we now know was a vast enigma. Today we are faced with responsibilities there, colossal and mature. Then our general knowledge of

who constituted the peoples of the Pacific was limited to the reports of sailors, or to the scientific data of Darwin and the tales of Stevenson and Melville. Today we know that whole chains of native races—Hawaiians, Samoans, Maories—are Aryans and can be and are being assimilated. The Maories will doubtless within a few generations be lost in the Britons who now own New Zealand. But we also know that such races as the Fijians and the Solomon Islanders cannot and will not yield to combination with the white race. We know that the Filipinos are in a fair way to complete self-government; that Japan is heading straight for the leadership of the Asiatic races; that China has thrown down the doors of isolation; that India is rapidly becoming industrialized. We know that Burma is a highly civilized country, that Java has had a remarkable civilization.

Yet as much as we know of the peoples of the Pacific, the ocean itself is not yet safely charted for navigation. Besides the thousands of islands with the uncountable races and mixtures, there are unknown projections which are a menace to travel. So vast are the spaces and so free the passageways however, that when I returned from Japan the *Katori-maru,* a palatial ocean liner, proceeded for two full days through a dense fog without fear of collision and without the slightest slackening of speed, coming out at the end of that period some forty miles ahead of her record in clear weather. So vast are the spaces that I have spent nearly seventy days on fast, modern ocean liners in going from San Francisco to Hawaii, down to Fiji and Samoa, on to New Zealand, up from Australia to China and Japan and back across by the most northerly route to America again. Looking at a map one thinks New Zealand, like England, is close to the continent (Australia), yet it is 1200 miles away, passage from Auckland to Sydney taking three to four days by steamer.

These vast spaces, once regarded with such awe and indifference, are now criss-crossed with a veritable net-work of steamers. From Canada to Australia three powerful vessels make punctual calls; from San Francisco to Australia another line visits Sydney regularly. From Japan to Australia monthly steamers arrive and depart with precision and with riches. From Japan to America dozens of vessels now make the 4500 miles which is the shortest northern route day in and day out. Though one rarely meets a vessel at sea on account of its size, the number of ships which trade hither and

thither have made short shrift of the distance between the East and the West. Even the Western coast of South America is now being visited by Japanese steamers with frequent regularity. And then in the other direction there are the lines which link Europe with India and Japan.

In terms of wealth and resources, these ships indicate an activity which is sufficient to satisfy the desires of the world. In terms of people and conflicting interests, this activity arouses no little apprehension. For even though it be only copra (cocoanut oil) from the South Seas or coal from Shansi and eastern Mongolia, whether it is steel from Pittsburg or silk from Japan and wool from Australia—the materials obtainable and necessary in the normal development of all these diverse types of humanity will either weld or shatter the relations they have only just begun to establish. The weakness of any one race may mean disaster to all of them, just as the barrenness of a tiny island may cause the wreckage of a $10,000,000 vessel or become the base of operations for a scheming, belligerent nation. The tragedy of the Balkans is as nothing compared to the possible calamity which might befall us if a semi-developed Samoa should lend itself to the intrigue of a great Power eager for world domination. In spite of the vast spaces of water which separate the islands in the South Seas, natives have carried on war with each other with their primitive canoes. What might they not do as cat's-paws for imperialism? When I interviewed the democratic M. P., Yukio Ozaki in Japan not long ago, he turned, without question from me, to the subject of the fortifications of the Philippines. He pleaded that they be dismantled. In the event of that plea failing, what could Japan do, he asked, other than proceed to fortify the Marshall Islands? And writing in the *Auckland Weekly News* (N. Z.) lately, a New Zealand navalist brought up the dread spectre "Balance of Power" again, calling attention to the fact that inasmuch as Japan is a great Naval Power and America is increasing her naval strength, it is for democratic Australasia to see to it that Great Britain did not lag behind with its fleet in the Pacific—to maintain the Balance of Power. And the further sad fact was revealed that Australasia (seen in the expression of this one individual at least) did not care particularly whether in the event of conflict they were on the side of America or Japan. In fact, in view of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, this writer

asserted that Great Britain would be bound to side with Japan against America, should there be a clash between us.

The Dominions in the Far South are in no mood, however, for being increasingly bound to Japan by any alliance Britain may wish to make. Nor, in fact, is Great Britain herself any too well satisfied with the way the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been violated in the Twenty-one Demands and the Sino-Japanese Military agreement. At the present writing the Alliance is about to be renewed—but with the prospect of some very serious alterations and guarantees. Some Britishers are recommending an Anglo-American-Japanese Agreement.

These facts must be faced. Not as alarmists crying aloud for greater preparation, but as those who realize that we must face the issue of the Pacific with positive and with earnest effort at understanding. America's position in the Pacific is not one which can be side-stepped even as it was side-stepped in regard to Europe until the war and has been since. We may have had precedents against entangling alliances with European Powers, but there are no precedents to guide us in the Pacific. Alliances are here precluded. We have committed ourselves to friendship for China and have fortified it with a return of the Boxer Indemnity in 1900. We have committed ourselves to protection over the Philippines even granting self-government. But still we have naval bases in Pago Pago, Samoa, in the Philippines and in Hawaii. Are we to navalize the Pacific, or civilize it? Are we to convert every projecting rock into a menace, or are we to be honest navigators exposing every treacherous island on maps for the use of any and every race? Are we to scramble for interests in the Pacific, or are we to so help all of the peoples to rise to strength and independence so that each will in itself be a buffer against aggression and turmoil? These are not idle questions. They point to weaknesses in our attitude to the problems of the Pacific for which we will pay in blood and treasure unless we tackle their solution at once. The " Valor of Ignorance " is not to be met with the blindness of force.

I called the head of a certain Bureau in New York on the telephone the other day to ask for a bit of information with regard to prison studies in Japan, and was met with a cold indifference which surprised me. The Japanese gentleman claims to be giving out information for the better

understanding of the East and the West, but in fear lest my question when answered expose a condition in Japan that might not maintain that proud nation's glory, might detract from its prestige, he would not help me in the least towards obtaining that information. But though my question did not call for the remark at all, he immediately declared: "Japan's prison system is the best in the world." "I should hardly say that," I answered. He was emphatic. "But I have seen the inside of Japanese prisons," I protested. He was taken by surprise. "At least they are as good as any in the world," he thereupon urged. That not having been my purpose, I told him that I merely wanted a bit of information about some persons. But he would give me no assistance. This is an example of the "valor of ignorance" which is a greater menace to the peoples in the Pacific than all of the un-charted rocks the waters may harbor. This covering up of our weaknesses before the eyes of our neighbors is certain to lead to trouble. This putting our best foot forward, only to have the other ready for a nasty kick, is not going to induce amicable relations. If there is an ideal worthy of emulation in any race in the Pacific, let us know it and honor it. If there is a sore which needs scientific political treatment, let us attend to it. Our problems in the Pacific are well-defined, if we will but look for them; our obligations are clear, if we will but undertake them courageously.

What are these problems and these obligations?

They are these. The first is that of the development of the peoples who have through the strange machinations of fate been left in as primitive a state as though there were no such thing as progress. We are not going to better things by following the luring vagaries of men disgusted with civilization who come to us with reports of the delectability of things primitive as compared with things commercialized. We are not going to solve our problem as we did with the coming of Japan into the range of the world—by adulation. Today we are suffering from the effects of having made Japanese feel that they are perfect and to be adored. The problem is one of unadulterated education, of education in the simple arts of self-support individually, and self government racially. Owing to a bit of education, I have seen even the delinquent Fiji islander look like a gentleman from Broadway, without any of this "gentleman's" offensive affectations.

But if our efforts are to be fruitful we must avoid abstract education which leads to hair-splitting. It is to be education in the fundamentals—education in the use of hands and brain for self-support and happiness. It is to be education of ourselves as well as of those we wish to elevate.

But the problem is even deeper than that. Merely elevating other races will not preclude conflict. Germany was well educated and on a level if not in many ways superior to the nations round about her. That very development created friction. And the talk of Japan as a menace is largely due to the fact that Japan has grown out of the lowly state in which her exclusionists had placed her for two hundred and fifty years. As yet China is no " menace," for China has still her teeming hordes who curtail each other's usefulness.

Nor will the problem of our relationship with the people of the Pacific be solved by the effort of labor to keep up its own high standards by the exclusion of those of lower standard.

Nor will the problem be solved by our assuming more and more protectorates over simple nations unused to the tricks of diplomacy.

Our problem will only be solved by working assiduously for international coöperation. The consortium now established by America, England, France and Japan for loans to China is a promise of coöperation—but it has a shady fallacy lurking about. Our problem will clear away when all nations establish departments open to civil service appointments of people who will enter the field of education and uplift work without other compensation possible than that of an honest salary. There should be a Department of Education for the Pacific in which the people of the United States do out of their own funds what we did in China out of the moneys paid in the Boxer Indemnity. This Department would study the races of the Pacific with a view to finding what are the special requirements of each particular people and how they can be supplied. No abstract subjects should be promulgated. There should be a Bureau of Social Hygiene and Sanitary Engineering recruited from the American student body with luring pay drawing thousands of young physicians and engineers out into the various Pacific Islands to study the questions of the eradication of disease and the care of body and mind. There should be a

Bureau of Civics and International Law carrying to the peoples of the Pacific whose simplicity lays them open to the chicanery of political parasites the simple truths of human relationships as we understand them. So the entire fabric of civilization might be spread over the waters of the Pacific. But to guard against the possibility of some sword piercing it and rending it must come the voice of civilization calling shame upon the present practices of any nation now operating in the Pacific in other than pacific ways.

All this must be done not by America alone, but by all the people now in a position to coöperate. Just as Japan codified her laws and changed them in conformity with those of the West, so as to regain full rights over foreigners in her own territory, so must all the nations reorganize their laws in conformity with the best interests of all. There must be judges in all lands who know the laws of other lands as well as their own and an attempt be made to bring them all in greater conformity to a universal standard of justice—of right and wrong. There must be educators set to work studying the educational systems of nations on the Pacific so as to bring the methods more and more in line with each other. There must be Departments of Health advising each other how to so remedy conditions as to eliminate the danger of spread of plague. It is not enough that we have an excellent department of health vigilant in the exclusion of plague —our department of health should coöperate with that of Japan and of Australasia—and of every island in the Pacific. In other words, we must realize that the problems of every group anywhere in the world effect for good or ill our own welfare.

Our problem in the Pacific is therefore ten times more complicated than that which faced the powerful nations of Europe in the Balkans. While the diversity of nations was great in Europe, in the Pacific it is greater. But while the relationship in the Balkans was in some cases close, not only in sheer propinquity, but in development, in the Pacific not only is the blood running in the veins of the races in many cases extremely alien, one to the other, but the distances separating them in space and in development make coöperation and getting together difficult. This makes it easier for selfish nations to place themselves as wedges between them. The scramble after mandates in the Pacific indicates the recognition of their importance.

But in reverse ratio—insofar as the races of the Pacific have none of the irritating intimacy which obtained in Europe, the problem is clearer. The repetition of the intrigues which Germany, through her daughter on the Russian throne, could carry out, is here impossible. Only once in my knowledge was royal intermarriage attempted and it proved a failure. The Japanese changed their law against the marriage of their royalty with royalty of another race —Korea—and to forestall it, we are told, the ex-Emperor of Korea committed suicide. The insurrection followed a year ago last March. The marriage has since taken place, but Korea is no longer an independent Empire.

The more pronounced differences of race should perhaps be recognized—but recognized with sympathy. Each race then presents its own problems. But over all must come recognition of the commonality of man. This does not mean international fawning and flattering of one another. Racial equality must be admitted, but not as Japan sponsored it—with the existence of her own castes and classes, and the oppression of Korea and the use of "distinction" as an argument against universal suffrage which Premier Hara just made, but in full recognition of the latent possibilities in all peoples. Japan in fact regards herself as infinitely superior to all mankind. So do we. But that must be replaced by realization of the historical worthiness of Orientals as well as Caucasians.

We have in the Pacific as stated a great number of races in varying degrees of development. Most of them know little of each other and hate each other less. They have never been close enough for serious conflict—and they need never be. We can instill in them through educational channels a regard for each other which all the love-potions in the world could not pour into the races of Europe—inured to war and slaughter and religious bigotry. Our responsibility in the Pacific lies directly on that path. To the credit of the German Governor-General of Samoa it must be said that when he realized that the New Zealand forces had taken the islands, he was found councilling the natives against rising in rebellion. Smaller minds among the Germans tried otherwise. It seems to me that one solution for this type of problem in the Pacific would be for the Powers to allow not even mandates of Australasia and Japan and America over islands in the Pacific, but where no possession has been

established, and where islanders are not civilized enough to rule themselves, to institute international jurisdiction. German Samoa should be ruled jointly by Australasia, Japan and America; so should the Marshall Islands—and in every other group of islands where sufficient nationals resident warrant it. This is done in Shanghai with apparent satisfaction.

A dangerous tendency is creeping into the relations of foreigners in the East. One of the great Powers is taking a cue from fallen Germany by trying to galvanize her nationals so as to make them a force for her supremacy. The establishment of schools which shall teach the children the ideals of the mother country and other disintegrating practices are suggested. But it seems that these self-same methods might be used in a more general way. Could not America set the pace for a different undertaking? Could not all Americans in every corner of the Pacific make of themselves groups for the better relations of all foreigners there? When we take into consideration the fact that international comity and antipathy are fostered in a very great measure by the actions of alien representatives, the advance guard of business, the import of this suggestion will strike home.

There is but one great obstacle to any peaceful solution of the problems of the Pacific, an obstacle that can be overcome only by a rapid evolution or revolution. Even as the forces for the people are at work in China, now bound no more by the swaddling clothes of messy imperialism, so must they be encouraged in Japan whose bureaucracy is today entangling not only her own liberal elements, but a greater and greater number of nations in the Pacific.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

THE LATEST MENACE OF THE MOVIES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A PERSON of taste and intelligence, who frequents the theatre in New York with discrimination, finds much to interest and stimulate him, and would be hard put, perhaps, to realize how utterly barren of solid dramatic fare the smaller cities of the country are. To these smaller cities a generation ago came most of the well-known "stars" and most of the successful plays, stopping for a night and passing on. Sometimes there would be one visitor a week, sometimes two, three, or even more if the city was large enough to support so many. Since the development of the motion pictures, however, there has been an astonishing change. Shown at first in small, cheap houses down a side street, the movies progressed rapidly into the main thoroughfares, and then took possession of the playhouses themselves. The managers for a while looked upon them as a gap-filler, something to keep the doors open and the pennies coming in, after Sothern and Marlowe left on Tuesday, until John Drew came on Friday. But it was not long before the managers discovered that the profits from the films were more than the profits from the plays; a film is rented for a comparatively small fee, and no part of the receipts has to be shared, nor paid out to stage hands. Besides, it was not long before the small city public, by and large, developed a preference for the "silent drama," in part because it was cheaper, in part because it was less of a tax on the attention. Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a city of over 40,000 people (I cite it because it is near my home), had one theatre devoted to legitimate drama. Even within a decade, this theatre has housed for two seasons an excellent stock company, and on its stage have appeared players like Mrs.

Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, and John Drew. During the past winter, barring a musical comedy or two advertised on its salacious appeal, there have been, as I recall, a scant half dozen dramas of the so-called first class presented in the city, and one of them was a new play being tuned up for an opening in New York. The theatre is now, in reality, only a movie house. There are not less than four other movie theatres in the city—and one small book store! So far as Pittsfield is concerned, the spoken drama might not exist, even on the printed page. Does any critic complain that our dramatists write only for Broadway? Good gracious, it is that, or nothing!

But now the movies are invading Broadway itself, in a new and startling form. Backed by enormous capital, real or potential—the product of their prosperity, and the goodwill of Wall Street looking for fresh investment fields—certain movie companies, notably one called "The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation," are actually controlling the production of spoken dramas. Why should they trouble to do this? Because they are desperate for material, and they have discovered that a popular play, especially if it is acted by a popular player, starts its subsequent career as a movie with the great advantage of prestige and aroused expectancy. "Broadway" is still a magic word beyond the Mississippi —even just beyond the Hudson; and, oddly enough, men and women who will not cross the street to see a spoken drama in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, think more highly of a movie if it is acted by a Barrymore, and based on some drama they have read about. I do not know—probably nobody knows—how many thousands of movie theatres there are in America today. There are so many, at any rate, that the demand for new picture stories to supply their screens each week is ludicrously in excess of any humanly possible ability to produce worthy material. Nine-tenths of all movies are bound automatically to be trash. Moreover, one follows so fast on the flicker of another, as they impinge on the jaded eyes and shallow brain of the typical spectator, that something violent is needed or something unusual to awaken his enthusiasm and renew his interest. The successful stage play supplies the movie producer with material that has been worked out already into an art form supposedly rather nearly allied with his own; and it supplies an element of the unusual to awaken his patrons. That is

the reason why the movie producers are invading Broadway.

For example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased the theatrical business of the late Charles Frohman, which includes control of the famous Empire Theatre, a playhouse with perhaps the highest and most exacting standard of any in the country. Frohman always reserved its stage for his best plays, his most accomplished actors—Drew, Gillette, Miss Barrymore, Miss Maude Adams. On that stage all this past winter Miss Barrymore has been acting *Déclassée,* an extraordinarily successful though mediocre drama. It now seems certain that this play will be made into a movie, and Miss Barrymore will again act it before the screen. Probably, to be sure, exactly the same thing would have happened if her managers had not been a motion picture company; what troubles us is rather the wonder what the next play will be which this company mounts on the aristocratic Empire stage. What will become of those high dramatic standards when the new standard of ultimate fitness for movie production begins to operate at its full?—for, of course, as soon as a movie producer begins to select plays for the spoken stage, he will choose, as between two claimants, the one which seems to him the better adapted for subsequent use on the screen. He could not humanly do otherwise.

It has further transpired that it was a movie company which financed the production of Eugene O'Neill's grim naturalistic tragedy, *Beyond the Horizon* (which might seem, at first glance, to give the lie to the conclusion of the last paragraph), and the production of Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love,* with Elsie Ferguson as the star. Furthermore, a movie company has publicly announced that it will back any producer who wishes to put on a play, provided it seems to them a play ultimately adaptable to the screen. Much would seem to depend upon what they consider adaptable to the screen. If they consider *Beyond the Horizon* adaptable, and if they consider the plays of G. B. Shaw adaptable (it is reported that $1,000,000 was offered to Shaw for the film rights to all his plays), then it might be said that it is a little hard to see just how the entrance of the movie companies into the "legitimate" field is going to do quite all the terrible things some of the managers say it is.

But do the movie magnates really consider these things

adaptable? Would *Beyond the Horizon,* for example, even granting that it could be reproduced as a movie, have any elements of popularity with the average screen audiences? On the other hand, will the splendid critical praise it has won, and the admiration it has excited among the few who care for serious and searching art, be far-reaching enough to have any advertising value in Pittsfield, Massachusetts? It was warmly commended in our intellectual weeklies, but you cannot purchase even the mildest of our intellectual weeklies in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Surely the movie companies are not interested in naturalistic tragedy for its own sake. If it shows no profits on the screen, exit naturalistic tragedy. Shaw's name, of course, is one to juggle with. Nearly everybody has heard of Shaw. But they had not when Arnold Daly took him up. Would a movie company have discovered *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell?* Would these plays have looked like promising movies? Try to imagine a movie of *The Importance of Being Earnest,* for that matter, or of *The Mollusk.* It seems a pretty safe assumption that only so long as the movie companies are content with a passive financing of dramatic production, leaving the managers and, far more, the actors, free as of old to pick what interests them for production, will the stage remain, even in New York, at its present level of intelligence.

One of the New York newspapers, interviewing various managers on the subject, drew from A. H. Woods, purveyor-in-chief of bedroom farces, the frank admission that he knew of two dramatic producers only who were primarily interested in the art of the theatre—Winthrop Ames and Arthur Hopkins. All the rest put on plays to get the most money out of them, and if more money was to be got by putting on such plays as best pleased the movie people, instead of such plays as best pleased the relatively small critical public in New York, why then their theatres would be more or less at the disposal of the movie crowd. This is certainly meeting the motion picture producers quite halfway. It appears to mean the imposition on much of the spoken drama of the standards of the screen.

Probably no digression is needed in this place to show what those standards are. Any thoughtful person who has attended a half-dozen ordinary motion picture programmes knows the fatal restrictions of the medium, knows the com-

plete absence from the average screen drama of intellectual body and balance, the complete absence, in fact, of everything which makes the spoken drama, at its best, so noble a thing, except the quick emotional appeal which can be roused by physical action, by pantomime and the expression of the human face—in short, by those elements of drama which can be photographed. Since a profound weakness of our native drama has always been its dependence on physical action, and it has only in comparatively recent years been painfully winning its way to higher things, the imposition upon it of motion-picture standards is most decidedly a step backward, even if all screen dramas strove for the utmost advance in artistic suggestion of which they are capable. Alas, however, very few of them do this. The vast majority are content with the trite, the obvious, the trashy and lurid, with slapstick farce and ridiculous melodrama; they are false to life, turgid, sentimental, the twentieth century substitute for dime novels and nickel shockers. When once our theaters begin to produce dramas not with an eye single to dramatic effectiveness, but rather to subsequent screen popularity, the serious dramatist, the ambitious actor, the artist in stagecraft, will be out of a job.

Temporarily, that is. I am by no means sure but that, in the long run, the result of this latest invasion by the Philistines will be beneficial. Arthur Hopkins, for example, is, as Mr. Woods says, one at least among the theatrical managers who is interested in the theatre as an art. He controls a playhouse of his own, wherein he has shown us plays like *The Jest,* Gorki's *The Lower Depths,* Tolstoi's *Redemption,* and *Richard III.* He has made a serious actor out of John Barrymore, and he has, above all others, given Robert E. Jones the opportunity to develop into a scenic artist of rare insight and power, ranking with the great Europeans. Since Mr. Hopkins has found an appreciative public for his theatre, and, apparently, has made a comfortable living, what is to prevent him from retaining all those artists whose devotion to the spoken drama and its allied arts is greater than their love of movie gold—and there are many such!—and establishing a repertory theatre? Again, the Theatre Guild, in its two years of existence, has given New York *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg,* as well as other fine productions. It has developed scenic artists and actors. The spirit behind it is one of devotion to the

arts of the theatre, not to Mammon, the God of the movies. What is to prevent its becoming another nucleus for a permanent theatre?

For a long time now we have proceeded in this country on the assumption that the only workable theatrical system is the ridiculously wasteful one of organizing a fresh company for every new play, and keeping that one company at that one play till every city in the country had seen it which wanted to. How far this system was a natural evolution, and how far it was artificially fostered by monopolistic control of the country's playhouses, is a question I cannot argue here. At any rate, anything which tends to smash this system is certainly not wholly a curse. Under any ideal system, a new play of importance would be presented simultaneously in a hundred theatres through the land, in each case by a fixed, resident company. Only thus can we ever develop anything approaching a national art consciousness, for only thus can all the country be considering the same things at the same time. And only through the existence of repertory companies can a place be made on our stage for the scores upon scores of fine plays which cannot reasonably be expected to run a hundred nights on Broadway, or anywhere else, and which hence are not now produced at all, because it would not pay to organize a special company for their presentation. The reason Europe has so many of these plays, and we so few, is because of the European system of production far more than because of any inherent superiority of talent among European playwrights.

Still further, under our present system Broadway is a chaos. The Empire Theatre has a standard, Mr. Hopkins' theatre has a standard, the Belasco Theatre has a standard —of a sort; but what others? Who, even the wisest, can predict from the name of a theatre the character of performance he will find therein? The managers say that play-production is a gamble. The public knows that play-attendance is! Amid such chaos, a repertory theatre, once established and known, would be a Gibraltar of stability, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Well, suppose the Famous Players-Lasky company (the company, by the way, which made a movie of Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* and changed the name to *Male and Female* because they feared—perhaps with reason—that the public would think it was "something about the navy"!)

do get control of half the theatres and three-fourths of the managers in New York and cause to be produced on their stages only such spoken dramas as will please the kind of people who, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, go to the movies three times a week, and such as will translate successfully into the silly trash and trumpery of screen dramas;—what of it? If half a dozen managers and fine actors and brilliant scenic designers, who are in the theatre because they love it, because they are artists, stand true to the faith, there will inevitably be created half a dozen theatres with more or less permanent companies, where those remnants of the American people who still believe man has in his head and in his heart more things than can be conveyed by pantomime, lifted eyebrows and a well-aimed custard pie, may repair to hear the music of Shakespeare's verse, to sit under the spell of Robert Jones' suggestive scenery—so far removed from the stark and ugly reality of the camera—to follow the crackle of Shaw's wit, to listen to the whimsies of J. M. Barrie, to rouse to the challenges of Galsworthy's social passion; in short, to enjoy the noble art of the drama. Some order will emerge at last from what has long been chaos; the sheep and the goats will be sharply divided. There will be theatres; and places of amusement. The dramatists who write not for the stage, but for the profits, will write for the places of amusement, merely filling in movie scenarios with dialogue, just as a host of our popular novelists are doing today. But the Rex Beaches and the Louis Joseph Vances and the Rupert Hughes have not caused Mr. Wells nor Mr. Walpole to give up in despair, nor our own Joseph Hergesheimer. There is still a place for literature in spite of the movies. There will still be a place for the drama, in spite of the movies. The invasion in the one field does not promise, in reality, to be any more serious than in the other, except that it demands a larger physical readjustment, since a play has to be viewed by a thousand people at once, in a theatre.

The future, of course, belongs to the theatrical artists of vision, ideals, impelling conscience. There are many of them. There have always been many of them. No other art has ever commanded a more undivided love, a more concentrated devotion, than the art of the spoken drama. Nor was this art ever more widely appreciated and studied by more thoughtful people than today, at the very time when

it seems to be in such danger. Its professional followers, its host of amateur lovers, scattered hitherto, dividing their efforts, often wasting them, will, it is quite possible, be driven to find one another in union. The beginnings of true repertory theatres will first be made in New York, of course. But they will not stop there. If the movie companies and their allied theatrical managers control the theatres in other cities, booking for tour only their own attractions, then repertory theatres will arise in Chicago, Indianapolis, San Francisco, and many other cities, even, perhaps, in the course of time in Boston, so that the minority who are not now and never can be satisfied with the trash of the movies may hear and enjoy the finer art of the drama. The prospect, after all, is depressing only as it shows the enormous hold the movies have on the mass of the American people. Any people who can be content with the false and sentimental twaddle of the average movie drama, even if it is low-priced, who can find relaxation in an art so childish and crude and utterly devoid of mental stimulation, utterly lacking, as a rule, in any call to the powers of concentration or reflection, utterly without beauty or glamor, is a people deficient, certainly, in mentality and esthetic sensitiveness. The true theatre could never have been for them, and the sooner the line is drawn sharply, the better for the theatre—if the worse for them.

And yet—and yet—there is another possibility. There is a possibility that the movie magnates may discover, to their discomfiture, that the hundreds of thousands of Americans who still go to the theatre are not, after all, entirely devoid of civilized instincts. They may discover that Shakespeare and G. B. Shaw, Henry Miller and Mrs. Fiske, Galsworthy and John Barrymore, are admired because they possess just those qualities of beauty, glamor, intellectual body, finesse, which the movies lack, and that to produce plays which are mere scenarios with dialogue is not to court success but failure. The movie magnates may be driven either to let the players still have their own way, or retire from the field altogether. The Famous Players-Lasky company and the rest may be just a trifle like the famous frog in the fable. However, time will tell, and perhaps it is wisest to wait for the verdict of that unimpeachable authority.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

WHAT KIND OF A "MENACE" ARE THE MOVIES?

BY JESSE L. LASKY

(Vice-President, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation)

I HAVE been asked by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to answer Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton's article, "The Latest Menace of the Movies," in which he mentions particularly the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as the force "backed by enormous capital . . . actually controlling the production of spoken drama." He believes that this "control" is a menace to the stage.

Mr. Eaton tells in one paragraph of the low standards of the motion picture, and in another points out that we produced on the stage *Beyond the Horizon, Déclassée,* and Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love,* which have been favorably mentioned in magazines of high ideals and low circulation. He speaks as if we had only recently been interested in the production of plays on the stage, when as a matter of fact we have owned Charles Frohman, Inc., for nearly a year, and all the details for the production of *Beyond the Horizon, Déclassée;* and *Sacred and Profane Love* were made by our organization.

He admits that we have done rather well by the spoken drama thus far, but for some reason fears that we cannot keep it up. He believes that we will produce only plays fit for the screen, and that plays fit for the screen are of a low standard. He gives us no credit for the steady advance in the quality of motion picture productions in the last few years. He does not grant that we are trying to improve motion pictures. All he does say is that we are trying to drag down the stage.

A year ago we found ourselves in this condition as regards motion pictures: we had talented directors, actors, photographers and scenic artists. But many of the stories

we were receiving, even though we paid as high as $75,000 for them, were not so good as they should have been. We could not get the genuinely original, entertaining, and wholesome stories that we knew the motion picture needed if it was to continue to advance or even to hold its place as the most interesting part of our American life.

We decided to go to the stage for help in getting better stories. We had found that no matter what price we paid, we could not get the best work from the best dramatists for original screen production. They thought that anything would do for the movies. They would spend a year writing a play that might live only a month and draw only 100,000 persons, but they would not give more than a week to writing a scenario for motion pictures that might live for years and play to millions.

We felt that the way to interest these writers in motion pictures was to produce their plays, to go into the realm of the speaking stage to see if we could not find there material suited to our needs. There was no thought of dragging dramatists down to the level of the average motion picture plot. We wanted to lift the movies up to the level of the best stories on the speaking stage.

All we wanted to do was to produce good things on the stage. If these plays would do for motion pictures, we would believe ourselves fortunate. If not, at least we would have gained much in establishing good will with the authors whose aid we needed in the construction of motion pictures for intelligent persons.

Our experiment has not been a great success. We have found that the screen can borrow very little from the stage. All the time that we thought we were working by ourselves, we were merely reflecting the stage, and although we hear a great deal about the high ideals of our drama, as a whole its standards are too low for the motion picture to accept.

The motion picture is a part of the people. They are the ones who have given it its strength, and they are the ones who are demanding from it better things than the stage has ever given. It is because the motion picture has filled a place that the stage cannot, that the drama is dying, while the motion picture is growing greater.

We must serve the public, and we do not serve it by producing as motion pictures plays like *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg* or *The Jest,* which appeal to ten thousand where

the motion picture appeals to ten million. We can produce plays like *Beyond the Horizon,* and we shall continue to do so—mostly for our own satisfaction—but we shall be happier when we put on the stage and on the screen wholesome, happy, inspiring plays for the multitudes.

The stage has failed because it has not helped the public. In the small towns the drama killed itself with second, third, and fourth companies, advertised as "The Original Broadway Production," at Broadway prices. The motion picture can give Broadway casts at motion picture prices.

I would rather be the producer of *Huckleberry Finn,* which has played to millions, than the producer of *Beyond the Horizon*—although the latter will bring more comment from persons who believe that a work that is popular never can be the product of a genius.

Perhaps the motion picture *is* a menace to the drama. But it is the sort of a menace that the drama needs. It will make the speaking stage clean up; it will make it impossible for Number 4 companies to get two dollars a seat in Keokuk; it will kill the profit in the road companies that played Broadway failures in one-night stands and got away with the money because nobody knew how bad the show was until after it had gone.

The drama has not anything to boast about. Its average is disgracefully low. It has failed the public, which has turned to the motion picture. Motion pictures have been stupid, many still are stupid, but there are more good motion pictures to be had than there are good plays.

Mr. Eaton suggests a stock company in every city, with a repertoire of good plays. He admits it is economically impossible, because the public would not support the plan. Why not a motion picture theatre in every town playing repertoire? I could give him a list of fine motion pictures —*Treasure Island,* John Barrymore in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; *Huckleberry Finn*; *The Sea Wolf*; George Loane Tucker's *The Miracle Man*; Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*; *Prunella*; *Stella Maris*; *The Copperhead*; *Everywoman*—and others—that would keep a motion picture theatre going forever, playing nothing but motion pictures of a standard far higher than that of the drama.

I would play Cecil DeMille's *Male and Female,* which Mr. Eaton pauses to criticize because Barrie's original title, *The Admirable Crichton,* was changed. *The Admirable*

Crichton is a bad title. Better, I believe, to give a production a title that will make people go to see a good show, than to retain a title that will keep them away. The new title is from the Biblical quotation, *Male and female created He them,* which is the entire title of the picture, as Mr. Eaton knows if he saw the production.

Male and Female brought Barrie to hundreds of thousands. It increased the reading of Barrie's work and the demand for his plays. Some persons have criticized us because we made some changes in adapting Barrie's work. I know of no one better qualified to judge of the fairness of the changes than the author, who has gone on record as approving the change in title as well as the interpretation of his play by Mr. DeMille.

Critics often raise their voices in condemnation because in translating a drama or a novel for the screen we make changes in the original story. The screen is a medium of expression entirely different from the spoken drama, and changes are invariably necessary. Even plays, the saying goes, are " rewritten, rather than written."

The authors whose work we changed have made no complaint. We produced Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird,* and he is going to write original scripts for the screen. We produced *The Admirable Crichton,* and Barrie is now writing a screen play for us. We produced several plays written by Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Jones has completed a drama that will be produced by us in motion pictures before it is put on the stage.

This is the sort of coöperation the motion picture is seeking, the sort of thing that is going to take good plays into thousands of towns, instead of into the hundred that Mr. Eaton would honor with stock companies.

The motion picture producer is in much the same position as the librarian of a public library. He wants to elevate the taste of the public, but he also must supply the demand for popular stories. The librarian would rather give out inspiring books than popular books, but to supply the public's demand he must compromise, and be satisfied in attempting to develop in a reader a taste for better things.

We would rather produce inspiring pictures, but the public demands " popular " themes. Mr. Eaton cannot understand a company that can produce *Beyond the Horizon* with the same force that produces a popular motion picture,

so he misunderstands us. He cannot conceive of a man who can think in the terms of the best motion pictures as well as in the terms of the best drama. Most of our stage producers thought of motion picture rights long before we began to think of stage rights for our motion picture plays. But the stage producers thought of motion picture rights as "easy money." We went into stage production in an effort to improve the quality of our own productions.

We find that we can help the stage more than the stage can help us. Rather than enter into such an inequitable arrangement we shall be forced to go into direct competition with the stage and build ourselves with our own hands rather than ask help from the speaking stage.

We shall continue to produce for the speaking stage, but our great effort shall be to get the greatest writers to write for motion pictures alone in an effort to bring to us first their best work. English authors seem to be more ready than Americans to do this, but I believe that in America the rush for "easy money" by authors will soon halt, and that the best writers we have will realize that it is their duty to the world to select for the transmission of their ideas the medium that reaches the greatest number, namely, the motion picture.

Motion pictures will always be made for the family unit. We shall always be trying to entertain ten million rather than ten thousand, but we shall always be trying to improve the minds and the ideals of that ten million, furnishing inspiration that will lead to better living throughout the nation.

We shall not "dominate" even twenty percent of the stage productions, and our stage productions will, we can assure you, be far above the average of the general run of stage productions. The successes will be made into motion pictures, for there is hardly a successful play produced that cannot be made into a good motion picture.

But we shall not depend upon the stage for our ideals or our supply of actors or authors or directors. We do not need them to "elevate" the screen. We shall develop our own artists and our own authors to the end that Pittsfield, Mass., shall be able to see more fine motion pictures in a month than it formerly saw plays in a year.

JESSE L. LASKY.

DISASTER AND POETRY

A Study of James Thomson (B. V.)

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

POETRY takes both the foot of the tight-rope walker and an astronomer's eye for the stars,—and men grow dizzy. The question is whether the type of man who is perfectly equipped to enjoy life would write poetry? Whether it is not very often—if not always—suffering or disease or disaster which brings to him the will to create? Is there not in the very act of creation a setting aside of that greater quality which is life itself? Will not the arts mark for their own that man or women upon whom meditation, hesitation, even crippling, has laid its pause and its silence? One greater than James Thomson wrote:

> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

It is possible that in the assumption that a man's work is greater than himself—that is, that art is of more value than life itself—there is some emphasis which leads to disease, and something mawkish, a little flabby, bandying, as this assumption does, the words "divine," "inspiration," "genius."

Of the custodian values of poetry to society none is greater than the truth. Any other emphasis results either in sentimentalizing life or in the arrival of Mrs. Grundy ready to go into action, her awe-inspiring Victorian bonnet tied firmly under her plump and respectable chin. It was the shadow of this bonnet thrown across his love for beauty—his poetry—which made Swinburne, the bright-haired, dance and chatter and spout insult and outrage. It is a shadow hard for any poet, any lover of truth and beauty, to endure. Yet, indeed, the very conditions which have created the best in the arts, have made Mrs. Grundy possible.

It is only when men have in their development achieved some leisure that she walks in. Against all the laws of material progress, art does not spring out of want. It takes its rise in margins of energy and leisure, for it is spiritual and its law the reverse of that which is material. Men have to possess, grow a little ennuye with their possession, consider, and then and then only, when the Joys of gross material wealth are already lessening, does art come into its own.

James Thomson frequently refers to himself as a cynic. Yet he has social imagination that might have led him on to considerable power. Nevertheless Thomson never set himself wholeheartedly to any reform, political, social, moral. Even where he gives us a social document, as, for example, in *Low Life,* it is somehow not of value. Only in his greatest poem, *The City of Dreadful Night,* do we have material power. Where his feeling is valuable it is because it is a matter of experience and not of theory. Poets are not only the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," they are also the greatest sociologists. As a rule leaders in a cause lack ability to see two sides. But Thomson's inability to give himself to a cause might be intellectual honesty, or again it might be lack of moral conviction. Which? Some sense of futility there was about him. Was this sense that of struggling against his own weakness or against fate?

Social belief—faith in the value of human life and human endeavor—goes deeper than habit, for it has the power to shape habit. Some enervation there was at work in the very engine room of Thomson's thinking. In his work and that of other poets at that time, I think, it was a form of sentimentalism, that had misled into pessimism,—all the silly, shallow, tinselly, egotistical hopes which when science took them away their owners cried out for like spoiled children and would not be comforted. This curious attitude toward science can be seen in Thomson's *Naked Goddess.*

Man suffers from the assumptions of his own egotism. He assumes that the universe is made for him and then because he cannot have all he wants, he sets up the demon of pessimism for himself and others. Human nature is discontented often because it longs to possess everything for all time, and attempts to put eternity in its pocket. This is but one expression of the grasping or greedy character of egotism to which all too often the word "spiritual" is ap-

plied. Any man with any tragic experience whatsoever judging life solely or largely by his personal knowledge of it is bound to be a pessimist. James Thomson writes in *Essays and Phantasies:* "Having made us take part in this poor puzzling game of life, she has taken care that all the rules shall be unfavorable to us: the cards are marked, the dice are loaded, we are always swindled." But this assigns conscious intention to that which is without intention. In a healthy creature the mere organic possession of life is not a little gift, not a little pleasure. Why all this railing by these over-developed egotists,—not only these individual tragedies like this of James Thomson, but all these rancorous disillusioned figures, for example, of Conrad's? A patient study of science could tell a man something about those pleasures which he may legitimately expect,—and about the inevitable! One can believe in God without deciding what it is God shall do for one. There is precisely nothing of that fine, steady, healthful spirit of inquiry, science has brought us, that courageous spirit which can set aside the whimperings of egotism and face facts. This is the trouble with narrow expressions of religion, such as the faith of the Irvingites, the faith of Thomson's mother and therefore of inescapable influence upon Thomson. They plot out all the inches of heaven and decide upon the unknown and the unknowable.

Henry Salt's Biography starts with the preconceived idea that Thomson's pessimism is the all-dominant note of his life and his work. To this end all information is bent. By actual count there are more poems expressing joy than pessimism. The distinction is a distinction in force and not a numerical difference. The strongest of his poems—those alone which matter very much to posterity—are pessimistic. The deep-seatedness of this attitude towards life is incontrovertible but it is not without contradiction. It is possible to apply to Thomson's pessimism the word "pathological." But if this is done, it should be remembered that there are types of optimism as pathological, due to the quick-burning of disease, as for example, the buoyant hopefulness created by tuberculosis. The causes for Thomson's pessimism were several: his inheritance, sorrow which came to him in the loss of his love, physical and mental suffering, a generous and sensitive imagination which saw the bitter lot of multitudes of the unfortunate, constant anxiety about

his own financial condition, and defective energy which broke down whenever too great strain was put upon it.

He valued his own intellectual liberty greatly. More than once bitter and true is the penetration of his wit as, for example, in his essay on *The Speedy Extinction of Evil and Misery*. Fearless he is, too. "Christianity," he writes, "was founded by the poor Jew Jesus (not at all the same person as our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, with whom he has been commonly and stupidly confounded, but indeed an immensely better character than the said Lord and Savior)." So in a phrase, does he brush aside the accretions of men's selfishness, vanity and cowardice. He will attack the most powerful in the world of art with an amiable ferocity that leaves nothing to be desired, at least in courage, and which very often tells the truth. Thomson places *The Lotus Eaters* as the best work "of our weak and exquisite Tennyson." This is fearless criticism with a grain of truth in it. With no less fearlessness does he tilt at Longfellow:

> The sublime *Excelsior* is very popular at present, but I doubt whether any man (soft curates, Sunday school teachers, and tea meeting muffs who think beer and tobacco certain perdition, excepted) ever read the adventures of its lofty hero without ejaculating, "The ineffable ass! The infernal idiot!"

Although James Thomson thinks along his own lines, he is, too, thoroughly British in his sharing of insular prejudices: he refers to one idea of Emerson's as "sheer vulgar Yankee-republican." His attitude towards Americans—based on a few months spent in the wilds of Colorado—is the usual one. Beginning with the flaying of our vulgarity, he follows in the footsteps of Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and our other appreciative guests who unlike Bryce, who knew his America before he wrote about it, come determined to find us English because a handful of brave and splendid Englishmen came here in the early seventeenth century. Finding us a vast and bewildering conglomerate of an age in social geology whose forces they do not understand, they call names rudely and take their British playthings and go home like the pampered pets of civilization they have been.

Yet—probably for want of a balance wheel—most of Thomson's power came to nothing. In his personal life he rejected the friendship of the one man who stabilized him, who kept his forces in any sense directed and ordered. To

have cast aside such a friend as Charles Bradlaugh as Thomson did, after so many years of friendship, was indeed neurotic folly of the worst order. Nothing could so point to his central instability as the fact of this deed. In a cause or a friendship that was his, Bradlaugh was a man of the highest integrity, of the greatest generosity, of absolute fearlessness. Even his enemies had to admit the fine quality of Bradlaugh. The only thing which can be said for Thomson is that he was so ill that he knew not what he did,—and that already he had turned his face towards death.

Personal magnetism must not be confused with Thomson's position as an artist. There can be no question but that he had in distinguished measure personal attraction, a sort of hypnotic influence over all human beings who came into contact with him. It is interesting to see the way in which this legend of James Thomson has been woven: the man of genius who has done so much great work that was unappreciated. The legend is due to the magnetism of his lovable personality, the loving indiscrimination of his editors and biographers, and the tragedy of his own life. He did three poems of the second or third rank: *In the Room, The City of Dreadful Night, Insomnia.* A few of England's best like Meredith, Rossetti and George Eliot, found power in this poetry, and a few of the world's best men and women always will, however pitifully unfulfilled that power may be. Nevertheless I feel that this lure of his personality has done more than anything else to invalidate the work of contemporary criticism of Thomson.

Thomson was unspoiled by the attention of his friends. There was nothing that they could do which could have made him conceited or egotistical. Of that saturnalia for position, that "scalping" of every person or opportunity within reach of the literary tomahawk, he would have nothing to do. Methodical in his habits, orderly by nature, hard-working, only the inroads of his disease could destroy his sturdy efficiency. His education was self-acquired and acquired in the face of constant poverty and in darkest drudgery. He was not in a hurry to rush into print. This may have been due to his lack of business instinct, but it was more probably the result of his innate modesty. Modesty is one of the qualities which is most lovable in James Thomson. He possessed it with such grace, such a sense of humor,

humor that did not desert him even in his most abject moments:

> Once in a saintly passion
> I cried with desperate grief,
> O Lord, my heart is black with guile,
> Of sinners I am chief.
> Then stooped my guardian angel
> And whispered from behind,
> "Vanity, my little man,
> You're nothing of the kind."

He has a certain natural gaiety and sweetness that never turned acrid. When there was opportunity, his capacity for enjoyment was very great. Even in 1881 within a year of his death, on the very margins of his fighting powers and the dark end, his sense of humor is still bubbling in a letter written to his sister-in-law Mrs. John Thomson: "I quietly take things as they come, and quietly let things go as they go, fortifying myself with that saying of the philosopher that it matters not in this vale of tears whether we wipe our eyes with a silk or cotton handkerchief, or blink through tortoise-shell or gold-rimmed glasses." Rarely has such humor been coupled with so much sympathy for human suffering, so keen a sense of the pitilessness of human fate, so awful and inevitable personal anguish so bravely born.

Intemperance first becomes evident in his life in 1855. He was then twenty-one years old and the fourteen-year-old Matilda Weller had been dead three years. A secondary or auxiliary disease may have been the ingrowing disease of self-distrust which pressed upon him nervously until his balance tipped still further. Indeed this self-distrust may have been one factor in his modesty. Who shall say where the one begins and the other ends? . . . His mother was a neurotic *religieuse* of the Non-Conformist type. The instability that goes with this form of religious experience is too well known to demand analysis. The background of his home life was superstition, disease, poverty, intemperance. Thomson recognized in himself a tendency to morbid religious emotions. It was the loss of his religious faith about 1857 which, as much as anything else, settled upon him the constitutional melancholy from which he never recovered. From an "Irvingite" mother to Charles Bradlaugh the atheist is indeed a swing of the pendulum! Sorry material is the broken record we have of his increasing ill-health, of his "attacks"; of the sunstroke he suffered

while doing journalistic work in Spain (during that prostration, part of *The City of Dreadful Night* was worked out); pitiful records from time to time of his selling the books from his small library in order to get money for food; of "moods" in which he knew all too well that common sense was about to be thrown; of changes of employment and of the instability of his habits; accounts of his intemperance and lack of self-control; evidences of the oncoming of his attacks; and then the neural explosion,—and one appalling outbreak with its insult to his friends, the Barrs, who would so gladly have forgiven him. His letter to the Barrs written in April—he died the first week in June, 1882,—shows the central dignity of Thomson with a pathos no words can describe.

To the psychopathologist these data are all familiar,—the old, old story of disaster—and there is no need to repeat them in their heart-breaking detail. Men do not talk about a human being who has tuberculosis as if he had failings. He has a disease and they know it. The dipsomaniac has a disease and they should know it. Thomson's character was naturally firm, naturally methodical, naturally constant to others as well as to himself. If through his inheritance there was some enervation undermining the strength of his life and so that of his poetry and prose, too, it is important that it should be understood. Something of the same weakening in his social credo was, I believe, at work also in his love and, through its loss, his experience of sorrow. This sorrow is more than youth's classic despair at death,—its shudder as the dark shadow falls across its path. This shudder is something more than that ignorance of youth which knows nothing of the law of gravity the ripened apple follows when it falls, but sees only a separation between life and death which does not exist. Somehow that energy which, under usual or normal circumstances acts as a converter, he lacked. The study of his love for Matilda Weller from any point of view is incredibly difficult—forbidden in the minds of many—yet unavoidable, for it is a shaping power almost from first to last in his life. In a sense this problem must remain a battleground for all lovers or students of James Thomson, with hostile camps of realists and symbolists.

It is in the love season that there is seen the best of another human being. The story of the Phoenix which later gets up out of the ashes of disillusionment is another story. But, for

human comfort, it is often more beautiful. In this resurrection—this Easter Day for all great loves—are the triumphs of hard idealism. One has the right to wonder what the history of James Thomson in this emotional cycle would have been, for out of such experience is wrought the dream which endures. It is all too evident that intellectually, socially, personally, he had not in him those sinews which make for lasting dreams. The period of passion is a period of untried idealism. The leverage of this idealism is tremendous. So is the inevitable blow of disillusionment tremendous. It is the moment which tests the moral centering of a human being as no other moment in life. What would that moment have done to or for James Thomson? These are the questions which Meredith partly ignored and partly recognized when he wrote after Thomson's death: "He probably had, as most of us have had, his heavy suffering on the soft side. But he inherited the tendency to the things which slew him. And it is my opinion that, in consideration of his high and singularly elective mind, he might have worked clear of it to throw it off, if circumstances had been smoother and brighter about him. For thus he would have been saved from drudgery, have had time to labor at conceptions that needed time for the naturing and definition even before the evolvement of them. He would have had what was also much needed in his case, a more spacious home, a more companioned life, more than merely visiting friends, good and true to him though they were. A domestic centre of any gracious kind would have sheathed his over-active, sensational imaginativeness, to give it rest, and enable him to feel the delight of drawing it forth bright and keen of edge." These are the best and wisest words that have been written about James Thomson, yet I cannot agree with them.

The outlook for dipsomania is not good,—and his was a genuine case of dipsomania, an entailment from his father. If Matilda Weller had lived, would not the struggle have involved two rather than setting free one? It is not unwelcome to the human heart, whether English or American or Italian or of whatsoever nationality, to believe in these eternal loves however unfounded on experience, fact, or vision they may be. It should be remembered here, though, that Thomson failed invariably in every one of his responsibilities. The way in which his mind returns to Matilda as life

goes on is just the psychology of the man dying in the desert of thirst, in his eyes the mirage of a remembered oasis. Matilda was fourteen when she died and Thomson was eighteen. The nature and the symbol of sorrow in Thomson's poetry assuredly have the quality of an *idée fixe* with its touch of the abnormal. Even in his very pseudonym " B. V." (Bysshe Vanolis), " Bysshe " commemorates Shelley and " Vanolis " Novalis the German lyric poet, Friedrich von Hardenburg, who lost his beloved, also named Matilda. One feels that this carefully maintained devotion after death has in it the quality of imitation and that it is shot through not with fact and experience and a great vision of love as part of life but with sentimentality. There is some delegated emotion here not wholly his own.

This quality of imitation is felt in James Thomson's art. His early poetry shows no approach, no traits of emotion, no thought different from any other young poet adequately gifted with sensuous perceptions. His Juvenilia in essays and verse might be entitled " Echoes from Swift, Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Rossetti, and Tennyson." He was a man thirty years old when he wrote some of this. It is totally without distinction. One reads on and on wearily wondering what much of it is about; nothing clear-etched; nothing firm,—just " poetry " that beats its varying rhythms with the help of trite phrases, tedious sentimentality, blurred meanings. In the lesser poems the only memorable passages are those which have the strength of experience. It is as if at once his verse becomes better where suffering cuts into him and mixes with him the only originality he possesses. As suffering creates his greatness, fustian phrases and *cliché* words drop away. It is difficult to analyze why all this seems so feeble. It is not alone that it is unforgivably sentimental but it seems so without point. There is a kind of wide-mouthed emptiness of meaning about many of the poems that makes one feel alcohol already at work blurring thought and outlines of form, nevertheless boisterously congratulating itself on the achievement of great work. This is the old, old trick of over-stimulation,—of weakness. It is the misfortune of the imitative tendency that it is altogether too likely to retain the weakness rather than the strength of that which it follows, for strength is largely self-made.

Thomson tells us that the only true or inspired poetry is always from within, not from without,—that is, a good

poem cannot be created with the mind alone. "Ah then," we say, "so he knew that!" Yes, he knew that,—he knew several of the inmost secrets of great creative work. In his essay on *Whitman* he wrote: "To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and *insouciance* of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art." But this was never true of Thomson's poetry except where, as in the case of *The City of Dreadful Night,* he paid his very life for what was produced. He sins so often as an artist. The words he uses are sometimes as ludicrous as buttons sewed on in wrong places. The unusual word in Thomson seldom becomes part of the whole garment. There is a fine verbal simplicity about good poetry. Yet Thomson seeks trophies of the erudite or the obsolete. There is nothing applied externally in great poetry to its fabric woven in one piece from heart and mind. A word is precious because of its human value. It can have no other value. In science, as service; in common speech, as community of interest; in art, as revelation and healing. The instant a word is so used that it robs its context of *human* value, that instant there is loss of power. Indeed his "error" as artist goes deeper than the attachment of button trophies to the garment of his work. For me the great error of even his greatest work lies in a certain point of view, for in the very instance of his most impressive poem, *The City of Dreadful Night,* I detect the quality of one who sees life as an intellectually gifted and tragically condemned member of the Salvation Army might see it, rather than as pure poet.

Is there some touch of the vicious quality—that is, that which is against art—of sentimentalized gospel hymns in James Thomson's poetry? There is much to be said for caste and class in the leadership of the arts. People *will* choose what they understand. And if to the majority a sentimental hymnology appeals, then that will be the language of its current poetry. Thomson's only American biographer, Edward Meeker, speaks of the "sorry affairs the present pays for and the future forgets." The number of these "affairs," certainly, is lessened in a society whose emphasis has progressed at least a little beyond the commercial. In a country with a population so mixed as ours, leadership—leadership for the arts at least—may be "safest"

with privilege. It is possible its dominion would not have the promise of being so mighty. What a nation whose hero is Abraham Lincoln can do for poetry is on the way to be revealed. In our poetry a few certainties emerge; a gait that is free; a step swifter; breathing deep, strong, noisy; energy that breaks away from all convention of a social caste system; a disposition to tattoo the face of poetry under the delusion—common it would seem to civilization as well as barbarism—that disfigurement, whether in freakish line or high heel, is beauty; methodistical joy shouting with abandon about vast forces, social, geographical, spiritual—in short a chorus of Western voices all too often sensitive to the weak gentilities of left-over British Victorians and to Mrs. Grundy. It is conceivable that out of a good and universally dispensed education great results will come to poetry even under the unsafe leadership of an American democracy still unwilling to acknowledge "caste"!

Assuredly in England leadership in the arts has been safest with privilege. This becomes evident in the study of James Thomson, not because it educates the individual, but rather because in the arts as a whole it inhibits certain tendencies and eliminates individualism. To think brought James Thomson despair. For consolation all too often he has nothing but some Cockney toys of vulgar pleasure—and instinctively the American despises the Cockney as a creature deprived of freedom and grievously disfigured by the social and economic pressure of civilization in speech, gait and look. Again and again England's social system has constricted art to the figure of this Cockney, and only "privilege" dominant has saved her poetry from widespread impairment. Repeatedly has the Cockney limitation stamped itself on poetry and prose; the worst that Keats, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt did; some of the best and the worst that James Thomson did. No doubt it was Thomson's training and not his personality which made his offences possible. Like Cockney wit, something of what he writes has all too often the taint of cheap silliness. This is not necessarily the emanation of a single personality though it is signed "B. V." This is the composite, a little degraded personality, of a whole class of people, its youth gone, conscious of a compromised spiritual rectitude, toying with deep things which youth, romance, love, a new world, would approach in all seriousness. Here in this attitude is the

constitution of death not youth. The days of Elizabeth are gone. The days of Wordsworth are passed. The torch is in other hands. Its flame travels westward still, with the sound of many feet seeking a new and better world.

There are several things no spirited human being wishes to share with others: his love, his charities, his sins. If he would withhold the first and the last, let him not write poetry. Though no biography of him exist or ever exist, men will know all they need to know of what has been nearest to him and weakest in him. Poetry is always an "intimate" moment. How could it be otherwise? It therefore reveals not only the most intimate beauty of the human heart and its strength: it shows also its weaknesses and its deformities. . . . Is it accident or a sort of composite significance of all his work that so often makes a poet known chiefly by one poem? I feel that it is composite significance. In his greatest poems, *In The Room* (1867-8), *The City of Dreadful Night* (1870-74) and *Insomnia* (March, 1882) James Thomson works free from imitation of anyone. No, even at this instant of thinking about *The City of Dreadful Night* my eyes see the form and my ears hear the cadence of the stanzas of Tennyson's *The Two Voices.* I find nothing else of James Thomson's equal to *The City of Dreadful Night* in power of thought; in impressive imagery dull or flashing but always full of doom; and in sustained firmness of form. *Insomnia* touches it; *In The Room* is kin to it; but no other poem of Thomson's equals it. His master poem may have shocked his own period,—no doubt it did shock Mrs. Grundy. But there is nothing in it that would shock the most sensitive today. There is much in it that is heart-breaking in its revelation of the suffering of another human being. And in it are lines of rarely equalled beauty such as "The mighty marching and the golden burning:" and "That one best sleep which never wakes again."

In respect of its art it is a bigger poem than Tennyson's *Two Voices.* Great poetry works outward from self. The outward movement of Tennyson's *Two Voices* is imperceptible; its self-analysis holds it in bondage. Argumentation does not make verse. But the supreme power of Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night* lies in the fact that personal tragedy sets the poet free. And his line does indeed "march under a banner." But that "banner" is pessimism, sinister destiny, what you will:

I find no hint throughout the universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

Yet what is this echo of a cadence heard elsewhere, of a conflict witnessed, not the same but similar; and the suggestion of that last line of Thomson's stanza somehow familiar before Thomson wrote it? Here is the answer in Tennyson's *Two Voices*:

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

Even in this only citadel of his greatest poem—the sole creation we could hope to call wholly and adequately his own—there is too close analogy between intellectual inquiry and outward form to leave us any choice but still to place Thomson among the imitative. The correspondence between certain portions of *The City of Dreadful Night* and Tennyson's *Two Voices* is not merely that of terza rima, of a similar subject, of figures much alike. The correspondence goes deeper than that: it is dependence,—the dependence of James Thomson on Alfred Tennyson. I think Thomson felt, as many have felt, the inner weakness of *The Two Voices*. Yet he had neither the intellectual nor the spiritual strength to travel further than Tennyson. And setting his goal beyond that of Tennyson and failing to reach it, the whole poem becomes enfeebled by failure.

The City of Dreadful Night was written during periods of mental suffering but the poet was not friendless. Thomson himself said that it "was the outcome of a good deal of sleepless hypochondria suffered at various periods." There is difference of opinion regarding the influence of opium on this poem. Some writers have spoken of Thomson as an habitual opium-eater. This is assuredly a mistake. I find evidence of only occasional opium-taking in his poetry, but almost continuous evidence of the effects of alcoholism. His personal history—now locked up in the diaries in the possession of Percy J. Dobell (the oldest son of Bertram Dobell)—would, I think, reveal evidence of more constant re-

course to opium, probably in the form of laudanum, during the years when he was writing *The City of Dreadful Night.* In his sleepless periods he had found alcohol alone—he had gone too far with that by this time—would not serve his purposes of stupefaction, and he felt himself driven, as many another has, to the increased use of opium, which was then a common remedy given after an attack of alcoholism.

Several are the evidences of opium-taking in this great poem. That sense not only of the dragging foot of misery but of the endlessness of time is one of the mental stigmata of opium addiction:

> The City is of Night, but not of sleep;
> There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
> The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
> A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
> Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
> Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
> This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

To the diseased experience of the endlessness of time this poem is one long tragic tribute. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the effect upon so sensitive an imagination of DeQuincey's *Suspira de Profundis.* But the phantasmagoria of *Insomnia* as of the *City* is partly opium I am sure: all these monstrous shadowy forms, the rigor, the tremblings, the timelessness of time, the jarring, the cramped respiration, the chills, the sweat, the badly laboring heart, the thoughts of self-destruction, the consciousness of health lost. The thought of self-destruction haunted Thomson over many a long year yet he resisted it to the last. Shuddering nerves there are in his work. Nowhere do we get that temptation to kill himself more strongly given than *In the Room.* And nowhere is his essential sanity so evident in light, clear touch.

The service of such poems as these greatest poems of James Thomson's is not to be calculated in terms of health and joy but in terms of illness and sorrow. It is plain that I differ with Meredith—than with whom there is no writer of modern times I would rather agree—for I think that tragic experience was the creative reagent in James Thomson's case and that without it he would have written no great poetry. It was tragedy reagent that kept him from sinking into the fat lethargies of English sentimental poetry. Had destiny touched him with a gentler hand he would have sought in self-expression one of two extremes, shallow

and optimistic sentimentality or mordant satire,—both moods disturbed reflexes of what is the truth. The great work—and there can be no question but that *The City of Dreadful Night* has the quality of greatness—that Thomson did was hewn out of the experience of his own sorrow. This is a clear case of where through the reagency of tragedy disaster has *made* poetry. One has only to study the dates of Thomson's poems to see at work in them—for Thomson —the master shaping hand of his tragedy. His habits were destroying him but they were shaping his poetry into a terrible graven image of human sorrow like unto Thomson's own. The poems he wrote while he had a fair degree of health and happiness have no value. I am drawing no conclusions. I am merely stating facts.

In the slow photography of a sick human soul inevitably certain things record themselves which are unexpected. The value of such studies as these lies not in their conclusions—if it were possible to make any—but in open-minded consideration of what for the present admits of no conclusion. Forms of insanity have always stood in some relation of value to society: the epileptic leader, prophecy and revelation. Disease? We battle against it and thereby we grow. Is it, too, productive of energy? In some all too human moods one is tempted to say that disease can do nothing but destroy, make hideous, bring death. But as one looks at nature this is seen not to be so. Take the pine cone gall so common to the willow-tree. I see it hanging on the lake margins of my home, mysteriously beautiful in its gray-green fruit, one soft exfoliating leaf overlapping the other till all are formed into the shape of the perfected pine cone but in color like dew-silvered clover. Yet the pine cone gall is the result of disease due to the sting of an insect and the derangement of plant cells. . . . Nature has many such unguessed at intentions.

It is possible, however, that a good deal of narcotized writing has seemed beautiful because its motivating power was not understood. Certain types of insanity have from time immemorial been stamped as divine inspiration, and so worshipped,—for example, take epilepsy. Temporary mental disease is not creative inspiration. The creative instinct of the mind is as normal and as much a part of the expression of life as the physical creative instinct. It is true that conditions of health and disease mentally often merge

into one another in a way that is bewildering. In the life of nature disease consumes even as in ours. Mentally, what does this mean in human experience? What is disease? Is it natural? That which takes away from the energy of the individual or the community is evil; that which adds to it is good. But in individual cases, which does add more to the energy of the community, genius with some of its roots all too frequently embedded in disease, or perfect health without the genius? A dark problem and a bitter battle-ground! The taint of disease has for all except the pathologist and the psychoanalyst the lure of the mysterious and is identified too frequently with greatness which in itself it is not, although it may be correlated with greatness. Those who worship these gods in poetry and prose without taking thought, are no further advanced in the social development of an art than the primitive tribe worshipping awestruck before an epileptic chief can be said to be advanced in religious experience.

In any event, the nearer disease and death press on a sensitive mind, perhaps all the more passionately does that mind press towards the consolation of art which is immortal. It was for his singer's heart Thomson cared the most. And this was his tragedy rather than anything more personal or sentimental. Even as he was tortured he sang: it is the old fable forever new, for James Thomson belonged to the class of human beings who seem to rush from wreck to wreck of their own making and who in the process of destroying themselves gain creatively a sort of inexplicable superpower.

Towards the close of the year 1881 came a strange Indian summer of love and joy. It is curious that Thomson, very near the end of his physical endurance, exhausted and battered mentally and spiritually, could still give sympathy with so fine and sensitive a grace to others, and still find beauty and still want love as never before! It points undeniably to the inner constancy of the poor tragic heart, the nature that was his. . . . No one will ever know even half the agony of that struggle between the dominant, seen traits of James Thomson's nature and those which were hidden. His account was terrible beyond words to describe or figures to enumerate. Perhaps this is one reason why human forgiveness, mercy, kindness, love, facing the inexorable accounts of nature, seem to us so precious. He endured to the

full the horror of one who reaches a stage where there is no longer the possession of any self he would have projected into any future whatsoever!

James Thomson's greatest poems are signposts on that Via Crucis which the most sensitive, the most gifted, have all too often travelled. And we watch again and again the gifted, the beautiful, perish miserably, for want of a little comfort, a few necessaries, back against the wall, feet in the gutter. It is not civilization that permits such tragedies, it is brute society vastly more concerned about its material possessions than about human sufferings or the sources of its intellectual and spiritual treasure. This genius by which men warm themselves and help soul and body, do they owe it nothing? Would they thus treat the Host of any other Inn? If they have taken, shall they not give?—at least pay something for what they take? Even as I ask this question, I see him in the squalor of those London streets which were the only couch he knew in the last days of his life, without a sixpence to his name, without shoes for his feet, ragged, starving. Thomson had no vices—not even any faults—he was always gentle, always spirited, even up almost to the last moment, with dogged persistence trying to find some footing somewhere, always generous, always sensitive, but he was a dipsomaniac and at the mercy of disease. It is a poorly organized society that will take no steps to safeguard its best from such disaster. Who is that Shylock who would knowingly and willingly purchase a great poem at the price of such tragedy to a fellow human being?

JEANNETTE MARKS.

EDMOND ROSTAND

BY ANNA ROBESON BURR

ROSTAND'S death has been almost unnoticed. In that fierce Twilight of the Gods of December, 1918, the passing of a romantic poet seemed but a small incident, disregarded in the tumult that marked, to so many of us, the very passing of romance herself.

Edmond Rostand died in his fiftieth year. His literary life had been brief; the period of dramatic composition lasting only from 1894, the date of *Les Romanesques,* to that of *Chantecler* in 1910. In 1893 he had published a volume of verse entitled *Les Musardises,* which, though delicate, and giving promise of that astonishing verbal dexterity which later was to distinguish his work, are only the "trifles" that they were named. Other fugitive pieces appeared in 1897 and since 1910—but the Rondeau and Ballade in *Cyrano;* the song in *"La Princesse Lointaine;"* the sonnets, hymn to the sun and Prayer of the Little Birds in *Chantecler* remain the best work of a writer whose lyrical strain was ever heightened and inspired by his dramatic sense. None of the verse published by him separately touches his dialogue in point of terseness, wit, color, or learned ornament. In these regards, he often strikes the English reader as essentially Elizabethan, if indeed that term be still held to imply a higher vitality, a fuller romantic spirit, a larger heroic vision and a plethora of dramatic and verbal invention.

Nor must it be forgotten that Rostand displays these qualities while yet held within the narrow limits of the classic versified drama, which seems to stimulate the French genius by the very difficulties and limitations it imposes. When *Cyrano* appeared, Victor Hugo was still in memory, but Hugo had been grandiose without humor and even the traditional patience of Parisian audiences was beginning to

fail them during the long tirades of *Hernani*. Their stage had familiarized them with the heroic, while it had never failed to provide a delightful abundance of humorous invention; the two blended into one play were, however, something entirely new, and the sensation caused by the first performance of *Cyrano* will not soon be forgotten. There were moments when the action was halted by the delight of the audience, when the salvos of wit was followed, time after time, by prolonged salvos of applause. At once the romantic hero seemed to be revitalized in this new and typically Gallic conception, far more human, as well as more French than any of Hugo's solemn and rhetorical figureheads. Poetic drama since Racine had tended toward a certain stridency in declamation, which the color and fire of Hugo at his best had only subdued. In *Cyrano,* the heroic note seemed to regain humanity and flexibility; while critics observed that the author, delighting in allusion and verbal play, preferring to call himself "*précieux,*" could yet at need sharpen his dialogue with an edge that was intensely modern.

Now the public had scarcely been prepared for the success of *Cyrano* by Rostand's three previous plays. The first, *Les Romanesques,* is a graceful and charming comedy in the style of de Musset, slight of texture and light in manner. The second, *La Samaritaine,* is more difficult to place. The verse is full of dignity and has moments of tranquil beauty; but the drama is lacking in action, nor can the author successfully create a Divine figure which has already been drawn in words of transcendent inspiration. To our minds, re-writing the New Testament is an experiment foredoomed to failure; and one not redeemed here by the tenderness which informs it. In *La Princesse Lointaine,* Rostand gives for the first time marked indications of his moving flexibility in dialogue. But the play is apart from life. His puppets move vaguely through a mist of antiquity; his heroine is stiff, and self-satisfied; while neither of his troubadour heroes is free from self-consciousness. The musical verse is jewelled with strange words in Rostand's favorite manner, yet nowhere rises above the merely artificial.

Throughout the piece, we seem perpetually conscious of Mme. Bernhardt's golden voice and *moyen-âge* attitudes; the emotion is the kind of emotion that Mme. Bernhardt likes to portray, while the conversion at the end brings no

sense of reality. The play is, in a word, factitious; while of Cyrano's originality, drama, humanity, humor and close texture, there is no indication whatever.

That *Cyrano de Bergerac,* which remains the greatest of Rostand's works, was founded on the life and legend of a 17th Century dramatist and satirical romancer, whose pieces, notably his "Voyage to the Moon," had startled the naive and amused the learned at the court of the Great Louis. The real Cyrano was a personality out of Dumas, but the playwright, while closely following the main incidents of his career, gives him a fineness and nobility which lift him above that d'Artagnan with whom he is so often compared. Technically, the piece presents much of interest, but its structural characteristics hardly come within the limits of this essay. Termed by the author an "heroic comedy," it rises now and again to the heights of an heroic tragedy. The plot built around the highly-colored central personality and inspired by the legend of his heroism, unfolds before us in a series of episodes, which move with unflagging verve and are elaborated with abundant poetic and dramatic ingenuity. No modern play surpasses it in that sense of stage effectiveness, for which there exists no English term—it is at all times incomparably *theatrâle.* This does not mean that it is always theatrical; for indeed, many of the best scenes, notably the last, are human, poignant, and make a direct appeal that is the very reverse of theatrical. But they are scenes built to be played, to challenge the resources and to exhibit the powers of the actor, who must employ, from the attack to the finale, the whole range of emotion and a high degree of physical force. Coquelin made of the part a living figure, never to be forgotten by anyone who saw him, and created on those large, free lines which we yet think of as Elizabethan. Around this hero, who is almost never absent from the scene, cluster a series of lesser portraits, differentiated with spontaneous perception, gayety, and humor. The opening is filled with small, brilliant episodes; as when Cyrano meets the musketeer d'Artagnan, or the entrance of the *précieuses,* all in the spirit of polished comedy. This, unfortunately, degenerated in English into mere mechanical stage business quite lost on the audience, who however, were altogether won by the larger moments of the play.

It is in these episodes and through these smaller figures

that one comes to realize the amazing flexibility of Rostand's style. Obliged to compose this long drama entirely within the cramping limitations of metre, he yet manages his dialogue with such ease, that one is practically never once reminded of them, and never once bored by the conviction that "*soir*" is going to be rhymed with "*espoir.*" The metrical form is as rapid and sure as though it were his natural speech; it is handled with a color, a fullness and a dexterity that is in the very spirit of genius. He seems to invent verbal difficulties for the pure pleasure of surmounting them, making use of occult rhymes, strange puns, cryptic allusions, intricate plays on words, while his exchanges fairly scintillate with a wit that is at each riposte, freshly inventive.

There were early indications of this power to be found, as in the charming *Charivari à la Lune* in *Les Musardises,* but such admirable poetic trifling had surely never been previously used in order to enliven the long and monotonous tirade, so dear to the French stage. That famous speech in which Cyrano gives, in quick succession, twenty different descriptions of his own nose and rhymes to such a word as "*Hippocampelephantocamélos*"; or his "*Non, merci*" speech, struck an entirely new note. While their humor is purely Gallic, they show a sheer virtuosity savoring of the heroic. In *Chantecler,* Rostand repeats these effects with an ever-increasing mastery, until at last we feel it is the author himself who takes the centre of the stage and amuses himself with our astonishment at his own volubility. *Chantecler's* "*coq*" speech;—

Oui, Coqs affectant des formes incongrues,
Coquemars, Cauchemars, Coqs, et Coquecigrues, . . .

is in reality nothing less than patter, but a patter that would have amused Shakespeare and delighted Aristophanes. Rostand was one to whom words were a passion, one for whom language held an inexhaustible miracle . . . .

La merveille
Du beau mot mystérieux
C'est qu'on le lit d'oreille,
Et qu'on l'écoute des yeux!

It is unfortunate that this delicate distinction became in English only a sort of meaningless verbosity—that those bits of dialogue invented for the sake of their wit, or for some verbal quip—served to lend the scene merely an effect of

restless bustle. In his own country, of course, Rostand had enjoyed an immense inspiration from his public, which responded at once to the virtuosity of Cyrano. If the critic be tempted to insist on this quality, it is because he must insist on the virtuosity of any artist of rank, be he Paderewski, Caruso, or Swinburne, because it is the first quality of the artist to be insisted on. The first, but not the last. There are qualities counting for more in a final estimate, and Rostand's place in future will not be determined by his verbal dexterity, although this is sufficiently remarkable. Audiences outside of France, and readers the world over, found in *Cyrano* poetry and emotion and distinction, which needed no verbal dexterity, but speak a direct and universal language. The last act, in particular, had a feeling and a restraint, that made the most of its note: "*Le destin est railleur!*"

Re-reading *l'Aiglon,* one is struck by the author's development in more than one direction. As a piece, it is simpler, because the central figure is conceived on definite Hamlet lines; yet more complicated in construction and in dramatic effects. This complexity is unfortunate, it detracts from the appeal of the situation and its inevitability; so that there are times when we feel the author is indulging himself in rhetoric. Napoleonic legend has ever a fascination for our minds; the book which furnished Rostand with his material (*Le roi de Rome* by Henri Welschinger,) displays this fascination upon every page. All the characters in the play are drawn from it, with most of the incidents and text for the principal speeches. Technically, the drama is uneven and suffers from an apparent desire to include everything, real and imaginary, that could be discovered concerning the hero. This may be responsible for the existence of the IV Act, so dull and weak that the writer's charm and concentration seem alike to fail him; while the last Act of all is a long-drawn, deliberate playing on one note, making the death-scene of Rostand's "little white Hamlet" far less pathetic than the final scene in *Cyrano,* so moving, because so reticent. Yet this play contains much of Rostand's most striking work; his Flambeau is indeed conceived in an epic spirit; his wit and irony were never more terse and stinging; while the V Act is drawn to the imagination with an intensity and a prophetic thrill, more keenly to be felt to-day than when it was written.

Ah, je comprends! . . . Le cri de cet homme qui meurt
Fut pour ce val qui sait tous les râles par coeur,
Comme le premier vers d'une chanson connue
Et quand l'homme se tait, la plaine continue!

These cries of the wounded and the dying borne by the wind over that "immense plain" of Wagram have a new and terrible meaning in our ears to-day.

Both *Cyrano* and *l'Aiglon* were founded on the work of that supreme and original dramatist, Life. *Chantecler,* the last of Rostand's plays, is an effort to get away from Life, and therefore becomes a *tour-de-force.* It took well-nigh ten years in preparation and was held back from production for many months in order that the author might polish certain verses in the third Act. Rostand evidently prefers it to his other plays; he makes his characters the mouthpiece of a more definite philosophy, he fills it with his most charming poetry and diversifies the action with a store of puns, parodies and learned wit. With delight, he returns to the rôle of *"précieux";* in common parlance, he seems constantly to be "letting himself go." If the result is by no means dramatically successful, it is because the stage demands more than novelty of theme and cleverness of dialogue. *Chantecler* remains, however, the most friendly and satisfying of all Rostand's pieces to read.

Satire has made use of the animal kingdom in all literatures since the days of Reynard the Fox, and Rostand's revival of this ancient form became at once the subject of academic discussion. In his hands, as in Chaucer's it becomes the peg on which to hang a criticism of life. He himself has said of *Chantecler* that it represented the drama of human endeavor grappling with life. The Cock is man, the Idealist, perpetually under the delusion of his own importance and success. The Pheasant is modern woman, wearing the plumage of the male and ever his antagonist in the fields of thought, but in the last analysis, Woman still, ready to sacrifice herself for man, and for his ideas, in which she herself does not believe.

Vous n'en restez pas moins une femelle encor
Pour quit toujours l'idée est la grande adversaire.

Woman, adversary of the Idea, is ready through her love for Man, to die for the Idea; and thus, in Rostand's drama, the Pheasant shares the romantic interest with the illusioned hero. Now all this might be very dull but for the fact that

these bird-figures move in an imaginative setting, equally responsive to nature, whether in her most homely or most hidden beauty. The poet's feeling is not only delicate, it is absolutely simple. His verse is warm with the glow of sunshine and summer earth, in a *"Silence chaud, rempli de gloussements heureux;"* or sparkles with the moonlight on the forest at the singing of the nightingale:

Je sens, tout petit, perdu dans l'arbre noir
Que je vais devenir l'immense coeur du soir.

As in the earlier plays, Rostand's minor incidents and characters yield us a rich store of humor. Who can forget the ancient hen, Chantecler's foster-mother, who puts up her dishevelled head now and again from an old basket, and lets fall some barnyard saw, or "flower of folk-lore"? Or the little grey hen who was in love with the cuckoo clock,

Celui qui loge
Dans les bois, ou celui qui loge dans l'horloge?

Or Patou, the old dog, "made to sleep anywhere"! (*partout*). Or the Raven, the true Parisian, cynic, wit, eternal boulevardier? The farm-yard and its inmates are portrayed by that sane and penetrating vision which lends dignity to reality; while the forest lies before us in the same mysterious light which bathes the forest in *As You Like It.* We are the spectators of a world whose tragedy interprets our own. If Rostand is at all times a romantic of the romantics, yet he is also a modern of the moderns. He draws the romantic spirit in its contest with the real world, and shows that it is predestined to failure, and must expect failure. Thus *Cyrano* fails, and *l'Aiglon* fails, and *Chantecler,* that heroic comedian, who is but another Cyrano in feathers, fails also. Their success in life has been but the *beau geste,* and the *beau geste* remains their only accomplishment. This modernity of conception lifts Rostand above the ranks of the romantics and sets him on the plane with the great satirists Rabelais, Molière. In his mind, the personality is what counts; the heroic figure is one who lives by and for his Idea. All of his heroes live for their Idea, by no means necessarily a true one, which consoles and rewards them for a lack of worldly success. Joffroy Rudel is content to die in the arms of that Far-Away Princess, whose quest had been the inspiration of his song. *L'Aiglon* turns back to his prison with the thought that he, perchance, is the expiatory sacrifice for the Napoleonic dream of empire.

Chantecler returns to his homely barnyard, constant in adoration of the sunshine, though he knows now his song has never caused it, and content in his philosophy of the microcosm.

Quand on sait regarder et souffrir on sait tout.
Dans une mort d'insecte on voit tous les désastres,
Un rond d'azur suffit pour voir passer les astres.

To Cyrano, his gesture, his free art, his "*panache,*" meant more than the purse of gold, or fame in the world, or even his Roxane herself. He is a hero through his character and not through his achievement; while the poet's tenderness toward him is a tenderness toward all mankind.

One comment remains. The student is especially struck by the absence of any valid Rostand criticism. Doubtless this is for the reason that as poet, he has taken his stand in the full sunlight. The academic world took him in the course of the day's work, and translated him in uninspired and rather a bedazzled manner. But the critic is not tempted; he prefers half-lights and shadows. This poet is his own interpreter; his note is that of the nightingale, at whose song the Frogs must cease their croaking; and hence criticism for the most part lets him alone.

But the value of his sun-lit philosophy has heightened since he wrote and since our world has descended into the Valley of the Shadow where only real and ultimate things remain. The shadows that delighted 1895-1910 suddenly deepened into blackness; and Rostand passed as we were frantically seeking for the sunshine he might well have helped us to find. To-day, fundamental needs and problems press on us, so that we listen gratefully to this poet of them and in our doubt as to the future, we ask with the Pheasant,—

Mais comment reprend-on du courage
Quand on douta de l'oeuvre?

and *Chantecler* answers—

On se met à l'ouvrage!

The best of us feel that Rostand's philosophy is, after all, the only means by which we shall be able to save ourselves and our shaken and faltering world.

ANNA ROBESON BURR.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

H. G. WELLS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE are men, such as Dr. Johnson, who are mentally active and physically torpid, and there are other men, such as Jack Johnson, who are very alert physically, but not quite so alert in their minds. It seldom happens that a man combines great physical energy with great intellectual energy. Such a man is Mr. Bernard Shaw. So is Mr. H. G. Wells. I imagine that Mr. Wells is more active, both in body and in mind, than Mr. Shaw, despite the fact that the latter is the slender man of the two and that his tongue works more rapidly in conjunction with his brain; for Mr. Shaw feels fatigue sooner than Mr. Wells. I doubt whether Mr. Wells suffers from fatigue at all or to any serious extent. He takes few, if any, holidays, works for many hours every day, plays games very assiduously, and is unhappy if he has not got some work on hand. He begins to write a new book immediately he has completed its predecessor, having no belief, seemingly, in fallow time. When he is not working or playing, he is talking. His conversation has a curious resemblance in its shape, if I may use that word, to the style of his writing. One listens for the suspended sentence, for the four dots with which, in his prose, he breaks a thought so that the reader may himself complete it. Mr. Shaw once told me that he could not work at creative writing for more than two hours every day, and I suspect that he suffers more from physical fatigue than he will admit. Mr. Wells works for considerably more than two hours every day (and sometimes during the night) though I do not suppose he works for two consecutive hours at any time. If you are a guest in his house, you will see him engaged in some game, tennis or hockey or that wild game of his own invention, " barn-

ball," or perhaps playing demon patience; and when you are inclined to imagine that he is settling down to a long day of games, you discover that he is no longer with the players, but is back in his study working on a manuscript.

One expects a certain amount of sluggishness in every man, and probably there are days when Mr. Wells's mind and body go to sleep or lie about supine, but I do not believe that anyone has ever seen him asleep or supine. His mind is so active that one can almost see ideas leaping off his tongue as he talks, and he has a very remarkable capacity for engaging the attention of his auditors without making any perceptible effort to do so. His conversation, unlike that of Mr. Yeats or Mr. George Moore, is unrehearsed conversation. It has not the swift brilliance of Mr. Shaw's talk, and it goes to its point rather jerkily, but it reaches its destination. He is not so easily distracted from his course as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is, or perhaps I ought to say that he does not take so long to get to his destination as G. K. C. Mr. Chesterton seems to me to be falling with great amiability on his subject, whereas Mr. Wells is eagerly struggling up to it. Mr. Chesterton defers to others with great courtesy, but his mind, I imagine, is already made up. He listens to a controversialist, not because he thinks he is likely to be converted to an opposite opinion—he is fairly certain that he will not be converted—but because he has excellent manners and an exceptionally kindly character. It is hard to believe that any man of merit is without some malice in his nature, some element of cattishness, but if there is a man of merit without these things then that man is Mr. Chesterton. If he could bring himself to throttle the creature he most detests, the international financier, the man without a country, he would, I am sure, do so entirely without prejudice. Mr. Wells listens, not out of politeness, but in the hope that he will receive information, and this hope of his causes him to listen very patiently even to bad or inexpert talkers. He has the additional merit, rare among men of genius, of being an uncommonly good host, very punctilious about the comfort and pleasure of his guests. He is a sociable man, mingling easily with very various people, gregarious where Mr. Yeats and Mr. Shaw are solitary, and he is instinctively friendly. His hospitality is lavish and with something of the Dickensian tradition in it. He has none of the chilly aloofness of Mr. Yeats nor of the shy constraint of Mr. Shaw

nor of the nervous coldness of Mr. Galsworthy. Were it not for a degree of cruelty in his nature, I should say that Mr. Chesterton and he were as near to each other in temperament as any two men of merit can be. It is this strain of cruelty in him which makes him so attractive when he loses his temper, for he seems only to be witty when he is about to hit someone very severely on the head. I do not know any man who can lose his temper in print with so much effect and so entertainingly as Mr. Wells can lose his. He is hardly a witty man, as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Yeats and even Mr. Gilbert Chesterton are witty men, but he has a neat, malicious humor which delights him as much as it delights his friends, and is most often displayed when he is attacking someone.

II

If a writer wished to create a character who would most aptly personify the past thirty years of English or possibly of world history, he would have to create a character very like Mr. Wells: a questioning, variable, demanding person, with some impatience and testiness of temper, with, at times, a fantastic and wayward manner, but always superimposed on these superficialities, an eager and unthwartable desire for a true belief. Mr. Chesterton said of him once that "you lie awake at night and hear him grow," and fundamentally that is true, in spite of the temptation one has at times to believe that one lies awake at night and merely hears him changing his mind. One could, were one silly enough to do so, construct a plausible indictment of Mr. Wells of hurriedly accepting a belief and as hurriedly rejecting it; but to do so would be to charge oneself with a superficial mind. Mr. Wells, in his eagerness to discover a reasonable and sane society in which the spirit of man may grow and develop and achieve, has sometimes accepted a theory too swiftly, but his scientific mind has come, sooner or later, to the rescue of his eager heart and has caused him to reject proposals which he had previously found acceptable.

In *First and Last Things* he decides against the community of austere aristocrats who won his advocacy in *A Modern Utopia*. The self-disregard of the Samurai of Japan had pleased him as it must please all who contemplate it, and he imagined a state in which the best men would govern "the average, sensual men," as Mr. Arnold

Bennett likes to call the multitude, formulating their laws and doctrines from the sanctuary of a sort of monastic establishment in which their fleshly desires would be chastened and perhaps eliminated.

Mr. Wells, having felt the allure of a select company of selfless aristocrats, devoting themselves to the good government of less gifted men, soon discovered that good government cannot be administered by men who are remote from the emotions and desires of the governed; and so, with characteristic courage, he abandoned his Samurai and boldly marched into the company of the crowd. Can anyone find ground for sneering in such behavior as that? Are not those who try to find solutions to puzzles more likely to be successful in our efforts because H. G. Wells has offered one solution and then, finding it useless, repudiated it and tried another?

There was a time when he saw benefit to the world in the establishment of a universal language, but I doubt very much whether he holds to that hope now.

Mr. Wells has plunged into many bog holes of this sort, but he has always extricated himself from them, and less and less, as he develops, does he insist upon uniformity and machinery, and more and more does he insist on diversity and spirit.

III.

There is a photograph of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, taken by an American photographer, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, in which the two men are shown sitting side by side. It is the most illuminating interpretation of their characters that I have ever seen. Mr. Shaw, with something of the look of a prophet, sits beside Mr. Wells who has a smile of disbelief on his face; Mr. Shaw shows a countenance full of faith, while Mr. Wells shows one full of inquiry. Mr. Shaw accepts the pose quite naturally, but Mr. Wells is deprecating. I felt when I saw that photograph in Mr. Wells's study that while Mr. Shaw accepted the status of a great man as his right, Mr. Wells felt uncomfortable about the pose, not because he doubts his right to be regarded as a great man, but because he is reluctant to live on pedestals. "I'm human just as much as you are," he seems to be saying to the photographer, and the smile of deprecation on his face means, if it means any-

thing, that while Mr. Shaw accepts the great man's altitude without a qualm, Mr. Wells feels that the whole thing is humbug. " Shaw is taken in by this Great Man business," the Wells of the photograph says as plainly as if the picture were to take life and utter words, " but don't you imagine I'm deluded by it! . . . "

These two men, one Irish, one English, Bernard Shaw and Herbert George Wells, between them have done more to influence the minds of the young men of my generation than any other two men of their time. Their attitude towards life may, perhaps, be summarized in an account of the way in which they interpret the doctrine of Evolution. Mr. Shaw believes that the Life Force, which ordinary men call God, is an Imperfect Thing seeking to make Itself Perfect. How, when you contemplate the miseries and inequalities and cruelties of existence, can you believe in an All-Powerful God? he says. You must believe that these horrible things happen because God cannot prevent them from happening. The blind-alley argument that the Almighty inflicts pain upon us for our good is insupportable when one considers that an earthly father would not subject his child to convulsions or cause a cancer to consume its life or endow it with a cruel disposition if such things were within his powers of disposal. If, one reasonably argues, an earthly father is incapable of such acts, how less likely is God to be capable of them if He be All-Powerful and All-Good? Since these inexplicable cruelties and horrors occur and recur, surely, argues Mr. Shaw, it is only common sense to assume that they do so in spite of God's good will towards man. Starting from this premise, he goes on to argue that God seeks to obtain that control over material things which He has not yet succeeded in obtaining. He imagines God engaged in a magnificent research, the discovery of a harmonious universe, much in the way in which one imagines a biologist in his laboratory seeking for a preventative of disease. The Life Force uses such instruments for its purpose as are to be found lying at hand. When these prove abortive or useless or insufficient, the Life Force invents a new instrument which it uses until that instrument, too, is found to be useless or inadequate and is scrapped in favor of a new instrument. Like all creators, God must express Himself through His creatures, and the whole of Time has been spent so far in finding a suitable

means of expression. In the beginning, God used mammoth beasts, but finding them unsuitable for His purpose, He scrapped them and invented other creatures until at last He achieved His best instrument, Man. God's latest and finest creature differs from all His other creatures in this respect that he is conscious of God's purpose and can help it forward or hold it back. God concealed His intention from all the instruments that preceded the advent of Man, but, in the development of His Being, He found that greater advantage would accrue to Him if He made His instrument aware of its purpose. So we get the reason of Man. God, before the creation of Man, had depended upon Himself. After the creation of Man, he depended partly upon Himself, partly upon His creature. *Man, in short, was the first of God's instruments to have the power to help God to realize Himself.* To Bernard Shaw, it is an obscuring of God's purpose for Man continually to pray, "God help me!" when it is part of his purpose and duty to affirm, "I will help God!" I have already quoted his dictum that we should so live that when we die, God is in our debt.

It is obvious, from this belief, that Mr. Shaw does not believe in the inevitable march of mankind from bad to good and from good to better. We may be marching towards Utopia or the New Jerusalem, or we may be marching back to Chaos. Man, having the choice between helping God and thwarting Him, may so vex the Deity that He will become impatient with him and throw this instrument away as he has thrown away other useless instruments, and seek for a better one. God scrapped the mammoth beasts because they were not adequate for the execution of His design; He *may* scrap Man for the same reason or because Man, while adequate, wilfully refuses to help. This theory is expressed continually in Mr. Shaw's plays and prefaces, for example, in a speech by Caesar in *Caesar and Cleopatra,* where the Emperor gives expression to a violent antipathy to war. War, in Mr. Shaw's mind, is a plain perversion of God's purpose, and he would probably declare that Man, in the Great War that seems likely to end in a bloody battle between the Allies, almost reached the end of God's patience. In five years, the British alone had eight hundred thousand of her most valuable men *killed.* France lost double that number *killed.* Germany lost more even than France *killed.* All the potentialities for good, all the

fervor and chivalry and idealism and courage that was in those men, their ability to help God to achieve perfection, has vanished utterly from the world; and there is nothing left of it. Most of them died without progeny, and so there is not even the hope that their spirit has passed on to their children and that, at the worst, God's purpose has only been suspended for a generation. They have gone, irretrievably gone. Another such war and Western civilization must perish, if, indeed, it has not already begun to decay. In other words, God, sickened by Man's perversity and wilful obstruction, will have scrapped him . . . .

That is the Shavian doctrine of the Life Force, put plainly and simply.

Mr. Wells differs very sharply from Mr. Shaw in his doctrine. Mr. Shaw believes that the progress from bad to good is not inevitable: Mr. Wells believes that it is, and he produces the records of history to support his belief. Mankind, at this moment, he will admit, is in a very bloody mess, but that mess is not so frightful as, say, the mess after the Thirty Years' War. We, who contemplate the organized Murder of Youth which began in August, 1914, may fairly feel that mankind has sunk very low in barbarism, but when we survey the whole range of humanity so far as it has been recorded, the depths of 1914, deep though they are, appear to be slightly less dreadful than the depths of other days. There is a greater revolt from organized Murder to-day than there was after the Thirty Years' War. There are fewer people to-day who prate about the glories of war than there were then. (Oddly enough, or perhaps naturally enough, most of the people who still think of war as a jolly adventure live in America.) We are a little nearer to a realization of the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill" than we were before 1914. We are learning that there are no qualifications or exceptions to that commandment. It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except in defence of small nationalities!" It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except for the purpose of self-determination!" It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except for the establishment of a Republic in Ireland!" Tersely and without modification, it states that "Thou Shalt Not Kill" in any circumstances whatever.

Here is a dilemma from which the Christian cannot easily escape . . . it is not one that causes any

embarrassment to me, for I am not a Christian . . . and the difficulty of doing so, apart from all ordinary considerations of decency, is bringing man sharply face to face with the fundamentals of human existence. It spite of much occasion for pessimism to-day, there is occasion for greater optimism than man ever before has had. There is a social consciousness at work in our minds and hearts that will yet deliver us from the wicked man. How few are the years since the days when men in one part of England made war on men in another part! How unthinkable it is that men in Lancaster should make war to-day on men in Yorkshire! True, it is less than a century since men in the Northern States of America made war on men in the Southern States. True, it is less than ten years since men in Ulster prepared themselves to make war on men in the rest of Ireland. True, at this moment, Russian fights Russian, and Sinn Feiner slays brother Irishman. True, that white man burns black man, that Christian persecutes Jew, true all this and worse, yet it remains true also that when the records of time are made up and just balances are drawn in the accounts of Mankind, there is seen to be a greater perception of common purpose to-day than there was a century ago.

His scientific and historic sense keeps Mr. Wells secure in his belief that Man, although he may hinder the development of God's purpose, cannot thwart it. Mr. Shaw would perhaps agree with Mr. Wells in his belief that God's Will must ultimately find adequate expression, but he would insist that that expression may be through another instrument than man. Mr. Wells, however, would not yield to him on this point; he would insist that God's Will must ultimately find adequate expression through man.

IV.

When one brings the Wellsian doctrine down to the details of life, one discovers what I may call a *local* pessimism in it. The anger which breaks out of his work is directed against the incompetence and stupidity of man which hold him back from the desirable country towards which he is marching. The greatest optimists—the men who are convinced that man's end is good and seemly—are almost always the most bitter pessimists when they are considering

contemporary affairs. The visionary loves mankind in the abstract so much that when he contemplates mankind in the concrete he loses his temper. The Utopian, full of his dream of a decent and free civilization in which every man may move easily to his proper station, feels a dreadful depression when he looks upon society as it exists here and now; and there are times when, in spite of his sure and certain hope that life will ultimately find its level, he feels that man, that perverse, wayward, thwarting creature, will never fulfil the promise of his potentialities because he is too closely concerned with some tiny, personal vanity, because he allows wickedness and stupidity to influence him to a greater degree than goodness and fine thought. Who, thinking over the Big Four in Paris, and remembering that millions of young men of all nations died so that the Big Four might meet and make a more enduring peace than this world has yet known, can feel anything but anger and humiliation at what they did? Clemenceau, the "Tiger" who, having tasted blood, seemed eager to taste more; Lloyd George, who never remembers a friend or forgets an enemy; Orlando, shamelessly extending his itching palm; and Wilson, the man who went to Europe to ask for the moon and returned to America, having accepted a match . . . . can any of us, contemplating those four men, given by God the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered to men, that may ever be offered to men, help feeling that this world is dead and damned and that the sooner a disgusted God smashes it to pieces, the better will be the universe? Mr. Wells cannot escape, any more than the rest of us, this tendency to despair of human effort, and here and there in his books, his *local* pessimism is expressed; but his universal optimism remains unimpaired, and one comes away from his writings in the knowledge that he belives that man, sooner or later, will achieve a high destiny. Mr. Wells whips the stupid and the selfish and the idle, but he will not permit them to persuade him from his belief that even out of these elements, a finer Man will yet be made.

V.

There is a cartoon by Max Beerbohm in which he shows himself being conducted through a gallery where Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bennett and many other eminent writers are standing on inverted tubs, har-

anguing the universe. Having listened to the preachers and propagandists, Mr. Beerbohm turns to his guide and says, "But where are the artists?" only to be informed that "*These* are the artists!" It has been said that Mr. Shaw would rather be known as a great political economist than as a great dramatist, that Mr. Arnold Bennett would rather be known as an eminent business man than as an eminent novelist, that Mr. Galsworthy would prefer to be a reformer rather than a man of letters, and that Mr. Wells seeks fame as a sociologist and not as an artist. There is enough of truth in this statement to give pause to those about whom it is made, but not sufficient to frighten us who admire them. Mr. Wells, for example, can no more elude artistry than he can refrain from thinking. He is extraordinarily indifferent to literary style, seems almost to delight in making a clumsy sentence rather than a shapely one, and, so far as one can discover, does not spend a single second on "finding the right word." The idea is his chief concern, and he cares very little for the way in which it is expressed. Nevertheless, he remains an artist, with a gift for apt expressions and a far greater gift for selection. In one of his books, he describes the prostitute as "that painted disaster of the street." In *First and Last Things,* in describing the inability of the intellect to free itself from bias, he says, "the forceps of the mind is a clumsy instrument and crushes the truth a little in seizing it." At the end of *Tono-Bungay* there is an account of a trip down the Thames which is among the great pieces of prose writing. In *The Undying Fire,* he gives an account of the purposeless cruelty of Nature and an account of the state of mind of a young German who goes from his remote village to join the Army at the beginning of the war, full of patriotic ardor, offering for this service and for that until at last he becomes a member of the crew of a submarine and his patriotism suffers a sea-change and becomes the desperate courage of a rat in a trap . . . and these two accounts are so vivid that it is impossible for anyone to rise from them unaware that they have been written by a man of genius, possessed of artistry.

He is probably the most prolific writer of his quality in the world, and if I had exact knowledge of the world's greatest authors, I should probably say that he is the most varied of them. Consider how very dissimilar his books

are in range and interest. Consider that the man who wrote *The Time Machine,* wrote also *The History of Mr. Polly* and *The Undying Fire.* How many writers have shown such variety as has been shown by the author of *The War in the Air, Kipps* (that great and beautiful and tender book), *Tono-Bungay* and *The Soul of a Bishop.* At one moment, Mr. Wells is writing *Bealby* and at the next, he is writing *God, the Invisible King.* He turns from *The Wonderful Visit* to *The Outline History of the World,* and writes *The Future in America* in the trail of *Love and Mr. Lewisham.* (*The Future in America* is perhaps the best book of its kind that has ever been written on the problems that lie before the American people). Queen Victoria, having been enchanted by *Alice in Wonderland,* sent to a bookseller for the remainder of " Lewis Carroll's " writings, and was considerably disconcerted when she received *Plane Trigonometry* and *Curiosa Mathematica* by the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. What that excellent old lady would have thought, if having read and liked *The Sea Lady,* she had been supplied with *Mankind in the Making* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *Joan and Peter* by the same author, I cannot imagine. Mr. Wells faces life very fairly and squarely, regarding it from all angles of vision. There is only one Truth, but it may be approached by many different paths; and Mr. Wells has attempted most of them. It may seem to some of his readers at times that he is running away from things towards which he formerly ran, but it is more likely that he is merely trying another way of getting to the same point.

VI.

One remembers men by odd things. I remember Mr. Yeats chiefly as a dark image, obscurely seen, and Mr. Shaw as a shy, erect man with fine, shapely hands who talks emphatically because otherwise he would not be talking at all. I remember Mr. Galsworthy as one who is biting his lips or clenching his teeth lest he should say too much, and Mr. George Moore as one who is consumed with the fear that he will not say enough. Mr. Wells comes into my mind as an eager, friendly man, whose speech, thinly uttered, suggests continual testing. But mostly I remember his fine eyes because it is in them that most of his strength is stored.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

CONGRESS adjourned, against the judgment of many of the most thoughtful and prudent observers. It had done much work, and there was apparently no urgent need of its further activities until the next regular meeting time in December. There were, moreover, sufficient reasons why the session should be suspended and members be relieved for a time from the duty of attendance. Yet it is obvious that every desirable end attained by adjournment could have been attained equally well by taking a recess. Had that been done, Congress could have reassembled at any time, in case of need, at its own volition. As it is, adjournment has made such assembly supposedly impossible, no matter how grave the emergency, unless the President wills it. In normal circumstances, that fact would cause no apprehension. But since the President has for practically ten months been incapacitated for performing the usual duties of his office and has not yet fully resumed them, it is difficult to regard without disquiet the surrender of the entire conduct of government to him for a period of six months, especially at a time when the air of the nation and of the world is electric with actual unrest and potential crises. More and more the conviction is growing that there should be some constitutional provision for the assembling of Congress at special times of need on some initiative other than that of the President.

The most important laws enacted during the session and approved by the President were the following:

The Railroad bill;

The Shipping bill;

The Army Reorganization bill;

The Civil Service Pension bill;

The bill for the increase of pay in the Postoffice Department;

Acts regulating the immigration of aliens and providing for the deportation of Anarchists;

A bill for the leasing of oil lands;

The Industrial Vocation Rehabilitation bill;

Amendment of the Trading with the Enemy act;

An act authorizing enlistment in the Army and Navy of citizens and aliens illiterate in the English language;

An act pensioning veterans of the Spanish, Philippine and Boxer wars;

An act establishing a Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor;

An act permitting Government radio stations to transmit private and press messages;

An act authorizing the formation of corporations for the financing of American foreign trade.

The result of the German elections is unsatisfactory to an ominous degree. The electorate was divided into a multiplicity of parties or factions, and of course the new Reichstag will be similarly divided. No one party comes anywhere near to having a majority. The Government must therefore look to a combination or coalition to support it. The sequel will be, unstable equilibrium, and frequent crises; with incessant compromises, huckstering, and corruption. What Germany needs is a rational two-party system, such as has long and beneficently prevailed in Great Britain and the United States. France learned the lesson years ago. But it would be unreasonable to expect Germany to be as enlightened and as competent in the art of democratic government as France, Great Britain and America.

The long-drawn-out uncertainty, not to say agony, over the action of the Supreme Court upon the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, is ended at last. On every point the court has decided in favor of the Amendment and the enforcement law, thus destroying the last hope of the "wets." The decision is manifestly the death-blow to whatever lingering remnants of State Rights still were in existence. It also reverses the English Dictionary, giving to "concurrent" a meaning which no lexicographer ever dreamed of. It is much to be regretted that the Court took the unusual course of announcing merely its decision, with-

out disclosing the train of thought and argument which led thereto. Such disclosure would afford an interesting study in mental processes. It should also serve to reconcile citizens to a law which many of them regard with aversion. The secrecy which is maintained concerning it has the opposite and most unfortunate effect of strengthening aversion toward the law and causing people to obey it under protest.

Something like another crisis in the railroad transportation system was precipitated by the sudden going on strike of thousands of locomotive engineers and firemen in the Pittsburgh region, as a protest against the delay of the new Federal Railroad Labor Board in getting to work and doing the things which the men wanted done. This aggravated the congestion of freight traffic, which had already become acute, and threatened disastrous results. The railroads appealed to the Government for relief, and the Government responded with drastic orders and threats or promises of others still more drastic, under the new railroad law. Meantime, the expert assessors and statisticians of the Interstate Commerce Commission report that instead of being overcapitalized, and has so often been charged, the railroads of the country are in fact greatly under-capitalized. Their actual physical value is more than two billions greater than the face value and more than six billions more than the current market value of all their bonds and stock.

The President has resumed some of his official functions, including that of the personal reception of foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. Also, he has accepted the invitation of the Powers to undertake the task of delimiting Armenia. In this work he will not, apparently, have a free hand, but will have to define boundaries within the limits already set by France and Great Britain in their assumption of control of surrounding regions. Since the advice or consent of no other department of the Government was given or asked, and since therefore no responsibility for the decision rests upon the Government, Mr. Wilson must be regarded as having accepted the commission in his private capacity as a distinguished American citizen, and not in his official capacity as President. It was his earnest desire to accept the mandate for the complete tutelage of Armenia which the Powers offered, and he requested permission to do so,

which the Senate by an overwhelming majority refused to give him. The acceptance of the mandate would confessedly have meant going to war with two or three European countries, expenditure of many hundreds of millions, and the employment of an army of scores of thousands of men. It would also have made us subject to the League of Nations, a body which we have decided not to become a member of; at least on present terms.

Irish affairs have seemed to be going from bad to worse. Mr. Asquith's proposal for a single Parliament for the whole of Ireland was rejected at Westminster by a decisive majority, and Mr. Lloyd George has persisted in his efforts to frame a measure which will satisfy Irish aspirations for self-rule without separating the island from the United Kingdom, and which will reassure Ulster without separating it from the rest of Ireland. His offers of concessions have not checked the violent activity of Sinn Fein, and murder, arson and other crimes have greatly multiplied. British labor organizations have vainly sent appeals to their Irish colleagues to maintain order, and the British Government has felt constrained to send reenforcements of troops, to establish a system of blockhouses similar to that used in South Africa in the Boer war, and to send a strong detachment of the navy to Irish waters. Persistent efforts are continued to enlist American sympathies in behalf of Irish independence, and these have been so far successful as to elicit from the President, through the Secretary of State, an intimation that a Congressional declaration in favor of recognizing the "Irish Republic" would not be displeasing to him. Congress, however, properly and wisely declined to take such action.

All authentic reports from Russia, including official statements of the Soviet government, are to the effect that something like economic chaos prevails throughout that country, bringing disaster and death to the people. At the same time the military zeal of the Bolshevists is not abated. Declaring that the welfare of Russia requires that Poland shall be broken down, Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky have been sending large armies to the southwestern border, with boasts that Warsaw will be captured and the Polish government overthrown. Other armies have been dispatched to

the southeast, for the invasion and conquest of Persia and thereafter the similar invasion of British India. This latter menace has been taken so seriously in England that Mr. Lloyd George welcomed a Bolshevist delegation, headed by Gregory Krassine, to London, held a cordial conference with it, and agreed to resume complete trade relations with Soviet Russia, on condition that the latter power ceases aggressions in Persia and toward India. This extraordinary action of the British Government has met with much disfavor in France, where the Government not merely refuses to follow the example of Great Britain in trading with Bolshevists but also explicitly objects to Russia's paying to England any of the gold which should come to France in payment of Russia's enormous debt to that country. Because of this objection it is announced that the renewed trade between Great Britain and Russia will consist solely of barter. The United States Government, it is pleasant to record, agrees with France, and will sanction the sale of no goods to Great Britain for transhipment to Soviet Russia. Indications are unmistakable that the chief object of Russia in seeking trade is not the relief of the people from the distress which undoubtedly prevails but rather the strengthening of the Bolshevist armies for prosecuting their wars of conquest against neighboring states.

A consortium of four powers, France, Great Britain, Japan and the United States, has at last been formed, for loaning China a sum of not less than fifty and not more than two hundred and fifty millions, for railroads, mines and other works of economic development. This achievement, which promises to be beneficent, is a sequel to the negotiations of eight or nine years ago, when attempts were made to form a six power consortium, comprising the present four powers and also Germany and Russia. The obstacles which then proved fatal to the scheme were two-fold. One was the unwillingness of the United States to let Japan and Russia have the special privileges in the matter which they desired. The other was the unwillingness of China to admit foreign dictation or control over her expenditure of the funds loaned. In the present case it is understood that these obstacles have been surmounted. The United States and Japan have come to an agreement relative to the latter country's "special interests" in some provinces of China,

and the urgency of her needs has constrained China to accept a loan with the same degree of foreign supervision that has hitherto been exercised. It is probable that the economic advancement of China will be promoted, but the principle of the Open Door and Equality of Opportunity, to which the United States once secured the adhesion of the world, will scarcely be confirmed.

Memorial or Decoration Day was marked this year with two features of unprecedented interest, which are likely, however, to be repeated hereafter. One was the invitation which some Grand Army posts extended to Confederate veterans to unite with them in the commemoration. Such action was finely significant of the restoration of our national unity. We have said that it was unprecedented. Yet there was a certain suggestion of it in the very first decoration of graves of Civil War soldiers, before the establishment of the regular annual custom. At that time, we are told, Southern women placed flowers upon the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers alike. If that was done more than fifty years ago, while the passions of the war were still fresh and hot, it is surely fitting for the few remaining survivors of both armies to march together and together to pay tribute to the memory of fallen comrades. The other feature was, of course, the very impressive commemoration of the day in France, where American flags were placed upon the graves of more than 70,000 American soldiers, and addresses of moving eloquence were made by the Prime Minister and by the Marshals of France. All these addresses were in the excellent taste which almost invariably marks important public utterances in that country, and one of them, that of Marshal Petain, was worthy of immortal record as an expression of the sentiment of France toward America and toward the American dead who slumber in her soil.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S DESPATCHES. Edited by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Boraston, O. B. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In general, when we think of the great war, we are chiefly impressed by its heroic aspect—by the unspeakable sufferings and the marvellous courage of the Allied soldiers and by the greatness of the cause for which they fought. There is, however, another way of looking at the war, a way scarcely inferior in human interest to the one just mentioned. In Sir Douglas Haig's despatches, victory is outlined as a military achievement. In reading these pages one realizes, perhaps for the first time, the immensity of the co-ordinated effort by which the right was made to prevail; and one sees the victory as something huge, substantial, and majestic—a prodigious human accomplishment. Just as one may be awed and uplifted by gazing upon certain buildings that seem too great to have been built by human hands, so as one takes the measure of the British campaigns in France and Flanders and realizes that these were, after all, but a part of the whole struggle, one is filled with wonder, and one gains a new respect for human nature.

Sir Douglas Haig assumed the Chief Command of the British forces in the West on December 19, 1915. His first despatch, which covers the period from December to May, gives one a lively conception of what were called in this war "local operations." The conflicts around St. Eloi and elsewhere, though they included "no great incident of historic importance," amounted to "a steady, continuous fight, day and night, above ground and below it." The local actions, omitting the more minor raids, numbered more than sixty. Thus, while the French were withstanding the great German offensive against Verdun, the British Army was by no means inactive. Besides harassing the enemy, it carried out with complete success the somewhat risky operation of relieving the French troops on a considerable portion of their defensive front.

The first of July saw the beginning of the Great Wearing-out Battle —the struggle on the Somme. As the "wearing-out" theory has been much discussed and was at one time not a little criticized, Sir Douglas Haig's remarks about this first phase are of especial interest. "Verdun had been relieved; the main German forces had been held on the Western front; and the enemy's strength had been very considerably worn down. Any one of these three results is in itself sufficient to justify the Somme battle. The attainment of all three of them affords ample

compensation for the splendid efforts of our troops and for the sacrifices made by ourselves and our allies. They have brought us a long step forward towards the final victory of the Allied Cause." That by such strategy, victory was brought nearer, despite the intervention of powerful German attacks with consequent loss of territory; is made clear enough by the details of the whole story. There was no time, of course, at which complete success might have been achieved by a single brilliant stroke. In a scientific war, what counted was the ultimate total effect upon the enemy.

As the British advance progressed, four-fifths of the total number of German divisions engaged on the Western front were thrown, one after another, into the batttle, some of them twice, and some three times. The enemy's power of resistance was seriously diminished, and it was only by virtue of the great depth of their defences and the frequent reliefs which their resources in men enabled them to effect that the German commanders were able to rally and reorganize their troops after each defeat. These important results were attained, so far as the British forces were concerned, with troops the vast majority of whom had been raised and trained during the war, and many of whom gained in the Somme battle their first experience of war. These soldiers, with the efficient aid of the artillery, assaulted and captured positions " far more formidable in many respects than the most famous fortresses in history."

The moral effect of all this was very great. " The enemy's power has not yet been broken," wrote Sir Douglas on December 23, 1916, " nor is it yet possible to form an estimate of the time the war may last before the objects for which the Allies are fighting have been attained. But the Somme battle has placed beyond doubt the ability of the Allies to gain those objects. The Germany Army is the mainstay of the Central Powers, and a full half of that Army, despite all the advantages of the defensive, supported by the strongest fortifications, suffered defeat on the Somme this year."

No small part of the fruits of the Somme victory was realized during the following winter, when the enemy, despite a season of unusual severity, was forced back by means of methodical assaults to the Hindenburg Line.

The campaigns of 1917 form an important and deeply interesting chapter in the history of the war. Nowhere else is the strategy of attrition more fully illustrated, its methodical effectiveness more convincingly proved, or its arduousness more clearly shown. In brief, a long, uphill fight against superior numbers resulted in a net gain for the Allies—a gain that was an essential factor in the final success, though during the critical period of the spring of 1918, all that had been previously achieved might seem to have been lost. The general attack at Arras was launched on the 9th of April. At the end of six days' fighting the British had rolled their front four miles farther east and had taken possession of all the dominating features that the Commander in Chief considered it desirable to hold before transferring the bulk of his resources to the north. This, however, was not enough. A necessary part of the preparations for the attack in the north was the maintenance of activity on the Arras front sufficient to keep the enemy in doubt as to whether the offensive there would be followed up. Feint

attacks were made, and on at least one occasion dummy men were raised above the trenches by ropes. These measures met with such success that the Germans frequently reported the bloody repulse of extensive British attacks which in fact never took place. Meanwhile, the French delivered their attack upon the Chemin des Dames, achieving all their immediate objects.

The campaign in the north included the attack upon the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge—a unique feature of which was the explosion of nineteen deep mines at the moment of assault—and the third Ypres battle. Though the full results of each success were not always obtained, the fault would appear to lie with the conditions and not with the general staff or with the fighting men. "Time after time," writes Sir Douglas, "the practically beaten enemy was enabled to reorganize and relieve his men and to bring up reinforcements behind the sea of mud which constituted his main protection." Other circumstances made the task of the British and French Armies far harder than had been anticipated. Italy could not be ready in time to co-operate at the beginning of the offensive launched on the Western front, and before that offensive was over, unfortunate developments had greatly weakened the Allied forces in the Italian theatre. Nevertheless, the efforts put forth in the summer of 1917 were, on the narrowest estimate, far from futile. The British Army had participated in an offensive action longer and more successfully sustained than any previous campaign of the war. They were, as usual, outnumbered by their opponents. "In the operations of Arras, Messines, Lens, and Ypres, as many as 131 German divisions were engaged and defeated by less than half that number of British divisions." In the whole campaign, the British took 57,696 prisoners, including 1,290 officers. They captured 393 guns, including 109 heavies, 561 trench mortars, 1,976 machine guns.

It is always to be borne in mind, moreover, that the decisions of the Commander-in-Chief were necessarily influenced by considerations broader than those that are generally called strategic. Right action could be determined upon only after a survey of a vast situation. On the other hand, no extensive sacrifice was made for the broader reasons alone. On the whole, Sir Douglas Haig seems to have been fully justified in writing, near the end of his despatch of December 25, 1917: "Without reckoning the possibilities which have been opened up by our territorial advance in Flanders, and without considering the effect which a less vigorous prosecution of the war might have had in other theatres, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results which have been achieved by the past year's fighting. The addition of strength which the enemy has obtained, or may yet obtain, from events in Russia and Italy has already largely been discounted, and the ultimate destruction of the enemy's field forces has been brought appreciably nearer."

Particular interest attaches to the Cambrai operations, carried on during November and December, 1917, because of the omission of artillery preparation in the opening attack, the completeness with which the enemy was taken by surprise, and, particularly, the employment, upon a large scale, of tanks. This exploit, of course, aroused great hope at the time. If we were somewhat disappointed in the result, it

is well to remember two things: first, that no commander can be omniscient, and second, that it was not expected that the war could be ended by a single bold stroke. Very significant in the light of the detailed story of the attack is Sir Douglas Haig's declaration: "I am of opinion that on the 20th and 21st of November we went very near to a success sufficiently complete to bring the realization of our full programme within our power."

The world will not soon forget the strain of anxiety experienced during the early months of 1918, while the United States was still preparing and the Germans were using to the full the advantage they had gained by the Russian collapse. Of course, the Allied Command had made every effort to be ready for the expected attack. But the shift from an offensive to a defensive position was by no means easy to make. Not only positions but men had to be got ready. The necessity of maintaining front-line positions and of constructing new lines on ground recently captured from the enemy had almost precluded the building up of defensive positions in the rear. Moreover, the men had been trained almost exclusively for attack—a serious difficulty under the conditions of modern warfare. The Germans advanced on the 21st of March in overwhelming force, over a front of fifty-four miles, which was extended on the 28th to sixty-three miles. In all, at least sixty-four divisions, a number considerably exceeding that of the entire British Army in France, took part in the first day's battle. These were opposed by twenty-nine infantry divisions and three cavalry divisions, of which nineteen infantry divisions were in line. It soon became evident that the enemy had thrown practically his whole striking force upon this one front. Additional British reserves were therefore hurried to the battle sector as rapidly as possible; but the total number of British divisions used in the second Somme battle at no time exceeded forty-nine. In the Lys battle, prior to the 30th of April, the enemy engaged against the British forces a total of forty-two divisions, of which thirty-three were fresh and nine had fought previously on the Somme. Against these forty-two divisions twenty-five British divisions were employed, of which eight were fresh and seventeen had taken a prominent part in the Somme battle.

Although at the end of April, 1918, the German onrush had been stemmed, the situation was still critical. It was evident that the enemy would make one more attempt to win the war before the arrival of large forces of Americans should make that object forever impossible of attainment. There followed, therefore, a somewhat anxious period of "active defence." It is well to remember that though the Allied line had not been broken, the strain of the defence had approached the breaking point, and that the enemy, before Amiens and Hazebrouck had come within a short distance of strategic points of great importance. His superiority in force was still great enough to enable him to keep the initiative. A complete change, however, was effected by the collapse of the ambitious enemy offensive launched on the 15th of July and by the success of the Allied counter-offensive south of the Aisne. After the brilliant success at Amiens, the British Armies advanced without a check from one victory to another. So great was the demoralization of the enemy that the British, though still numerically inferior to their adversaries, carried all before them. When the

Armistice brought a halt, the German defences were so disorganized that nothing short of a cessation of hostilities could have prevented an advance into Germany.

"The strategic plan of the Allies," writes Sir Douglas Haig, "had been realized with a completeness rarely seen in war."

For those desirous of studying the war as a military event, these despatches furnish information of remarkable clearness and precision. The splendid series of very large and detailed maps which accompanies the volume, not only enables one to follow each detail of every struggle, but appeals to the imagination. Not only cities and rivers and forest and hills are shown, but windmills and farmhouses that for a time had a possible tactical importance, are indicated. Thus, one is able in imagination to place himself upon the actual battlefield.

But most of all the despatches produce the conviction that while the result of the war was by no means a foregone conclusion, the outcome, after the first German drive at Paris had been checked, was never really in doubt, provided only the Allied forces could be supplied with sufficient reserves and with sufficient material. The progress of the war seems at once methodical and fateful. There was a certain margin for mistakes, and some mistakes, doubtless, were made; but the great conclusion must be that the fund of intelligence and skill and courage outside the Central Empires was far more than enough to defeat the Teutonic plans of world dominion. Any lingering idea that the Germans had at any time anything like a monopoly of efficiency is wholly unjustified.

To read other war books and not to read such a book as this would be a mistake. One needs the large view of the war as well as the details of the fighting as seen by the soldier, and if one had to choose between the two views, one would do well to remember that while neither is complete without the other, the larger view is, on the whole, nearer the truth.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S OWN STORY. By his Eminence, D. J. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. New York: George H. Doran Company.

On October 17, 1918, when the German Government in Belgium knew that its days were numbered, Baron von der Lancken, in the name of the Governor General and of the Berlin Government, handed to Cardinal Mercier a communication which read in part as follows:

"You are in our estimation the incarnation of occupied Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor. For this reason it is to you the Governor General and my government also have commissioned me to come and to announce that when we evacuate your soil we wish to hand over to you unasked and of our own free will the political prisoners serving their time either in Belgium or in Germany, as well as those who have been deported."

Has any other man ever received such a tribute from the irreconcilable opponents of all that he held good and dear?

Cardinal Mercier was in very truth "the soul of Belgian resistance." He was more; for he spoke for all civilization against Kultur. Though zeal for the right and love of humanity were his leading

motives, he seemed as if striving continually to express with the clearness that is necessary alike in morals and in history the fundamental issues that lay between Germany and downtrodden Belgium. Statesmanlike in his grasp, he speaks as if consciously acting as the mouthpiece of that great public opinion that existed everywhere outside the German spheres of influence. Consequently in this public aspect, he appears to belong not exclusively to one nation or to one religion, but to all mankind. He stands forward as a great world figure, in which all may find their ideals of right and justice truthfully represented.

In no way could the Cardinal have expressed more satisfactorily for us the true situation in which he found himself and the truth of the things for which he stood than by doing just what he has done in his book—that is, by giving us exact reproductions of his correspondence with the officers of the Government of occupation and of his own public utterances. The letters exchanged between the Cardinal and the somewhat well-meaning von der Goltz, the contentious and ethically purblind von Bissing, the philosophic and sophistical von der Lancken, the obtuse and brutal von Falkenhausen, uncover the true nature of the hateful German régime in Belgium; they vividly picture the German mentality, and strikingly contrast two different and irreconcilable points of view.

The subjects with which the correspondence dealt varied in superficial importance. But in every case the value of the protest is essentially the same, because the Cardinal invariably succeeded, despite all beclouding sophistries, in isolating the truth and setting it forth with dazzling clearness. From the denial of religious privileges to Belgian prisoners to the deportation of Belgian young men to Germany and the subtle attempt to kill the soul of Belgium by "administrative partition," there is, apparently, not a single abuse against which he failed to raise his voice, not a single case in which he was forced to retreat from the stand which he had originally taken.

The difference between the German official view and the truth as the unmilitarized world sees it may be strikingly illustrated by confronting an argument of von Bissing's with a statement of the Cardinal's. The subject under discussion was "the patriotic action of the priests."

"Be impartial enough, my Lord Cardinal, to respect our patriotic feelings, you who not only pay homage to the patriotic demonstrations of the clergy and people of Belgium in general, but encourage them in circumstances which are of a nature to create intolerable situations. . . . I feel bound, in order to avoid misunderstandings which might easily have unpleasant consequences for those concerned, to make the following statement: During the occupation the only legal political power in the occupied territory is what I exercise. To this power alone is obedience due and not to the king of the Belgians and his government, whose power in the occupied territory is in fact and in law extinct. Should this obedience be not willingly given, I am then compelled to exact it by enforcement of the German penal laws."

This is good debating. It is excellent wrangling within the limits of a narrow issue. It is good legally; in fact, it is law against right. Adhering to this point of view, the Governor General is at last constrained to reveal the full odiousness of the theory for which he stands. Might

is right, and the right of might will be enforced not only upon the bodies but upon the minds of the Belgian people by means of "the German penal laws."

Here is the Cardinal's case:

"In spite of the military occupation of a great part of her provinces, our Belgian fatherland has not ceased to be of right an autonomous, sovereign nation. Our respect and love for the soil and for our Belgian liberties are then for all of us an honor and a duty. To realize this honor and to preach this duty forms part of the clergy's social mission. In these troubled times in which we live each soul has a right to ask of his pastor: What is my duty? Who represents in my case authority? What have I to do to render to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's?"

Similarly, in every case, with high serenity, with shrewd understanding of the opposing point of view, with legal acumen, the Cardinal finds and impartially states the essential issue.

Could anything more accurately describe *la mentalité Allemande* than the little lecture with which Cardinal Mercier concluded a remarkable conversation with Mgr. Mittendorf? "Our interview," said the Cardinal, "is coming to an end, Monsignor; let me draw from it one conclusion. You Germans, after many months of occupation, have not yet got to know the Belgians. Among you, a general commands, and automatically every one obeys. Here with us, good sense, regard for higher interests, interprets the order and dictates our conduct. External regulations are meant, no doubt, for every one; and it is in this sense that I have acknowledged them as the Governor General reminds me in his letter. But every one applies them with a due regard for different contingencies and the obligations which they entail."

The official German point of view was often logical and at the same time almost unimaginable. Who but a Prussian bureaucrat would have supposed, as von Falkenhausen did, that he might save himself all manner of trouble by simply announcing on his arrival in Belgium that he refused to discuss with Cardinal Mercier any questions not directly connected with religion. This would have barred all discussion of such outrages as the attempted "administrative partition." But to divorce religion and ethics is thoroughly Prussian.

Almost to the last, hateful exactions continued. Even as late as July 7, 1918, the Cardinal had to write: "The odiousness of these repeated requisitions takes our breath away. But when the heart-rending appeals of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in favor of the aged under their care . . . came to my ears, I was under the impression, quite wrongly, as I see now, that the distress of these saintly women and the fate that awaits their charges would evoke feelings of sympathy, but, alas, for the sad searing of conscience brought about by militarism!"

It was a question of mattresses!

And then, after all this, the final recognition of moral greatness in the Cardinal! How is it to be understood unless there was really a marked difference of character between the civil and the military government of Germany?

Every one who reads this book will feel that he has come in contact with a really great personality, and will be the better for the feel-

ing. To draw a comparison that may seem at first sight remote, Cardinal Mercier in the benignity of his character, in that practical wisdom that protects one from the deceits of the worldly, and most of all in a superior power of discerning and stating fundamental issue, reminds one of our own Abraham Lincoln.

The story of Belgium, in which the Cardinal is the dominant figure, is as fascinating, in one aspect, as *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Worldly Wiseman, for instance, and Mr. Legality are there; and so is Apollyon. The Cardinal's book, too, like Bunyan's classic, is almost as good a story for the young as it is for the old. Fortunate the child or youth who in learning something about the tragic events of these latter years, catches an admiration for really great character.

Now It Can Be Told. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sir Philip Gibbs—who was one of the men sent without military passports to report events in France soon after the outbreak of the war, and who was afterwards an officially recognized war correspondent—has written a book which, however unpleasant it may be, is to all appearances both truthful and sincere. Its truthfulness is its greatest virtue; for what we call sincerity is often nothing more than a kind of incontinence of feeling; but a really truth-telling book is a thing of great value. In this case, the author pictures the harrowing realities of war in their painful reality, without sensationalism and without even a touch of the vain pride of the realist in producing a great effect by means of a plain tale. He uses neither the camouflage of humor nor the veil of an impersonal or technical style to hide the pitifulness of the facts; he does not divert attention from horror by praise of gallantry. He does not attempt to conceal the fact that he is a normally sensitive human being and that shocking things shock him.

There is food for thought, too, in what Sir Philip says about the after-effects of the brutal struggle. He is not the first to remind us that you cannot teach men to fight without teaching them to hate, and that hate is more easily roused than exorcised; but he has more than the usual array of facts with which to support his statements. True, one suspects him of being slightly hyperbolical when he says, concerning Great Britain, that "ruin, immense, engulfing, annihilating to our strength as a nation, and as an empire, stares us brutally in the face"; but when he points to the increase of crime—and crime of a particularly atrocious and disgusting nature—in England and elsewhere, he makes an impression.

This book of Sir Philip's, then, is in more ways than one worth while. If there are any jingoes left in the world—any persons who would desire to precipitate another great war, or to enter one for any reasons less cogent than those which brought the United States somewhat tardily to the side of the Allies on the battlefields of France—the reading of such a record as this ought to make them feel ashamed of themselves. If there are any persons so dull and unimaginative that they cannot figure to themselves what the harrowing of France and Belgium and the annihilation of the British expeditionary force meant

in terms of individual pain and sorrow and of nastiness and horror and pity and the abomination of desolation, they should be greatly enlightened by a perusal of this book. Sir Philip has written with considerable skill, and without offense, for eyes that ordinarily do not see anything beyond the printed page.

In several ways, however, the book is somewhat unsatisfactory. Its tone, one may say, is not that of well-balanced thinking or of altogether unbiassed criticism; it does not wholly convince. If the author had avoided the appearance of temperamental or professional bias in cases in which doubtless it does not exist, he might have made a stronger impression.

Against English officers in general, the author is somewhat bitter. The High Command wasted the lives of their men, and were very unappreciative of war correspondents. There is a kind of ludicrous incongruity between the two parts of the indictment. "I know an officer who was awarded the D. S. O. because he had hindered the work of war correspondents with the zeal of a hedge sparrow in search of worms." The language, on the part of one who elsewhere issues solemn warnings in an elevated style, strikes one as not being sufficiently measured. "What mainly was wrong with our generalship was the system which put the high command into the hands of a group of men belonging to the old school of war, unable by reason of their age and traditions, to get away from rigid methods and to become elastic in face of new conditions." Seen from the trenches the British generalship no doubt seemed exceedingly bad. There were mistakes; there was needless loss of life. But is it fair to take almost exclusively the point of view of the man in the trenches who knew little or nothing about the progress of the campaign or even of the particular battle in which he was concerned. It seems, one must say less just than humanitarian. It is probably perfectly natural that the officer who was the most considerate and intelligent in his dealings with war correspondents should have been also "the organizing brain of the Second Army." Both facts are probably beyond dispute; one can only say that if one were Sir John Harrington, one would rather that these two tributes had not been made in quite so close a conjunction. Thus a certain want of tact, a seeming want of moderation, diminishes somewhat the effect of Sir Philip's somewhat powerful book.

Furthermore, one cannot rid oneself of the feeling that Sir Philip leans somewhat toward the pacifist fallacy. His final statement, to be sure, is sound enough. "The devil in Germany had to be killed. There was no other way, except by helping the Germans to kill it before it mastered them. Now let us exorcise our own devils and get back to kindness toward all men of good will." Nor would the author's frank confession that in the early days of the war he at times desired "peace-at-almost-any-price, peace by negotiation, by compromise, that the river of blood might cease to flow" detract at all from the strength of his book, were it not that the tone of the whole seems somehow to instill, not only by fact, but by suggestion, a peace-at-any-price mood. War is as bad as bad can be, but a kind of temperamental inability to reconcile oneself to the idea of war for any cause, however clearly the mind realizes the justice of fighting in the particular instance, would seem to be unfortunate. At least, so long as there is

potential evil in this world, there must exist in sound human nature the power to do whatever is necessary to put down that evil without much flinching or crawling of the flesh. "Often," writes the author, "I was unfair, bitter, unbalanced, wrong." The confession is disarming, but not reassuring.

A war-sick world cannot be much helped by disquisitions on the horrors of war. There is little curative effect in a simple revulsion of feeling; often the revulsion seems simply to do little more than prepare for a resurgence of the original impulses. What we need is constructive suggestion rather than insistence upon the past and an effort to retain the lesson of that past in the form of outraged feeling. The real value of the book lies in this: that the facts will prove instructive to another generation.

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THE ISSUES AT STAKE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

TWO written documents are before the country awaiting its judgment. Both purport to be solemn contracts with the American people. Each asserts that, if the necessary power is accorded, certain lines of public policy, domestic and foreign, will be followed out in practice. In this sense each is a bid for popular acceptance as against the other. It is a serious moment for this nation, whose whole future is involved in the decision to be rendered.

Regarded merely as documents, the platforms of the Republican and the Democratic parties do not reveal their full significance. As every person of experience knows, the value of a contract does not depend merely upon the vigor of its language, the pretentions of its signers, or the fact that it promises to deliver the commodities in question, but far more upon the permanent worth of the service to be rendered, and most of all upon the integrity and responsibility of those who make the engagement.

So widely separated are the elements of promise and performance, that many of our fellow-citizens have come to believe in good faith that, no matter what a political platform contains, there is no solid ground of assurance that its promises will be kept. Political platforms, from this point of view, have no relation to future performance. They are to these persons merely the ingenious inventions of office-seekers designed for the sole purpose of securing votes.

An unqualified admission of the truth of this accusa-

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tion would be equivalent to the total nullification of the party system of government. In recent years many things have been urged against that system, many new devices have been proposed to take its place. More sober thought, however recalls us to the fact that it is only through the actions of political parties that public opinion has ever won any victory, and forewarns us that the abolition of parties would destroy the only practicable means of giving effect to individual convictions.

In choosing between political parties, therefore, our first duty is to fix the responsibility for a failure to fulfill its pledges. Clearly only the offenders should suffer from this imputation. The question is simply one of fact and can be answered by history. Before such an accusation can fairly be made general it should be determined which political parties have failed to redeem their platform pledges.

So far as I am able to recall, no charge of this nature has ever been brought against the Republican party. Without exception, it has honored its promises by performance.

Unhappily this cannot be said of the Democratic party. Not only has it openly abandoned positions taken with the purpose of obtaining votes of endorsement, but it has resorted to casuistry to excuse its fault. By one of those subtle distinctions with which honest minds have been so often baffled in recent years the true character of a political platform has been openly denatured. To the public it naturally appears to be a contract to pursue certain courses if the party is entrusted with power. "Not at all," says the casuist. The statements which the public takes for promises are not really such, but only "declarations" regarding a way of looking at things! They are not engagements. They are only points of view!

This manner of regarding political platforms was frankly expressed and boldly justified by President Wilson, and has been accepted by his followers and supporters. After his first election he not only entirely ignored the obligation to act upon the plank in the Democratic Platform of 1912, declaring against more than one term in the presidency, but thwarted any action by Congress to embody that declaration in law, and promptly began to prepare for securing a second term. In reply to the criticism that

the party was disregarding its platform, Mr. Wilson gave out the oracular announcement that "A *platform* is not a *programme*"!

Like the President's famous distinction between a "moral" and a "legal" obligation, this position has been accepted by the Democratic party and embodied in its practice.

It is not untimely, when considering the subject of party platforms, to recall the President's almost forgotten address to Congress of December 2, 1913, in which he said: "I suggest that conventions for the purpose of adopting a platform should consist, not of delegates chosen for this single purpose, but of the nominees for Congress, the nominees for vacant seats in the Senate of the United States, the Senators whose terms have not yet closed, the national committees, and the candidates for the presidency themselves."

What was the purpose of that message to Congress? It was offered at a time when there was no occasion to speak of party platforms, except to frame some excuse for not regarding the platform of 1912 as a programme of action. In that message Mr. Wilson himself explains the purpose of his novel proposal to be, "that platforms may be framed by those responsible to the people for carrying them into effect"; that is, by public officials. The platform of 1912 was not so framed. Therefore, he would have us infer, that platform did not impose the obligations of a promised programme. To give a platform that character, it would be necessary that it should be framed by those who were to carry it into effect!

We have seen the fruit of this theory, that government should be conducted by office-holders and office-seekers, without regard to platforms framed by "delegates chosen for this single purpose"! We have also incidentally learned how completely Mr. Wilson intended that this official hierarchy should be dominated by its head. In this respect at least the President has fulfilled his heart's desire. There have been recalcitrants; but, politically speaking, where are they to-day? We are not surprised, therefore, to be assured, after these years of party discipline, that "the President had a strangle hold on the San Francisco convention."

In consequence, we are now in possession of an alleged

Democratic platform confessedly dictated as the President prescribed in his message of 1913. That platform has been framed, as the President considers it should be, by those who hold and those who are seeking public office; and, confessedly, it has resulted in a compromise between them, made with the intention of securing the greatest possible number of votes. As for party principles or convictions, it cannot be pretended that these have exerted any influence.

The forces effecting this compromise have been actuated by conflicting political interests. Speaking in general terms, these have consisted of the interests of those already in office, who desire to defend to the utmost the existing Administration, and the interests of those who are seeking office, who shrink from accepting responsibility for the positions taken and the acts performed under the personal domination of the President. The convention at San Francisco has been thereby divided into two opposing camps,—composed respectively of those who see no hope for the party, which they realize must be judged by its performance, unless that performance is defended, and those who see no hope for it without promises that the course of the Administration will be abandoned. Although the platform of 1920 has been produced according to the President's own prescription in 1913, the results are not what Mr. Wilson intended. He had hoped to dominate the situation without division. He has found that his power, though sufficient to control, has not been sufficient to command. Of one thing we may be certain, the platform as presented does not embody the views of those who in 1912, and again in 1916, elected Mr. Wilson to the presidency. By every test, it is, and is designed to be, equivocal. In so far as it is only a " platform," in Mr. Wilson's sense of the word, the ambiguity is of no importance. If, however, it is really a " programme " actually to be carried out, it will create large defections in the Democratic party.

As for the Democratic Platform of 1912, that has been so long forgotten that even a third term in the presidency has during the late convention been under serious contemplation, with the frank admission by the faithful that the only impediment to the party's support of it is the physical incapacity of the President to sustain the rôle of a candidate. The platform of 1912 was, confessedly, not a " programme "; neither was that of 1916, with its slogan, " He

kept us out of war." There is in Mr. Wilson's theory of government by officials a flexibility that renders all documents superfluous; for, if the programme of action is to be, as he desires, wholly in the hands of officialdom, it matters little whether it frames its policies before or after election, or how often it changes its mind. Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult to describe with accuracy in any detail the precise conflict of issues in the present political campaign. This difficulty, resulting from the lack of coherence and continuity in Democratic policies, serves, however, to mark out in bold relief the real antagonism between the two parties. This consists fundamentally in the opposition between constitutional and representative government on the one side, and personal and administrative government on the other.

In two words: the main issue, reappearing in varied forms, between the two party platforms is: Constitutionalism *versus* Wilsonism.

The platforms and purposes of the two parties cannot be properly interpreted without taking into account the manner and the spirit in which they were framed. It is this larger lesson which the thoughtful voter will seek to learn.

The extent to which personality has displaced principles and bitten into the entire mentality of the present-day protagonists of Democracy is well illustrated in the preposterous assumptions which characterize the key-note speech of Chairman Cummings in opening the convention at San Francisco. In that long, and rapturously applauded discourse there is no mention of any fundamental principle of government and no reference to any feature of American institutional life. So far as the Republic is concerned, it might as well have been without a history and without any basic institutions or essential character. A fulsome eulogy of the President; a rhapsodical panegyric of the Democratic party; a recital of the results of "the great progressive programme outlined in our platform of 1912," to which the President denies the qualities of a programme altogether; a boast of the achievements of the war, into which the party was forced without the slightest preparation, notwithstanding three years of warning, as the triumph of the Democratic party alone; utter ingratitude for the service of Republicans, who according to the

election returns of 1918 constitute a considerable majority of the nation; a rebuke of all criticism as originating in malice toward the President and jealousy of his success as a peace-maker;—this is the substance of what the Chairman has to say of the nation's political problems and the people's needs. The only positive proposal of this keynote manifesto, which was dictated and approved at Washington, is the merging of the United States in an imperial syndicate of irresponsible Great Powers, ruled by a supergovernment in which the beneficiaries of the system predominate. Because the majority of the Senators of the United States have refused to give their advice and consent to this unauthorized engagement by the President, made in opposition to the previously known advice of a number of Senators sufficient to defeat it, they are now accused of "selling the honor of America." "No blacker crime against civilization," runs this bitter indictment of a co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making power, "has ever soiled the pages of our history."

This virulent attack upon the very structure of our Government, in which one of its most vital safeguards is assaulted, is without precedent in American politics. When we calmly inquire what has induced this hysterical denunciation of a majority of the Senate of the United States, including twenty-three Democratic Senators, we find that it was imperatively decreed at Washington, and that members of the Administration wholly subject to the will of the President were charged to see that this keynote was clearly sounded, while those who were known to be opposed were excluded from the convention and deprived of an opportunity to express their dissent or defend their participation in this alleged blackest of all crimes.

Let no one be deceived regarding this apparent Democratic passion for the League of Nations, the provisions of which no Democrat before the Wilsonian control of the party would ever for a moment have accepted. It is Wilson, not the rejection of the League, that has caused this outburst of denunciation against the action of the Senate. It is a desperate attempt to sustain purely personal as against strictly constitutional government. The party has yielded so long to this imperious will that nothing can be discussed by it on its own merits.

Two conflicting conceptions of government are thus

brought into opposition. One is the historical American system, as defined in the Constitution of the United States, in which merely personal decisions are subordinated to legislative and judicial action. The other conception is based on the supremacy of personal official control and the regulation of the national life by administrative agents. Rendered necessary in war, this personal control is ill adapted to the conditions of peace. It presents an open door for the acquisition of offices and largesses, and is susceptible of influence by political expediency. Every attempt to terminate the war powers of the President has been thwarted by the Executive. A new feudalism of national proportions has thus come into being, and numerous groups of men, profiting and expecting to profit by the centralization of the powers of government in the hands of the Executive, oppose a return to the restrictions of a constitutional régime, and are determined that this dynasty of unregulated power shall not die.

So far as the world's peace is concerned, ultimately, when the American people are fully enlightened on the subject of international affairs, this nation will take its rightful and honorable place in the counsels and responsibilities of the free nations of the world. The question now is whether or not this nation is to remain free. If it is to be so, this supremacy of personal power must be ended.

For the Democratic party the League of Nations is merely a stalking-horse, utilized for political purposes. The aim in supporting the Treaty of Versailles as it was signed by the President is not to insure entrance into the League, which the Senate majority has not opposed, but has favored on condition that the independence of the United States is fully safeguarded. The real aim of the Democratic party is to support and reinforce the power of the Executive.

The difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties in regard to the League can be clearly stated. The Democratic party is committed to an unmodified League of Nations, but only because this was necessary in order to sustain President Wilson. It would gladly have accepted all the Lodge reservations without hesitation, had it been able to obtain Mr. Wilson's consent. Its attitude, therefore, is entirely political. The Republican party, on the contrary, while refusing to accept at the Presi-

dent's hands a treaty that does not conform to the Constitution of the United States, is unitedly in favor of an international association in which law and justice will have a larger, and military force a less conspicuous place.

The vicious assault made upon Senator Lodge in the Democratic Platform, based on a perversion of documents and a deliberate alteration of dates, reveals the abject poverty of its defense of the President and the equivocal attitude of the party.

That attitude, while proclaiming adherence to Mr. Wilson's position regarding the Covenant, does not dare to repeat his challenge of "This treaty, or no treaty." It does not even dare to oppose all "reservations"; yet, while seeming to concede the acceptability of some "clarifying" comments, it precludes any real limitation of the obligations which the Covenant would impose on the United States. Stripped of its intentional equivocality, designed to reconcile a large contingent of the Democratic party, it pledges the party to support the President, leaving him as before to decide what is to be done.

Despite the President's demand for "a great and solemn referendum" on the acceptance of the Covenant of the League of Nations without reservations, this is partially evaded, but it is not possible to evade the capital issue in the present electoral campaign. The really fundamental issue is between a governmental hierarchy of administrative officials, controlled by one man at the top, and the system of representative government, with the division and limitation of powers ordained in the Constitution of the United States.

When we turn to consider the spirit and procedure that produced the Republican platform of 1920, we are impressed with the difference of method between the two parties. At Chicago it was universally remarked that the convention was without central control. If Senators of the United States were present there, they came with no mandate from a superior officer, but as "delegates chosen for this single purpose." Every one of them would have been left at home had it not been the pleasure of their constituency to send them as delegates, and their presence in the convention was an evidence of the confidence they enjoyed at home. By all fair standards of representation they were representative of the party in their States.

It has been easy for partisan zeal to invent and publish tales of predominating personalities and influential coteries at Chicago, but the most that has been intimated regarding senatorial influence in the Republican Convention is insufficient to warrant an inference that there was in that convention any personal determination of the platform or the candidates. If it had been otherwise, it would be with very bad grace that the followers of President Wilson could speak of senatorial influence as deserving condemnation, after his special message to Congress of 1913, in which he officially requested that future platforms be framed by "Senators whose terms have not yet closed," rather than by "delegates chosen for this single purpose."

As regards the actual formation of the platform at Chicago, it may be said that never before in the history of American politics had such efforts been made to elicit the will of the party. A large committee of eminent non-office-holding Republicans, representing every part of the Union, was formed at the suggestion of the thoroughgoing Chairman of the Republican National Committee, months before the convention met, and all Republicans were invited to offer their suggestions. By this method a vastly larger participation of independent minds in working out a platform than had ever before been known was secured, and a mass of important data regarding the state of the country and the desires of the party was placed before the Platform Committee as the basis for its action.

With a unanimity that no one has ventured to question, the Republican party takes its stand without hesitation upon the principles of law and order, and pledges itself to maintain them against all assailants. The platform begins with the statement:

> The Republican party, assembled in representative national convention, reaffirms its unyielding devotion to the Constitution of the United States and to the guarantees of civil, political and religious liberty therein contained. It will resist all attempts to overthrow the foundations of the government or to weaken the force of its controlling principles and ideals, whether these attempts be made in the form of international policy or domestic agitation.

Upon this solid foundation the whole platform of the Republican party is built. The war necessitated many departures from the orderly normal life of the nation. To this necessity the Republican party presented no obstacle

but freely voted unprecedented grants of personal power to the Executive.

The task of the hour is not "reconstruction," in the sense of remodelling our political institutions. It is rather to return to the ways of progressive peaceful national development on the lines that have made us a powerful and prosperous people, able to defend our own rights as a nation and to be of service in an international emergency such as that created by the Great War.

Turning to the Democratic Platform, we discern no tendency to return to the normal life of the nation on any sure or fixed foundation of principles. On the contrary, notwithstanding many strong individual protests, the party bends submissively to the inflexible will of its master and applauds and aims to perpetuate the personal régime which he has created. The first paragraph of the Democratic platform confirms the antithesis between the parties which has been pointed out in this article. Its first words are:

> The Democratic party, in its national convention now assembled, sends greetings to the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, and hails with patriotic pride the great achievements for country and the world wrought by a Democratic administration under his leadership.

In strict conformity to type, there is in this entire document no intimation that the Executive is subject to any law or constitutional restriction. The only principles referred to are "the fundamental progressive principles of social, economic and industrial justice and advance," whatever these may be. The Constitution is only once mentioned. This is with reference to the necessity of "declaratory action" by Congress before the Nation can become a participant in any war, but the statement does not deny that the commitments to the League of Nations, under the Covenant, would render such declaratory action a treaty obligation.

With prodigal promises of change, a long catalogue of projects "favored" or "commended" suggests the prospect of further presidential leadership; but there is nothing to indicate how any of these new enterprises can be undertaken without new and increased taxation. The appeal is clearly made to those voters who will not regard this consideration as a matter of concern to them.

The issues at stake are, therefore, plain. A new dedi-

cation to the nation to tried and approved principles of constitutionalism on the one hand, with its stability of government and security of individual rights and national; and personal administration on the other, with its inspirations, its class appeals, its vague yet dominant internationalism, and the certainty of new and incalculable economic and social adventures as a means of maintaining its ascendency.

It is a time when party lines will have to endure the strain of deeper convictions. In no part of our country, not even in the South, can honest, thoughtful Democrats fail to realize that their party has been called upon to sustain and perpetuate tendencies in government which they do not sincerely approve. It would be well for them to consider if there is not deep wisdom in Senator Harding's simple statement of the main issue, in the words: "What this country needs more than anything else just now is coordinated government and reconsecration of ourselves to the Constitution."

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE FARMER'S ATTITUDE

BY U. S. SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER
Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture

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Whether they wish to or not, the time is here when, for their own welfare, the two-thirds of our people who consume food, wool, cotton and leather, but produce none of these products, must realize that agriculture is the first industry of the country and that it must have public recognition and support as such, if the industries and commerce of the consuming two-thirds are to continue to prosper and their children to thrive. A remarkable change is coming over the American farmer. He no longer is the self-sufficient, go-it-alone individual of ten or even of five years ago. Instead, he is developing rapidly into the type of business man who believes that only by organizing into groups and taking the marketing of his own products into his own hands can he hope to obtain economic justice and living prices for his industry. Not only is he organizing farmers' co-operative marketing associations to an extent and with a thoroughness never before approached in this country, but individually he is cutting down his farming operations, seeding fields to pasture, growing less grain and fewer hogs and cattle, and putting his business into condition where he can handle it with less labor, because the high wages of the cities have taken much of his help from him, and with less risk of loss in selling his products in markets controlled by speculators, middlemen and market manipulators.

The chronic indifference of the consuming two-thirds and of the Government to the welfare of the farmer's business, his women and children, and the arrogant greed of speculators and middlemen, especially in the last three years, have forced the farmer to retrench. He cannot do otherwise. He has maintained production in the last three years by lengthening his already long working day and by taking his women and children into the field. He cannot humanly

be expected to continue that programme indefinitely. It is not right or natural that he should. Moreover, there is and has been no inducement or appreciation that would tend to cause him further to sacrifice himself and his family for the public good. The war is over, and the only reward the consuming two-thirds has given him has been to brand him as a profiteer when in no sense of the word has he profiteered, but rather he has suffered more than any other class of victims of the profiteers. He has abundant reasons for cutting down his operations to a point where he can handle them with less labor, less expense and less risk. It is the same thing that any manufacturer or any capable business man would do if he confronted a like situation. That the decrease in his acreage of field crops and in the numbers of his livestock is likely to cause a further eclipse of the dollar that the indifferent consuming two-thirds pays for food, wool, cotton and leather products is growing to be a matter of indifference to the farmer. He cannot pay with altruism for the careless ignorance and indifference of the public and the Government which have made him the helpless victim of practically every market, where he is forced to sell at the arbitrary price named by the speculator and the middleman.

It is a situation that shows plainly, unquestionably, that the time is here when the consuming two-thirds must take an interest in the welfare of the agricultural industry, to induce the farmer to expand, rather than curtail production. The need is imperative and vital to the whole country. In expanding his co-operative enterprises the farmer is showing progressive foresight that ultimately, if not blocked by the powerful middlemen and speculators, will result in an abundant and cheaper food supply. In saying that the consuming two-thirds must awake and take an active, forceful part in removing the choking grip the middleman has on the farmer, I am not wasting time by appealing to the unselfish interests of the consuming two-thirds. For their own selfish interest they must do it. Otherwise, with the farmer curtailing production, as he most surely is doing, it will be the consuming two-thirds, not the producing one-third, that will feel the food shortage first and most acutely.

The most enlightened form of selfishness I can conceive of would be for the consuming two-thirds to shed its ignorance and indifference, as to agriculture, learn the truth and act accordingly. They would then cease the harmful clamor-

ing for a reduction in the already-too-low prices paid to farmers and would bring to bear an influence that would cause the adoption of legislation by Congress to permit farmers in all States to form co-operative selling associations that will encourage increased production and bring down prices largely by eliminating the speculator and middleman, who take a profit at both ends by paying what they will to the farmer and charging all they can to the consumer.

As an example of the farmer's eagerness to put production on an unhampered basis, the wool that was clipped on thousands of Middle West farms this spring will pay toll to fewer middlemen than ever before. Iowa and Illinois growers marketed their wool through State pools of the growers last year and are doing the same thing this year. Indiana is joining the movement and Nebraska and Michigan who sold their wool through small pools last year will sell through big State pools this year. Missouri is forming more pools and a group of wool growers in the northwest part of Missouri is joining the efficient Iowa State pool. In my own State the wool growers of sixteen counties pooled their product last year. This year the producers in forty Kansas counties have joined the pool. And so you will find it throughout many other States and in a hundred different farm products. To be sure, the wool pools are meeting obstacles. In several instances farmers this summer have hauled their wool back home. The pools sell to the mills through a few agents, and the speculators, who long have found, in their manipulation to buy the farmers' wool cheaply and sell it dearly, a fleece more golden than that sought by Jason and the Argonauts, quite naturally are objecting vigorously to being deprived of their rich pickings.

But the farmer is determined as never before, either to have a fair portion of the reward for abundant crops, or to decrease his operations to a point where his expenses, labor and risk are much less, and, after all, in times of shortage, his profits are not much less than the middleman has allowed him for bumper crops. And the middleman is determined that his source of wealth, his manipulated privileges, shall not be interfered with by the mere producer of that wealth. Up to now the middleman has always kept the whip hand. From now on, he is going to find his self-

appointed task as master of the markets less and less secure. I believe the farmer will win an appreciable victory in the struggle. He must have relief or his industry cannot do otherwise than to decline still further. But just so long as his winning in his fight with the speculators and the market manipulators is deferred, just that long will food be scarce and high. For their own future and present welfare the time is here for the consuming two-thirds to take a part in the fight. It is their fight as well as the farmers'.

Let me give another example of the determined and businesslike way the farmers are going about this work of remedying our archaic, evil, and unfair system of marketing and distribution. Any urban housewife remembers that this spring she paid $1.50 to $2 a peck for old potatoes, a price at least four times the amount the grower received for those same potatoes. The dealer or speculator will justify that price by saying there was a shortage and the demand so far exceeded the supply that an exorbitant price was inevitable. Now the potato grower knows that the law of supply and demand has been changed to the Law of Supply and Demand & Company and that the " Company " is the most potent factor in fixing prices. He knows that when time for marketing the 1919 potato crop came the speculator had secured a large part of the scanty supply of railroad cars available for handling potatoes and that with this weapon and with a control of storage and marketing facilities could and did hammer down the buying price and in turn raise his selling price almost at will. Consequently the potato growers of Colorado held a State meeting last January and decided to go to the Interstate Commerce Commission for more equitable distribution of cars. But, and this demonstrates the calm and businesslike way the farmers are going about their affairs, they went first to the railroads and made their complaint. On May 21 a man walked into the associated office that the railroads maintain in Washington and told how the shortage of cars increasingly subjected the farmer to the manipulations of speculators. He asked that the potato growers and their marketing associations in Colorado be given equal consideration with the speculators in the distribution of cars and that the cars be not distributed on the unsupported word of any speculator or group of speculators who said they controlled the potato output in any district and should have

the cars to handle it. He did not ask that the speculator be discriminated against. All he asked was that the grower have equal rights with the speculator, and that where the speculator had bought potatoes, to let him have cars, but where the growers and not the speculator had potatoes, to let the growers and not the speculator have the cars. He also said that the Colorado Potato Growers Association had planned to go to the Interstate Commerce Commission for redress in this instance, but had decided first to give the railroads an opportunity to correct conditions. I am advised that the railroads acquiesced in the potato growers' request.

The potato crop in 1919 was 358,000,000 bushels, although the acreage planted was sufficient to have produced 390,000,000 bushels under an average normal yield. The 1919 crop was 54,000,000 bushels short of the 1918 crop and 83,000,000 bushels short of the 1917 crop. Obviously, when a man gets below an average yield of a crop he loses money. The law of supply and demand says that he should receive a higher ratio per bushel or pound for a short crop. But the law of Supply and Demand and Company says that he should not receive anything extra to make up for the fact that weather conditions cheated him out of the fruits of his time and labor. The law of Supply and Demand and Company says that short crops must result in higher prices, but that the higher prices belong to the speculator.

It requires 4½ bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour. The producer of wheat receives about $8.37 for the wheat, the miller gets $12.70 for the barrel of flour; the baker, $88.70, and the New York and Washington hotel gets $587 for the product of a barrel of flour, in the thin slices in which it is doled out. In my home State, Kansas, the farmers lost an average of 43 cents an acre on every acre of wheat they raised in 1919. The Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, a recognized authority on farm production costs, gave that figure after he had made a thorough investigation of the cost of producing wheat in 1919 on 2,040 Kansas farms with a total area of 491,062 acres. The average production cost of the 1919 crop on these farms was $25.20 an acre and the average return was $24.77 an acre. In 1919 Kansas produced 20 per cent of the winter wheat and 16 per cent of all the

wheat of the United States, so these figures may be taken as generally representative of all our wheat-growing areas.

The wheat growers and the farmers in all other branches of farming are perfectly aware that the Government during the war nursed every other industry at the expense of agriculture, and now that the war is over and the reign of the profiteer dominates they do not propose that this condition shall continue. Farmers were receiving $2.45 to $2.60 a bushel for wheat at the time the Government decided to encourage wheat production by adopting its guarantee of $2.20 a bushel for wheat. The $2.20 was the seaboard price under the guarantee and the farmer received $1.80 to $2.04 a bushel under this $2.20 guarantee, not far from a dollar less than when the Government cut the price to encourage production. And last year this great Government, through its grain corporation, made a profit of 23 million dollars out of the farmers' wheat.

About the time the Government fixed the price on wheat it also fixed the price on flour. The milling interests were consulted and a cost-plus price that was very fair, almost patriotic, was agreed on. The country was at war and the millers patriotically agreed that their margin should be small. But they got a cost-plus profit, not an arbitrary price, as did the wheat growers, and it may be remarked that not a few of our millers took advantage of this wide-open opportunity to increase their salaries and charge it to milling costs, to buy equipment and charge it to milling cost and to build elevators and additions and charge them to milling cost, all of which resulted in a big profit, under the cost-plus plan. Yes, indeed, it was all very regular, this profiteering on the cost-plus profit plan, but it was greedy, unpatriotic profiteering just the same and it was done on wheat for which the grower in many cases received less than it cost him to grow it.

How would you feel toward the wheat guarantee and the indifferent consuming two-thirds that permitted it, if you had been a wheat grower? But that is not all the discrimination contained in the Government's wheat guarantee which expired May 31. Suppose you had been a mill or elevator owner last winter or spring and had had any quantity of wheat in your bins. Suppose you had become uneasy as to what the price of that wheat would

be after the Government guarantee had expired on May 31. Up to midnight of May 31 you could have telegraphed to the United States Grain Corporation and the Government would have protected your holdings to the amount of the guarantee. But suppose you had not been a mill or elevator owner, but had been a farmer a half mile, a mile, or any distance from that hypothetical mill or elevator we have just mentioned. Suppose you had on your farm any quantity of wheat. Suppose, which was the true condition on thousands of farms, you could not sell that wheat, you had to hold it on your farm because of the car shortage. Suppose further that you, too, a farmer, had become uneasy as to what the price of wheat would be after the expiration of the guarantee on May 31. Could you have obtained the same governmental protection on the wheat in your farm granary that the miller or elevator man in the neighboring town enjoyed? No, you could not. The Government was protecting the middlemen and denied the same protection to the farmer. I do not know of a more flagrant, brazen piece of injustice than this. Of course, no protection was needed, it so turned out, but several months previously to the expiration of the guarantee it appeared as though such protection might be necessary.

You can find examples by the score of such inconsiderate treatment of our foremost industry. In July, 1919, hogs brought $23.10 a hundredweight on the Kansas City market. By December, 1919, the price had dropped to $15.35, and by May, 1920, it had gone off another $2, a decline of about $10, not far from 50 per cent, yet do you notice any very appreciable decline in the prices charged consumers for pork products? In 1917 the entire country was wholeheartedly bent on winning the war. The Government appraised the production possibilities of each State and district and assigned to each a certain increase in production of food products, for increased food production was an absolute essential in winning the war. For example, my neighboring State of Missouri had been producing about 4,000,000 hogs a year. The Government asked Missouri for a hog crop of 6,000,000 in 1918, an increase of 50 per cent in pork production. Similar increases were asked in the different States, according to their respective potentialities. Master farmers and the best brains of our agricultural colleges were sent into rural schools and

churches to urge the need of this production and to aid in methods of procuring it. And the former responded 100 per cent to this cry of the nation. Missouri came in with its 6,000,000 hogs, the herds of cattle and sheep were increased wherever possible and greater acreages of grain were put in. They did their part, and since that time, as previously, even worse than previously, they have seen their products manipulated and profiteered in, as a just reward for patriotism and industry.

Even while the country was crying for increased production in the fall and winter of 1917-18, the packers were paying the cattle feeders less for their finished cattle than the feeders had paid for thin cattle. In May, 1918, a thousand cattlemen of my State gathered at the State Agricultural College, just as the cattlemen of every other beef-producing State gathered that year, to protest against the ruinous market that the packers maintained, and to consider means of relief. At those meetings the best brains of the industry and the agricultural institutions hammered hard on that fundamental truth of the industry that in this day of high-priced land, high-priced feed and high-priced labor the only way to produce beef and live was to market younger and lighter cattle. It was cheaper, they said truly, to raise two 800-pound bullocks than one 1,600-pound steer. The Government, through the State agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture, had spent millions of dollars in demonstrating that the best and most economical method of producing beef was to grow and market light animals, baby beef, and for quite a few years the top market prices had been for baby beef because the highest class of the consuming trade demanded baby beef. Most of those cattlemen at those meetings in 1918 knew that fact of the beef industry, and most of them went home prepared to carry out that method of beef production, the method that the most advanced agricultural science had demonstrated was the most economical and best method of producing beef. And what was the result? The Food Administration put restrictions on beef, the buying commission for our army and navy came in with the commissions of our Allies, and they made the market. They demanded heavy carcasses, the most expensive and wasteful to produce. That the Government and the industry had spent millions of dollars in determining and demon-

strating that baby beef was the better and that the best hotels and restaurants of the country paid a premium for baby beef made no difference. They demanded the old-fashioned, heavy steer and with that demand they killed the market for baby beef, the type of animal that the Government had told the farmer to produce. Much prime baby beef that ordinarily would have graced the tables of only the wealthy and the highest-priced hotels was sold for canning meat that year, and the farmer, not the packer, was the sole loser. It does not help that it was innocent ignorance that unintentionally injured the producer in that case; the loss was just as heavy and hard as if it had been done with malice aforethought.

That is an old story now, but it is typical of how the farmer has been made to suffer on countless occasions for the whims and ignorance of the rest of the country. However, it is not an old story that many men were forced out of the cattle business last winter by the low prices the packer paid. I know men who lost as high as $60 a steer on last winter's market, and who lost thousands and thousands of dollars on their hogs. Yet you do not see those losses reflected in a decline in retail prices of food. If it were not so tragic it would be laughable to watch the turns of the hog market. There is a run of 400 and 450-pound hogs in the market. See the prices drop. The buyers are explaining that the demand now is for light hogs, for fresh pork hogs, and that consequently they cannot pay so much for heavy hogs. Anything to be agreeable, the farmer ships light hogs to market. Now see the prices for heavy hogs go up and the prices for light hogs come down while the packers' buyers explain that the demand is for heavy, lard hogs and not for light, or fresh pork hogs. The same phenomenon may be seen in the cattle and sheep markets. The livestock market is very sensitive. Almost anything, it seems, is likely to change it. A run of shad up the Delaware or a story of whale meat being used on the California coast, and the market drops. Can you wonder at the farmer's attitude today, at his determination to protect his own industrial life?

A few weeks ago—it was in May—I met an old friend, an Oklahoma farmer, the usual type of self-sufficient, go-it-alone farmer whom five years ago you could not have dragged into a farmer's co-operative organization with a team of mules. Today he is a leader in a farmers' co-oper-

ative organization that is building a warehouse to handle the wheat and cotton of the members. He told me about it.

"My, but I hated to do it," he said. "My hands are full with my own farming and I don't want to get into this business. None of us do, but we've got to do it to get a square deal. We're building a warehouse to take care of our cotton. We've offered the elevator man a fair price for his outfit. We're giving him plenty of time to think it over. If he refuses we'll have to build. Almost all of us, though, had a whole lot rather he'd have been content with a decent profit so he could have kept the business."

In April, a Kansas farmer who was in Washington for a visit, remarked that he was going home to sell six horses.

"You're not moving to the city, too?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but how much do you reckon it costs a farmer to keep a horse these days?"

"About $150," I answered.

"Fairly close," he said. "It varies on different farms. I figure it costs me $162 a year to keep one horse. I can save $972 on the keep of those six horses for a year, plus the interest on the investment and less the risk of keeping them. I won't need them, for I'm cutting down. Can't get help to raise much grain and am afraid to tackle hogs again very strong. I'm planning to take it a little easier, just run a few old cows and some steers."

And there are many ways the farmer can cut down in his operations besides putting more land to grass and selling his horses. I believe that that Oklahoma cotton and grain grower and that Kansas wheat and cattle raiser typify the spirit of the farmer today. He is not striking. He is still the sanest and most stabilizing element of our society. He is merely doing the sane, sensible thing that any city business man would do.

I do not say that every farmer is taking this attitude. Absolute unanimity is impossible, except in a combination of speculators out to seize farm products at less than cost of production. But as a whole the farmers are cutting down operations and banding together in co-operative organizations as never before. True, they are not quitting entirely. That would be foolish, unbusinesslike, suicidal. They are simply conducting their business as any potato, sugar, wool or cotton speculator would conduct the business if he were farming. They are not Reds or Bolshevists, for Bolshevists

do not drive corn planters through water, as hundreds of farmers did in Iowa in May, trying to raise at least part of a crop under the most unfavorable weather conditions and knowing far better than any classical economist could tell them that half their seed would rot. Reds do not build million dollar sugar refineries, as Nebraska beet growers are doing after the single corporation that has had their territory as its own royal province had steadily refused to pay fair prices for beets. Radicals do not buy tractors and put in their corn as did a Saline County Missourian in May when all his help had deserted him for the higher wages paid in town. Nor do radicals start at reconstruction, or move in the same spirit that is being shown by the American Cotton Association which is organizing throughout the cotton States to put cotton on the same living basis for the producer that the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange achieved when the fruit growers banded and took a sick industry from the hands of the market manipulators who were bleeding it to death.

Following the Civil War there was an era of railroad building that helped carry the country through the trying reconstruction days. There was a vast area of virgin soil that offered means of increased production and an opportunity for new homes and new industries. We have not those two great opportunities for taking up the slack today, and in our effort at sane, fair deflation in the gradual progress back to normal we must exercise special care not to place deflation where it will injure the nation. The agricultural industry has not been inflated in any degree to compare with inflation in other industries. In fact, through governmental action and middleman manipulation, it was deflated even before it was inflated. To attempt to deflate it now would be but to bleed white our most essential industry.

I know of no better way to bring conditions back to normal, to reduce the high cost of living, than to encourage the farmer.

It is the only way. To do that the consuming two-thirds must, for its own welfare, help the farmer to attain fairer market conditions. Some of the States permit farmers to organize co-operative associations to market their products. Some of the States do not grant this privilege to farmers, although they do grant it to organizations of capital and of

labor. There must be a national law giving the farmer this right in all the States. Federal supervision of the packers is another reform that must come, and if the agricultural industry is to expand to meet the country's needs, there must be a more liberal system of short-time and long-time credits for farmers. Land speculators are one of our most harmful influences. While the agricultural colleges are training young men and women to be more efficient farmers these land speculators are making it impossible for the young farmers to obtain farms, and are the main cause for the alarming growth of tenantry with its decreased production on American farms.

There is nothing that I have said here that is not an old story to the average farmer, but is a new story to almost every city man. Particularly is it new to several millions of our urban population who were reared on farms twenty or thirty years ago, and who know almost as little about modern farming and farm conditions as the native of Manhattan, although they pose as authorities on farm questions at every opportunity and are an innocent and harmful influence in forming public opinion. The farmer knows how he has been used by manipulator and politician alike and he is taking steps to correct conditions. He desires better schools, better roads, not speedways; but most of all, he desires fairer market conditions. And he is going to get them, for he realizes that the question of sufficient farm labor, sufficient farm machinery, livable conveniences for the home, better schools, roads and churches and wholesome amusements, can be had only by obtaining a fair price for his livestock and his crops and by taking from the speculator and the middleman the just due of which he has been robbed so long. And the salvation of agriculture and of this whole country depends on it—absolutely.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

MEXICO CHANGES ITS PRESIDENT

BY CARLETON BEALS

We were burning along the road to Guadelupe Hidalgo, the religious capital of Mexico, situated just four miles north of Mexico City, close behind the auto of Pablo Gonzalez, rebel General, in order to reach as soon as possible the spot where a Carranza military train, bound for Vera Cruz, had been wrecked and two others detained. Red Cross machines were flashing by, flags stiff in the breeze, returning to the city with dead and wounded.

At a blocked crossing a young woman of about twenty-five jumped from a jitney, also on its way from Guadelupe and rushed frantically towards the General's car. That moment the way cleared, and with a sputter of gears his machine leapt away. Without a word I opened the door of our car and she stepped in.

"Oh, catch him, catch him!" she cried and burst into sobs.

She was so agitated it was impossible to question her.

Gonzalez stopped his machine after about a mile to walk across the fields to the first of the military trains where it stood on a long curve, its windows smashed and its cars full of bullet holes.

The girl rushed towards him as he stepped to the ground.

His aides attempted to hold her away, but Gonzalez motioned them aside.

I failed to hear her words,—only the reply of the General.

"He will not be shot," he was saying. "With this card you can see him. He is being detained at the National Palace."

He wrote something on a card and gave it into her shaking hands. With a hurried word of thanks to me and an explanation that her husband had been on the train in front

of the one we were in when it was attacked, she was gone.

We hastened on to the wrecked train, which lay three miles further, beyond Guadelupe.

That morning the Carranza Government had fled to Vera Cruz. The last train left the station fifteen minutes before the rebels entered the city. The rebel General, Guajardo, was ordered to detain them. Two he had no need to stop. One train was voluntarily surrendered by the Carranza general in charge. A second lost its wheels through the sabotage of the shop workers who are one hundred per cent Obregonista. A third was stopped with machine guns. The rest had escaped. But a daring Major with twelve soldiers sprang into a locomotive and gave chase. When within sight of the last train, the throttle was opened wide, and every one leapt from the cabin. Like the finale of an impossible movie film the locomotive hurtled down the track, crashing into the rear of the Carranza train, utterly destroying three cars and disabling the remainder.

As we walked along the blood-stained ground beside the cars we encountered a mass of wreckage, gay-colored uniforms among scattered papers and splintered guns, a great safe half buried in the mud, battered trunks, torn knapsacks. A little boy straddled a saddle on the top of a broken desk by the side of an irrigation ditch, where papers and stray soldiers' caps floated on the muddy water. A swarm of soldiers and their ragged wives were sorting over the refuse, salvaging their own petty belongings and purloining what they could. Two men were sneaking across the fields with a big roll of wire carried on a stick between them. At the front of the train a half-dozen bodies awaited the Red-Cross autos to carry them to Mexico City.

Afar coming down the Guadelupe hills, and outlined against the sombre sky, filed the Carranzists cavalry which had fled from the wrecked and detained trains—coming down to surrender. The roads were full of troops, hurrying from all sides towards the capital. Officers' automobiles criss-crossed the countryside—stopped, gave orders, rushed on. Mexico had changed its government.

The whole revolution has been remarkable. It was thought that Carranza with his fist of iron had mastered the country. Certainly for more than a year no organized rebellion has existed. Yet in a few weeks the Carranza Government crumbled and its master minds fled for their lives.

Trouble began for Carranza with the mistreatment of Obregon and his followers during the last few months of the presidential campaign. Carranza had determined to impose Ignacio Bonillas, former Ambassador to the United States, upon the people, with the slogan of "Down with Militarism." To this end elections were seized in the various states by fraudulent methods on the part of the Government. Obregonista followers were murdered—1,200 of them in the Yucatan elections. Obregon meetings were broken up with the drawn sabers of the man on horseback. Obregon followers were spirited away to prisons. Obregon himself was arrested upon a faked-up charge of rebellion against the Government. This was for two purposes: to prevent Obregon from campaigning and to keep him in the capital where he might be seized at a moment's notice. Obregon was insulted with the most irritating trivialities. The knowing shook their heads and predicted that Obregon would be in prison—or shot—within a week.

Obregon had the support of the people of Mexico.

And he had the support of the army. Carranza had been building up the power of the military establishment at the expense of civil life. Eighty-five percent of his revenue, in actual amount a sum greater than the entire income of Diaz, went to the army. Schools were closed, until but a handful remained in the whole republic, and teachers of the University were forced to work for part pay while military officers were drawing fabulous sums from the national treasury. Plutarcho Calles, acting as Secretary of Industry and Labor, found he had not enough money at his disposal to appoint a single factory inspector. Every department of government was curtailed, except the military.

A few days after the arrest of Obregon, April 10, Sonora seceded temporarily from the union under the leadership of its legally elected governor, de la Huerta, now to become acting President under the programme of Agua Prieta, and Brigadier General Plutarcho Calles.

On April 13, Obregon, disguised as a brakeman, escaped from the city, going to Michoacan where the Governor and the federal troops flocked to his side. This was soon followed by the secession of other states, until the Central Government had lost control of thirteen states.

No news was received in the capital. The newspapers were rigorously censored, and some of the dailies even sup-

pressed and the editors arrested. But bit by bit the knowledge came that the new movement had in a few days gained remarkable headway. Troop movements became more frequent. Regiment after regiment swung down the streets of the capital to entrain. Troop after troop of picked cavalry left for the field.

Business took me to the office of the Secretary of War every evening. I could see that all was not going well. Daily new faces appeared and old ones disappeared. Every night the waiting rooms were more crowded with people. I was told confidentially of a score of things that never appeared in the papers and have not appeared to this day. All of my informants were Obregonistas at heart,—I could even sense a sullen recalcitrancy and hatred toward Barragan and Urquizo. I learned of wholesale desertions,—how all the soldiers sent to Sonora had followed Calles and de la Huerta, how the governor of Zacatecas had rebelled, how Chihuahua had fallen into the hands of Villa. I learned of battles in the Federal District and the neighboring state of Mexico. I knew that Gonzalez was in open revolt near Puebla even while the papers were reporting interviews and declarations of loyalty.

On May 3 the papers finally admitted that Gonzalez and three other Generals were in open revolt. On May 5 the city of Puebla, the second largest city of the Republic, and fifty miles from the capital, was reported to have fallen. A more important fact, which had never been reported in the press, was the fact that Texcoco, the seat of the ancient civilization of the great king, Nezahuacoyotl, a town but an hour-and-a-half's ride on the train, and but across the lake from Mexico City, had been in the hands of the rebels for almost a week.

The news of Gonzalez' defection electrified the city. People immediately remembered past revolutions when water and light had been cut, when food became scarce and almost impossible of purchase, when people had dropped dead on the streets from starvation, when one faction had held the arsenal and another the national palace and amused themselves by firing across the city so that people had to remain indoors for days and weeks. There was an immediate rush on the grocery stores and markets, until one almost had to fight in order to make a purchase. People came in coaches and automobiles and carried away

hundreds of dollars worth of food-stuffs. Prices went skywards.

The money situation became acute. The small-change question has always been difficult in Mexico City ever since the price of silver went up. In fact, silver has disappeared from circulation. To relieve the situation gold pieces as small as two pesos, or one dollar American money, have been coined, bronze pieces up to twenty centavos, and paper money in denominations of fifty centavos and one peso. The news regarding Gonzalez immediately made the paper money worthless, although the Government continued redeeming it—with bronze. Small change had well-nigh disappeared—people were hoarding it until the days of the actual revolution.

The next few days some confidence returned. Carranza maintained his pose of perfect confidence. He declared that no elections would be held until the country was pacified. The Government continued redeeming the paper money. It is true that they counted the bills handed in from the surging mass of people very slowly and deliberately, and it is true that they paid in bronze instead of gold; but they paid. Troops were paraded up and down. On May 5, which corresponds to our Decoration Day, the city, as usual, was gay with flags, and the customary parade passed down the fashionable avenues to the cemeteries. It is true that there were fewer troops, but Carranza himself was there, —he had not fled from the city as persistent rumor had declared,—there with his uniform and his gold braid, waving and smiling at the people. It is true that there were no "Vivas", but Carranza had not received very many for more than a year.

Mexico City went to sleep confident that the end was not yet. People did not know that that very night the crack army of the republic under Dieuguez, with the bulk of the military supplies, had revolted; they did not know that the Fifth of May had witnessed the fall of Celaya, the railway junction of Iripuata, Guadalajara and Queretaro; that thousands of rebel troops were hovering on the outskirts of the city; they did not know that plans had already been made for changing the Government to Vera Cruz; that all day on the Fifth of May, when they were watching the troops pass in review, the employees of the Government were busy packing the archives, the furniture,

the gold, the printing presses, the property of the nation and the people to be found in the railway offices, the National Palace, the Castle of Chapultepec, and the rest of the government buildings.

The next morning Carranza issued a blatant manifesto at the close of which he declared that he would never give up the executive power until the rebellion was put down and a successor legitimately elected—according to Carranza's ideas of a legitimate election. General Murguía placarded the walls of the town with a brave proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the Republic and containing a bitter, virulent attack upon the revolutionaries, and telling the people of the determination of the Government to fight to the bitter end to maintain the principles of constitutional government and law.

And all day they were packing government property. All day they were laying plans to loot the national treasury. They did not intend to leave a movable thing. They stripped the old historical relics from Chapultepec Palace. They took furniture, papers, inkwells and pins. They did it under the guise of establishing the Government at Vera Cruz. As a matter of fact they had a German steamer detained at that port for the purposes of possible embarkation. That night I strolled up to the office of the Secretary of War. Carranza was supposed to have left at five o'clock. The Palacio was in confusion. The loot was still going on. They were carting everything out of the offices: old dusty books, bent rusty swords, broken drums—everything.

I edged through the hubbub, passed the guard at the door, and spoke to a friend, a Captain, in the inner office. Tomorrow he would be rolling the city in the private car of the rebel General, Gonzalez, one of his aides.

"Going to Vera Cruz?" I asked jestingly.

"On our way," he replied laughing.

"When did Carranza leave?"

"Oh, he's still here—leaving in the morning at three o'clock."

It is not easy to move a whole Government on a few hours' notice. It means a sudden alteration in the lives of thousands of people. It means separations and heartbreaks if a new Government is coming in on the morrow.

In the flat above us lived an aviation officer and his bride. He drove home in his motor at midnight with the news that

he had to leave for Vera Cruz at three o'clock. They paced the floor until a few minutes before three, when he took his hurried departure at the gate.

Carranza left with the same brave swagger. His train pulled out at ten o'clock the next morning—not at three. The last of the Government trains left at eleven-fifteen. The rebel troops entered at eleven-thirty. He was reported flinging copper to the people and making speeches as he passed through Guadelupe Hidalgo. The people were more interested in the coppers than in his speeches.

I saw the cars when they left the station. Up until the last moment loot was being loaded, there was running to and fro, giving of orders, shouting of oaths, knocking down of mild-eyed train-men who didn't understand military discipline. Military officers bustled about, or anxiously paced the long platform, sad-eyed women peeked furtively through the windows. An air of doubt and uncertainty hung ominously over the hurried departure.

. . . . . .

The rebels entered straight from the hills on lean wiry ponies, covered with dust and many days' growth of beard, weary from hard travel and lack of sleep.

For eighteen hours the city had been without police protection, for the police are paid by the National Government. Yet no one seemed to mind. The street cars and busses continued running. Business houses, while they kept their show-windows shuttered, had their doors open for trade. Fashionable women paraded the shopping district, and turned to look, half-indifferently, when the first troop of rebel cavalry dashed down the street, red handkerchiefs about their necks, Brobdignagian sombreros, broad as baobab trees on their heads to protect them from the hot hill-sun, carbines held at the hip. Yet even the automobiles did not stop as they passed. The city was in a holiday humor, it seemed. Earlier in the morning I had seen a group of small boys seize the go-and-stop signs for the crossings, set them up and regulate traffic, much to the amusement of the passing throngs on the streets and the automobile drivers who religiously obeyed the painted commands. No one minded. During the night but two crimes occurred: a robbery in a bakery-shop, and the looting of a small grocery store, this in a population of over a million.

At twelve I hastened to the Plaza Mayor just in time

to hear the proclamation of the new Government read from the Presidential balcony of the Palacio. The tired cavalry were drawn up around the square, wild, outré, picturesque, a splash of color against the gray walls of Cathedral and Palace, and the green of the park. General Treviño, who almost a year ago to the day was entertained at West Point and offered a cruiser of war by the United States Government in which to go to Europe, read the proclamation. The people held aloof, perhaps fearing a repetition of what had occurred one other day years before when they crowded into the Plaza and the machine guns opened fire. But a few hundred people heard the few short sentences which guaranteed all business, commerce and industry protection against his soldiers, threatened the profiteers, and put the city under the command of the revolutionaries. After the reading of the proclamation the peons crowded into the great Cathedral balconies and began ringing the huge brazen bells, that flung their sound across the city hour after hour, until dark had come.

Sunday, May 9th, Obregon marched into the city with 20,000 troops. Every inch of the way from the suburb of Tacubaya to the Palacio was jammed with people to watch him pass by. He received an ovation such as Carranza never received. The people for over a year have known that Carranza betrayed them, that he brought their country into disrepute among the family of nations, and there are no regrets. At the Plaza Mayor, although two hours behind schedule, Obregon could scarcely force his way to the Palacio. Again the great brazen bells rang out across the flat-roofed city. Obregon did not even enter the Palacio. He is a man of action, not of words. He saluted General Gonzalez on the Presidential balcony, said a half-dozen sentences from his automobile, and was gone.

Obregon telegraphed to spare the life of Carranza. Practically all Carranzist prisoners have been released. The constitution will be upheld. The delegates to Congress will be recognized and permitted to elect a provisional president. The members of the Supreme Court who have not fled from the city will continue in office. Elections will be held, according to the Constitution, in July. Obregon has wired Bonillas to return and continue his campaign, even though he was taken prisoner with Carranza. The rapidity with which the revolution of the Obregonistas

gained headway, the ease with which they assumed their responsibility when the Carranza Government fled, the calm continuation of the normal life of the Republic, the noteworthy spirit of fair play and regard for the forms of law and order, mark this revolution as unique in the history of Mexico.

But Obregon was careful to keep the military control in his own hands. He directed the military operations throughout the Republic. It was to him that the rebel chiefs sent in their adhesion to the new movement. It was to him that men came for orders and advice.

For a time the atmosphere in the capital was electric with possibilities of trouble between Obregon and Gonzalez. Rumors of friction and open disagreement were rife. But those who were informed knew that there would be no trouble between the two. Gonzalez' military following had not been kept intact prior to the revolution nor during the revolution. Furthermore, Obregon was the secret idol of the lower officers, and in many cases of the soldiers throughout the army. In addition he stood closer to the earlier ideals of the revolution.

By clever manipulation Obregon gained the allegiance of the stronger men in the Gonzalez camp. He knew, for instance, the worth of Treviño, the military brains of the Gonzalez following. Accordingly he removed him temporarily from the scene by sending him after Carranza, and gained his passive allegiance by promising him a cabinet position. Obregon always has had his finger on the pulse of the military situation. It soon became evident that he had more plums to offer than Gonzalez and one by one the military leaders came over to his side. Not until Gonzalez was almost isolated did he issue his manifesto withdrawing from the presidential campaign to engage in private business. The way was now clear for the solidification of the Obregon government.

During these events the chief remaining excitement was focused upon Carranza, who had fled with such a sublime gesture, hastening to ignominy and death.

He never seemed to realize the weakness of his position nor to be aware of the universal hate and execration he had aroused. As the trains rolled on their way to Vera Cruz, where the scenery was excellent he got out to take photographs. For three days the expedition was a sort of tourist

outing, a company of sight-seers among strangers.

On the ninth and tenth the expedition halted at Apizalco, half way to Vera Cruz, in the shadow of the great towering Sierra Madres and the precipitous sides of the ancient, volcanic Malintzi. Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Woman, cut a corner out of the Southwest sky, while straight ahead down the sweep of tracks could be seen the mighty, snow-capped Orizaba, shouldering up to a height of over seventeen thousand feet.

The Indians of the village went about their regular routine of life, with little concern that national history was being made. The fat, dirty women pattered barefooted down the dusty streets with great jarros of pulque and atole, or set themselves up in business beside the trains, cooking lunches of frijoles, tortillas, enchiladas and tortas; only scampering away from time to time during the day of the tenth when the thud of bullets on adobe walls and the rattle and pound of cavalry announced the approach of some rebel force. But Carranza gave away no more gold. A dark premonition of trouble hung over the expedition which had already lost its rearguard under Colonel Fontes.

From that time on until the fourteenth the number of rebel troops steadily increased, the amount of roadbed to be relaid entailed a staggering amount of labor, and the hope of reaching Vera Cruz became steadily less. Food became scarce; water exchanged hands for the sum of five pesos a glass; desertions became more and more frequent.

Obregon had already offered to guarantee Carranza's safe conduct to Vera Cruz, or anywhere else—without his loot—but Carranza stubbornly refused to listen to any overtures. He had told his daughter he would come back victorious or dead.

The expedition had penetrated some thirty-five or forty kilometers beyond Apizalco when on the fourteenth it was beset on all sides by revolutionary forces. All hope of escape to Vera Cruz was completely shattered. Candido Aguilar, the President's son-in-law, had been forced to flee from his troops in Vera Cruz to the mountains because of the revolt of Guadelupe Sanchez. Sanchez was now attacking Carranza's front. Treviño was at his back.

Even at the last Carranza tried to make his escape by motor, thus carrying away a part of the gold, but finding this impracticable, the trains and archives were set on fire,

and the President and his mock cabinet took to their horses across the hills.

The little party penetrated some ninety odd miles before that final tragedy occurred that brought them all once more back to the capital, some to flee and go in hiding, some to go to prison, and Carranza to be conducted to his grave.

The death of Carranza is still shrouded in mystery. The man accused by the followers of Carranza is Rodolfo Herrero, a Pelaez bandit, who offered his allegiance to Carranza. Upon receipt of Herrero's offer General Mariel was sent to meet him. General Mariel had been the acting assistant in the Secrateria de Guerra y Marina. He is a tall, black-bearded, heavy-set man, who always walks with an exaggerated erectness, indicative of an innate pomposity, a man who has always given me a creepy sense of cruelty, perhaps because of his sensuous, cynical mouth and relentless eyes. The two were not long in coming to an understanding and they rejoined the party in the Pueblo of Huachinango. The second night following Herrero's adhesion, Carranza was murdered, or, as Herrero insists, committed suicide. The men who slept in the same room with Carranza, Berlanga, Barragan, Mariel, Urquizo, Murgúia and the rest declare that Carranza was shot by Herrero's men with the shouts of "Viva Obregon."

The principals in this tragedy are, as this is written, held in the military prison of Santo Domingo, and hearings are being conducted to determine the manner of Carranza's death. Detectives sent to look over the scene where it occurred declare that the furniture formerly in the room had been changed, and all evidences of the struggle removed. The hearings tend more and more to prove that Carranza could not have committed suicide, but on the other hand very little has been done to fix the guilt. The investigations have gradually receded from the public eye, until they no longer call for front page notice. Some revival of interest was aroused by the escape of General Juan Barragan, Carranza's chief of staff, a youth of twenty-six years, and his probable seclusion in the Italian Embassy; and the discovery that Luis Cabrera, former Minister of Finance, is hiding in the Argentine Embassy, from which point he sends forth vitriolic articles to one of the daily papers regarding the new régime.

Carranza's funeral was a sorry affair, attended by a

few hundred people and the diplomatic corps. Six men carried the plain, flag-draped mahogany bier, and the curious pressed upon them so importunately that they were almost overthrown. As the coffin left I saw but one floral decoration, although others were on the electric funeral car to which he was carried. He left few indeed to mourn his departure.

His death, while it cast a stain upon the militarists behind the revolution, cleared the situation, and gave to the new Government an aspect of legality that it might not otherwise have possessed. From the first, Congress was beset by legal and technical difficulties. According to the Mexican Constitution only the President or the Comisión Permanente of Congress might convene the two bodies in special session. The President had fled, and with him a majority of the Comisión Permanente. Who was to call Congress? Such absurd suggestions were offered as having Congress call itself, appoint a new Comisión Permanente, which could convene Congress a second time.

According to the Plan de Agua Prieta, the original programme of legal procedure put forth by the revolutionaries, de la Huerta was named supreme Jefe of the new movement, and in case of its success was to call Congress or if necessary a special Convention of delegates appointed by the governors adhering to the plan. Some of the new leaders—those of the Gonzalez camp—did not accept the plan. But de la Huerta took its acceptance for granted, and telegraphed a date for the convening of Congress. Congress was glad to have the Gordian knot cut, and glad to have some one take the responsibility.

The second legal question centered in the appointment of a new President. As long as Carranza remained alive, a question would present itself of the legality of the Government de facto. Congress planned to get around this by resorting to the Constitutional provision that the President cannot change his official residence without the consent of the legislative branch. This was to serve as a technical grounds for impeachment. The whole problem was changed by the death of Carranza, when Congress was forced to appoint a new president as promptly as possible.

De la Huerta, the man chosen, the ex-governor of Sonora, one of the most progressive and prosperous states in the Mexican federation, has shown himself a man of keen

intelligence, courage and capacity for work. His cabinet is composed of some of the most enlightened men of Mexico.

It is, of course, too soon to tell what steps the new Government will take towards reconstruction,—reconstruction that was delayed during the Huerta and Carranza régimes.

The crying problem is the military problem. Mexico, were it better organized, would be more militaristic than old Germany. The army consists of 150,000 men and costs the Government over $1,000,000 pesos a day. With the adhesion of all the rebel elements except Villa, there is no need for more than 50,000 men at most, and in fact this is the number that has been determined upon by the new Secretary of War, Plutarcho Elias Calles. An army of 50,000 men efficiently organized would be more wieldy and in comparison to the present but a small drain upon the strained national resources.

But the reduction of the army is a ticklish problem, a cracker likely to explode in the hand. Fortunately the man who is in many respects the most capable man in Mexico today has the work in hand: Plutarcho Calles, ex-school teacher, ex-soldier, ex-Secretary of Commerce and Labor, ex-leader of the Sonora secession, a man of indomitable will, courage, and devotion to principle.

CARLETON BEALS.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH GOVERNMENT?

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

I.

WHO is satisfied—I will not say well satisfied, but satisfied at all—with the present state of government?

Are the agricultural interests satisfied with it? Are the industrial interests? Is skilled labor satisfied with it? Is capital? Are those whose social contribution is intelligence satisfied with it? Are those whose contribution is muscle? Is the individual considered as a producer satisfied with it? Is the individual considered as a consumer? Are those who bear the burden of an oppressive taxation satisfied with it? Are those upon whom the proceeds of this taxation are lavished?

It is not too much to say that the only people in the self-governing portions of the world who are today satisfied with the state of government are those who from the incompetence and corruption of government secure the opportunity to amass power and wealth at the expense of the general welfare, and those who regard these qualities in it as the most effective arguments in favor of revolution.

It is surely one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the human race that a science which for more than twenty centuries has engaged the attention of the most profound and capacious minds, which has enlisted the sympathetic interest of the noblest characters, which has for its material an experimental record so vast that the material of all other sciences is insignificant by comparison, should have yielded results so unsatisfactory that there is scarcely a government in the world which is not at this moment threatened with radical change of form and method, if not with actual destruction, at the hands of an exasperated populace.

That our present state should be what it is after nine-

teen centuries of Christian teaching, after a hundred years of industrial development, after several generations of popular education, must afford to all intelligent and informed minds food for the most disturbing reflection, and cause for the gravest alarm.

The most significant element in the situation is not that which derives its interest from the portrayal of the confusion into which government has fallen, of the exasperation which pervades the mental attitude of all classes, of the physical distress which is, as it always has been, the real foundation of popular discontent. What endows the position with its most serious perils is that what we observe around us today is the net product of all the extravagant promises of human betterment trumpeted to the world for more than a century by the hierarchs of religion, of politics, of education, of industrialism, and of philanthropy.

Religion was to make people good, education was to make them wise, politics was to make them free, industrialism was to make them rich, and philanthropy was to take care of the exceptions which prove the rule. Now, everybody knows that the majority of people are neither good, nor wise, nor free, nor rich; but what is much less generally known is that, if these adjectives are employed with a strict regard for their true meaning, the majority of people are neither better, wiser, freer, nor richer than their ancestors were two thousand years ago.

Are they better in the sense that they are less under the dominion of greed, lust, envy and malice? Are they wiser in the sense that the progress of knowledge has made them more amenable to the appeal of reason, and less to the appeal of the emotions? Are they freer in the sense that the pressure exerted upon them by the elusive forces of modern industrial and social conditions is less galling to them than was that of the more tangible slavery of ancient times to their forbears? Are they richer in the sense that with a thousand conveniences at their service which formerly the wealth of a Croesus could not command, they have narrowed the gulf which separates desire from attainment, or in the sense that their tenure of decent existence from day to day is endowed with that security which is the most important factor in happiness?

In some respects, indeed, man is now more fortunate than he has been in any other age. For the extremity of

his physical suffering the chemist has provided anodynes; for the satisfaction of his mind the printing-press has opened the boundless field of letters; for his entertainment the ingenuity of inventors has placed at his disposal every sound which charms the ear, and every sight which charms the eye; to his comfort and luxury the remotest regions of the globe despatch their contribution; his days have been lengthened by the physician and by the surgeon; the obstacles which, for countless centuries, time and space interposed between man and man have been swept aside by the engineer; and the air, the sea, and the land have become the highways of an ever-broadening human intercourse.

That these advantages are widespread over the world, that they are enjoyed by the rich and by the poor, some of them, even, by the destitute, has led to the popular acceptance of an utterly erroneous belief that the nature of man has, in modern times, experienced a general and rapid elevation, that alike in character and in ability his progress has been such as to discredit all argument based upon human history, and to justify a serene confidence in an imminent millennium.

If any one cause, more than another, has contributed to the present appalling condition of the world, if there is one which has done more than any other to withhold from the use of mankind that nourishing harvest which observation fertilises in the soil of experience, it is that blind optimism which discounts every disagreeable fact, as having no more than a casual and transitory significance, and accepts every agreeable fact as the expression of an irresistible force for good.

The arguments of the optimists have been advanced with warmth, with ingenuity, with persistence; and as their general quality is such that they reassure the ignorant, console the mediocre, flatter the vain, and bewilder the stupid, they have rallied to their standard a vast army of genial adherents. So great is the proportion of humanity which has fallen under their spell that the almost imperceptible minority which prefers any truth, however painful, to any falsehood, however gratifying, is branded as materialistic, cynical, and reactionary.

The fact is that so far as human beings are thinkers they fall into two distinct groups—the rhapsodists and the realists. The former turn their eager faces toward the

future, and encourage their hopes to paint upon the unwoven canvas of tomorrow the rich landscape of their desire; the latter scrutinize the unalterable engravement of yesterday, in the confident assurance that upon that chart alone can a true course be laid for human advancement.

It is from the standpoint of the realist that the present paper is written.

In the ship of state the place for idealism is not in the sails, from which the vessel secures its movement, but at the helm which guides it towards its destination.

Since "The Ship of State" is an accepted figure for Government, the analogy may be extended. The captain of a ship must always keep in mind the port for which he is sailing; but the mate must always trim his yards and reef or loose his sails with reference to the actual conditions of the weather. If the captain should leave port with no particular destination in view, if he should insist upon sailing toward any point for which the wind was favorable from day to day, he could always make a sailing record, but he could never reach a harbor, except by some unexpectable stroke of luck; and if he did reach a harbor he might find that his cargo was wholly unsuited to the needs of the country.

If the mate, in face of a rapidly falling barometer and a ragged wall of livid cloud to windward, should keep full sail on his ship, because the sea was now calm, and had been calm last week, and because he hoped it would be calm next week, the ship would soon be drifting about, a dismasted hulk.

Let us make another supposition. Before the ship leaves port the captain calls all hands aft, and addresses them thus: "We are assembled aboard this ship in pursuit of the common purpose which is defined in our charter. As our united effort is to be devoted to the accomplishment of the task which we have voluntarily assumed it is impossible for me to believe that any one of us can harbor a thought inimical to the achievement of our aim. Our united success will gratify the feelings and advance the true interest of each of us; and the consequences of failure would fall heavily upon one as upon another. It is clear, then, that if I should fail to give each of you an equal share in the management of this enterprise I should exhibit a distrust of your honesty of intention or of your ability in action. Such distrust, I

need hardly remind you, would create aboard our vessel a condition of discord which could have no other outcome than to betray the hopes which unite us in our undertaking.

"May I not assure you, therefore, that your full, equal, and enthusiastic coöperation in our plan is, in my view, the most important element in the situation. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that I should regard failure, with your coöperation, as a result far more pregnant of promise to humanity than success without it. I must beg you to believe that in saying this I am at once moved by the deepest emotion and sustained by the most profound conviction; and I make this appeal to you with high confidence, because the thought would be unendurable to me that there was not ever-present in your minds, as it is ever-present in mine, the inspiring belief that history will esteem our actions for the humane qualities with which we endow them, rather than measure them by the base standard of material achievement. As the poet has so well said:

> Oh, better far, to fail, if pure your heart,
> Than reach success by using wisdom's chart.

"The most satisfactory method by which our unity of thought, our comradeship of action, could be established and preserved, by which we could assure to ourselves that close and continuing contact between mind and mind which is the living spirit of all true service, would be to gather together in friendly counsel upon one day in every week, so that each of us in turn might deliver to all the ripe fruit of his meditation; each, of course, as eager to receive as to impart instruction.

"In such an atmosphere—bright with our common hopes, warm with our common feelings, rich with our common thought—there could live no rivalry save that of helpfulness. But, alas, the stern conditions imposed upon us by our profession, preclude the employment of this method of direct governance. One of us must be at the wheel, another on the look-out, others may have been requested to go aloft and reef the fore topsail, the cook may be unable to leave, even for a brief space of time, his duties in the galley.

"For these reasons, the force of which is, I am sure, clear to each of us, it has become necessary for me to devise another method. This I will now lay before you, for your

approval or amendment"—and so on; leading to the adoption of a Ship's Constitution embodying the principles of Representative Republicanism, and separate Constitutions for the starboard and for the port watch, each differing from the others in some important particulars.

Later in the voyage it is decided that the representative system does not interpret with sufficient sensitiveness the changing mood of the ship's company; and the initiative, the referendum, and the recall are set up.

The foregoing travesty of sea-life is clearly grotesque and ridiculous in every particular. If, however, we work back from this comedy, and weigh its elements in the scale of our political practice, candor will compel us to admit that burlesque is turned to sober reality, comedy to tragedy, and that, as a matter of plain fact, the arrangements we sanction on board the Ship of State are even more fantastic than those which fancy has ascribed to the Ship of Commerce.

The first point made was that the captain must always keep in mind the port for which he is sailing. In regard to this his charter is absolutely clear; he is to make Callao, or, it may be, Calcutta.

For what port, then, is the Ship of State bound? So far as the United States is concerned, the Ship's destination is specified, and the objects of the voyage are defined, in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, and in the Preamble to the Constitution. Upon what coast, bounding the vast ocean of life, is this port to be found? Amongst the unnumbered aims of humanity, what are these most cherished objects?

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.
>
> We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

In the whole course of man's long and arduous pil-

grimage the far horizon has never glowed with a promise more fair, more nobly emblazoned, more refreshing to the spirit, more urgent of high endeavor, than that which lies in these austere phrases.

But what if these phrases are taken from their shining emplacement upon the distant hills of hope, and are set upon that turbulent ocean of human conflict which beats around their base?

"All men are created equal." Where shall we find this equality? In health? In physical strength? In intelligence? In knowledge? In morals? In benevolence? In desire?

What is the fact? It is that the highest measure of equality among human beings is to be found in the lowest types of savages; and that every step which man has made upward from savagery has made more apparent the terrible inequalities between man and man at the hour of birth.

"All men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

What is an unalienable right? It is one which cannot be taken away or given up. Of the three rights specified above, only one is capable of precise definition—Life. Who will support the preposterous statement that Life is not taken away or given up?

Is Liberty unalienable? Where is Liberty defined? It is defined only in the human spirit; and its definitions must, therefore, be as numerous as the inhabitants of the globe. But this view is too broad to serve as the basis of discussion. Let us take a narrower view. Is Liberty embodied in the right of free speech? Is it embodied in the right of dissent? Is it embodied in the right to drink alcohol? Is it embodied in the right to work for a livelihood? Is it embodied in the right of majority rule?

We know that people are punished for speaking freely, that they are punished for drinking alcohol, that they are punished for dissent, that they are prevented by force from working for a livelihood, that they are often ruled by a minority.

Is the right to pursue Happiness unalienable? Where is happiness defined? It is defined in human desire. It assumes innumerable forms, and its essence can best be stated in terms of its opposite. Unhappiness, then, is the

failure to attain the objects of desire. It may have been a sense of the infinite complexity of desire which led the framers of the Declaration of Independence to insert in connection with Happiness, almost the only qualifying phrase which dims the magnificent audacity of that great document. Man is not declared to be endowed by the Creator with the right to Happiness, but only with the right to pursue Happiness.

Is the right to *pursue* Happiness unalienable? May one pursue it along the road of anarchy, of autocracy, of usury, of political corruption? We know that these roads are closed, in theory if not in practice.

"Whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." If I am convinced that the Government of the United States has destroyed Liberty, has taken away the right to live, has denied me the free pursuit of Happiness, may I advocate the overthrow of the Government in its present form, and the establishment in its place of a Government by soviets, or by a monarch? I may not. May a hundred people, a thousand, a million, ten million? They may not.

When we examine the Preamble to the Constitution we immediately detect beneath its appearance of clarity the same quality of vagueness which characterizes the passage I have quoted from the Declaration of Independence.

A more perfect union is to be formed. What is a more perfect union? Is a union more perfect when its forty-eight constituent parts establish laws of widely differing effect upon questions so fundamental as land-tenure, divorce, inheritance, and labor disputes? Is it more perfect when matters of nation-wide concern—the public health, education, the care of the insane, for instance—are left without any common direction which would serve the common interest. A more perfect union. More perfect than what?

Justice is to be established. What is Justice? Does it lie in the equal administration of the law? It may be withheld by the rules of procedure, and, in criminal cases, it may be thwarted by the abuse of the pardoning power. Does it lie in the equality of economic and social opportunity? What does a theory of equal economic opportunity mean in a practical world of unequal economic units? What does a theory of equal social opportunity mean in a practical

world of unequal social units? Is the spirit of Justice expressed in the maxim "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," or in the injunction to "Temper Justice with Mercy," or in the advice to "Be Just before you are Generous"? Is it to be found in the principle of the closed shop, or in that of the open shop? Does Justice mean that each man shall be protected to the full in his enjoyment of those things which his skill, his industry, his prudence have secured for him, or does it mean that the right to have and to enjoy the fruits of skill, of industry, and of prudence shall be conferred by law upon those who are neither skilful, industrious, nor prudent? Does Justice demand that idleness shall share in the harvest of toil, that extravagance shall spend the savings of thrift, that incompetence shall be endowed with efficiency's estate?

Domestic Tranquillity is to be insured. What is domestic Tranquillity? Is it that state which ensues upon the suppression of public disorder by the power of the executive? Is it that state which, in the dereliction of executive power, ensues upon the declaration of a strike, that state in which the national life is paralyzed, and riot spreads over the land? Is the spirit of Tranquillity to be diffused by maintaining order at the expense of liberty, or by maintaining liberty at the expense of order?

The Common Defence is to be provided for. In what does the Common Defence consist? Does it consist in repelling foreign attack? Does it consist in attacking a foreign Power, on the principle of the offensive-defensive? Is the provision for Common Defence to take the form of universal military training? Is it to take the form of a highly trained, fully equipped, and ever-prepared army? Is it to take the form of contemning military science in the days of safety, as being inconsistent with the spirit of democracy, and, in the day of peril, exalting it as democracy's saviour? Is the Common Defence to be provided for by making the test of patriotism the refusal to prepare for war, and the test of heroism the willingness to go to war unprepared?

The General Welfare is to be promoted. Upon what elements does the General Welfare rest? Does it rest upon the immediate and direct elements of civil order, freedom of contract, the protection of life and property, the give and take of unrestricted competition, the restraints of wise and humane legislation? Does it rest upon the less tangible ele-

ments of intelligence, knowledge, honesty, nobility, guidance, regulation, and discipline? To whatever extent it depends upon the former elements, to what extent can it be promoted if the latter elements are lacking?

The blessings of Liberty are to be secured. Liberty!

> In no other name do men so readily fight as in the name of Liberty. There is in human nature a profound and inexpungable love of the freedom which men instinctively hold to be natural with that nature, and there is required no more than the threat of restriction for this love to emerge ideally in the sentiment of liberty and the will to sacrifice for it all other goods. . . . But though the sentiment of liberty be thus deep and moving, the understanding of it is rare, and its realization is rarer still. 'Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains.'

Thus writes Professor Hartley Burr Alexander in an essay on "Essential Liberty." In another essay, on "Liberty and Democracy," he says:

> No one, I think, can comprehend American history without some feeling for the force with which the symbol of liberty appeals to the American mind; but it would be a rash man who should assert that in America, liberty, in any intelligible and definable form, has ever been realized.

Now, I am well aware that to many of my readers the account I have given of the destination of the Ship of State will appear even more fantastic than what I have said about the voyage of the Ship of Commerce.

It will be asked: Has this man no imagination? Can he not see that the passages he has quoted from the Declaration of Independence, and from the Constitution of the United States, are expressions of idealism? Can he not understand that this idealism is placed exactly where he himself said it should be placed, at the helm of the Ship of State? By what blindness is he afflicted that it is not plain to him that the port he is so anxious to find on the chart of government is no other than the attainment of the ideals he has discussed? Why does he not look in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution for the sailing-directions by which the Ship of State is to be guided in its voyage toward the harbor of attainment?

I propose, in my next article, to undertake this search.

(*To be concluded*)

THE CASE FOR THRIFT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

THRIFT is not just a good thing so far as the worker in industry is concerned.

We have for a long time been content with that amiable view. Somewhat perverted enthusiasts have even commended to our attention the Italian fruit man on the corner who, living for the time being on the physique with which nature had endowed him, saves practically all that he earns and within a comparatively few years blossoms out as a capitalist. It is hard to be rid of this idea of thrift; it is hard to drop the notion that thrift and penuriousness are absolutely opposed—that the man who denies himself of the necessities of life at the expense of his physical well-being and the well-being of his family is every whit as thriftless as the Prodigal Son. And also it is hard to rid ourselves of the thought that thrift is only a social idiosyncrasy—that it is purely a matter of taste whether one cares to enjoy today in its fullness without a thought of the morrow or whether one prefers to use somewhat less today and have more for tomorrow.

We have been taught always that thrift is a provision for the future and that it has comparatively little to do with the present excepting in the way of denial. Now I take it that this is not only an unwholesome notion of thrift but also an intrinsically vicious and anti-social view. Real thrift considered in all of its economic relations is not based primarily upon self-denial but upon wise spending, upon getting one's money's worth, and upon, by the exercise of a discriminating judgment, so ordering one's affairs that there will be a margin between income and outgo—that this margin will be returned for the use of society so that he who is thrifty will not only augment his income from handiwork by a supplementary means but also will, through the

affording of more facilities to society, make more potent his handiwork.

This is the positive as contrasted with the negative thought of thrift. It is the social as opposed to the personal laying-up-for-a-rainy-day notion. When we come to think of thrift as an enlargement of one's capacity rather than as a limitation of one's consumption then bursts on us the bigger meaning of thrift—that it is not merely a good thing but a way of living that imperatively must be sold and with as much ardor as any commodity ever was sold. For the foundation of our present society rests upon thrift—that is, upon production exceeding consumption. If we think that those truths which we hold to be fundamental in our society should endure then we can preserve them only through thrift. If we have not thrift we must be prepared to accept a state of society into which profit does not enter—that is, we must accept something akin to the Marxian ideal as exemplified in Russia.

Let us examine the present situation. We live under what is called the capitalistic system in which the possession of the means to produce is in the hands of those whom we call "capitalists" and the operation of those means to produce in the hands of what we know as "labor." There is no class distinction between Capital and Labor excepting when a concentrated effort is made to engender class consciousness. Laborers become Capitalists and Capitalists become Laborers. With the forming of the corporation the ownership of capital has become widely diffused and a man may himself receive something in the nature of wages from the very capital which he himself owns. For instance, if A, B, and C formed a partnership or a corporation, A putting in all the money or even a part of the money, and all three work for and draw wages from this new partnership or corporation, then such of the partners as have money invested receive two distinct profits—one for their services as laborers and secondly a rental for their capital. The theory of wage slavery involves the hypothesis that capital is never owned by those who labor for it, that the ownership of capital rests in one class, and that it pays wages to another class, and that between the two must always be relentless warfare. Therefore the suggestion is made that instead of capital being owned by individuals or groups that it be owned by the community as a whole through the State, and

that no wages be paid but that instead all production be for the use of and free distribution among the people.

The controlling idea is that, since, under the capitalistic system, production is distributed only to those who can buy and thus the distribution is uneven and results in some getting nothing and others getting too much, this condition will be remedied by compelling each man to work for the State—for the common weal—and in return he shall receive not wages in money with which to buy, but the things that he could buy with money. That is, he will receive a comfortable but not a lavish guarantee of sustenance and clothing.

This doctrine which I have stated in very broad and not wholly scientific terms exists in a great number of forms and is particularly known as Socialism, with the subdivisions which it is not necessary here to examine—into Syndicalism, Communism, and numerous other variations of the mechanics of production for use.

The capital objection to production for use is that it rests upon the false premise that there is always an abundance to distribute. We know that, although production seems large, there has never yet at any time been enough for all of the world. The Socialists say that this is due to capitalistic limitation of production. Those of us who believe that the capitalistic system is the most equitable that can be devised so long as this earth is inhabited by human beings and not by gods hold that, although production may be here and there limited, that these limitations although apparently artificial at times really go back to an insufficiency of the means of production. That the limitations are by Nature, not by man.

But in this we can all agree: that the capitalistic system cannot survive without a medium of exchange, known as money, by which the distribution of goods may be effected. You may in this or that instance be able to effect distribution by barter but it is impossible to arrange the large and complex distribution of modern life without some hand-to-hand passing substitute for goods. The exchange of the physical goods would put such limitations upon distribution that, as the world is peopled today, one-half of it would be naked and starving.

We have to have a medium through which to distribute. We call that medium money and most of the civilized

nations of the world have used gold as that medium and on gold have superimposed another more easily exchangeable medium known as credit. If you exchange specie you are but keeping up the system of barter and incurring needless expense. When you use the credit representation of gold—that is, of goods—you have a medium whose transportation is easily managed and you permit the striking and cancelling of balances with but a very slight transportation of even the written instruments that represent credit.

The danger of the exchange of goods through credit mediums is that somebody somehow may create credit mediums that are not eventually exchangeable for goods—that is, that someone will put out more promissory notes than he is able to meet. When you call these promissory notes money and they are not represented by goods then you must mark them down to a point where they will represent goods. For instance, if a man worth a thousand dollars succeeds in putting out ten thousand dollars worth of notes and when they become due he pays only a thousand dollars, the salvage worth of the notes is worth one-tenth of their face value. In the case of a community the salvage is not so simple, and numerous other elements enter, but whenever a nation issues notes to a value which either is or is believed to be in excess of the reasonable redemption worth, those who take the notes discount them to what they think is the real worth.

If this were a level process the harm would be only temporary but in operation this condition which we call inflation does not bring about an agreed-upon discounting. On the contrary, the discounts changes from day to day. Those who are accustomed to the old values still cling to them even if only for a mental comparison. Then the capitalistic ship of state, accustomed as it is to reckoning its course on the money chronometer, finds itself drifting on the high seas with an emotional chronometer upon which no dependence is to be placed. It does not know where it is at.

That is the condition of society today. By reason of the war we have produced more of the common representations of wealth than we have of wealth and, in the process of trying to relate real values (such as a bushel of wheat) to the artificial money standards that have been created, we all of us find ourselves helpless. We are try-

ing to exchange goods through a medium of exchange of unknown value and therefore and inevitably those who exchange goods or services for this medium find themselves without knowledge of exchange values. They do not know what the exchange medium will buy. They do not know how all this comes about and hence there is a worldwide unrest and a strong movement which has reached its height in Russia to abolish the whole capitalistic system on the ground that an understandable medium of exchange cannot be reached.

The unrest is not expressed in these economic terms; it is expressed in demands for almost confiscatory wages. It is expressed in demands for the State to take over some parts of the machinery of production, but if you analyze every movement you will find that it rests upon one of two principles or sometimes combines both. These are:

(1.) That the method of distribution is faulty because of profiteering on the part of capital and therefore those who work for wages must demand such large wages that a proper share of the distribution can be bought; or

(2.) That the capitalistic system has failed to distribute and therefore should be abolished.

If all of the income, rents, and profits—if all of that which is commonly supposed to be the share of capital—were divided it would not add one-quarter to existing wages. Therefore abolishing capital would not give to anyone a great deal more. To some it would give a great deal less.

On the other hand if those who work for wages can return a part of their wages to the capitalization of industry so that its production may be increased then the wage earner will have not only an increased wage because capital will have to compete for labor in order to make itself productive, but also he will get a share of the return on capital in his left-handed function of being a capitalist.

That is, the way to get more out is to put more in.

In modern production an ever-increasing flow of capital is required. Long ago we reached the capacity of the toolless individual to produce. Then we put into his hands a tool, and then after we learned something of the application of power, a better tool which he did not so much operate as manage, and finally we have found that production to be increased to the world's necessity could be

brought about only through ever increasing the facilities of production—that is, of the machinery of fabrication, of transportation, and so on.

All of which requires a steady flow of capital! It must be self-evident that if there is very little capital in a country and a great deal of labor the man with labor to sell has to offer himself on the auction block and take what capital has to offer; but if there is a great deal of capital and comparatively little labor it is the laborer who has the right to pick. Through the steady accumulation of capital is the worker's clearest road to freedom.

In the past the capital accumulations have been those of the employers. The working man has only within the past decade begun to come into his own and to understand that he was not a slave of capital but a co-worker with it. The first evidence of this new condition was the formation of labor unions. Anyone who cares may examine the statistics which will demonstrate that as the investment in industry per man increases so do the wages of the workers and so does the strength of the unions. The unions are commonly supposed to be a cause, but economic history would rather tend to demonstrate that they are, on the contrary, a result.

The effect in ordinary times of adding capital to industry is to compel capital to compete for labor, to pay a higher wage, and then, by an increased production sold at a very modest profit, to acquire a reasonable return upon the capital invested. For instance, the packing establishments, although their profits are very large for the year, rarely average more than 5 per cent on a turnover. But they plan their business so neatly as to secure an extraordinary number of turnovers. That is, by skill of management they make large amounts of money on a profit per dollar on which a small business could not live.

As a result of highly organized machine production the question of seasonal labor takes on a new meaning. The socialists object that manufacturers commonly produce to the capacity of the market, then shut down, and let the workers starve until those goods are absorbed. But with a great machine investment a factory cannot shut down—the capital charges are such that it must relentlessly go on and on. It is not possible to make and hold goods for a price because the interest charges on the idle capital would within

a very short while absorb the highest profit imaginable.

Therefore, one finds that the accumulation of capital in industry not only raises wages but also prevents the bane of industry—seasonal production—and further, by forcing the factory to produce whether or no, compels it continually to lower its prices in order to dispose of its product.

From the standpoint of the worker an increased investment in industry raises his wages, stabilizes his job, and increases the buying power of his dollar—that is, it increases his wages not only in dollars but increases the buying content of those dollars.

Were this doctrine of simple economics more widely taught we should not have so much nonsense about the possibility of a partnership between capital and labor, we should not have the talk about "helping the good workers and making their lives fuller," but instead we should preach "Become a capitalist and not only increase the value of what you perform with your hands but get an extra profit besides!"

Thus viewed we get wholly away from the old tiresome paternal "Save, my good man, and you will never know the inside of a poor house." We should not preach thrift by fear but preach thrift as power.

That is the situation in normal times. The present time is not normal. We have this excess of the medium of exchange over the things it may be exchanged for. We have an increasing supply of paper money and a decreasing supply of goods. By reason of the war this inflation was brought about. We destroyed—now we must construct. It is unlikely that we shall revert to the former nomenclature of buying power. A dollar in the future may be equal to what 50c. or what 75c. was before. That is important but probably the whole matter of restoring the buying power is to be considered only as water over the dam. The really important thing is to stabilize values, to restore to us that medium of exchange upon which our social system is built. That can be done only by increasing production.

We can increase production absolutely and we can increase it relatively by curbing our needs, or what is far better we can do both. To increase production absolutely requires the addition of more capital to industry. Nearly every corporation is asking for money. But the man who

had the money to invest before—that is, the so-called capitalist, the man whose income was so large that he might easily have a surplus for reinvestment—no longer has a surplus. The former large income is by the erratic purchasing power of the dollar practically cut in halves, but even before the buying power gets in its work the Government has already taken a large slice in taxes. They take the largest slice from those who formerly had the largest surplus for investment.

The man with the money of today is not the capitalist—the man with the money of today is he who works for wages. He receives anywhere from 60% to 75% of the total industrial income of the country and therefore he is the man who has to be thrifty if the progress of society is to continue.

There is no getting away from this. He is the man who has to save,—for the good of the entire community and for his own welfare in particular. If we do not have a large and continuously growing investment in industry, if for instance, we keep only our present investment, then the natural increase in population will cause the investment continually to decrease per head of population and consequently production will grow relatively smaller and smaller until the lack of things to buy will drive the unthinking mass of mankind to the social suicide of Russia.

What are you going to do about it? Someone will probably say, "Why, we have always known this and have made provision." Perhaps a few people have always known this but only in an academic way and not as a question of tremendously vital, national importance, for otherwise we should have some means of returning a portion of the wage fund to industry. We are almost without that means. We have the savings banks but these exist for the custody of sums that have already been saved, and by their very formation cannot encourage saving in other than a platitudinous way. Neither the saving funds, nor the postal savings banks, nor any of the several ostensible means of a quasi-public nature have ever been compelled or impelled to go to the individual worker and sell to him the idea of saving with that quick living force that revolutionary socialism is sold to him, or even with the emotional force with which religion is sold to him.

Religion is taught to the mob as a means by which they can avoid a hell in the hereafter. Thrift might be taught

as a means of avoiding hell in the present. If we could make a thriftless person something of a social outcast we should go far toward making a better world.

There is the point. The economic value of thrift has to be sold—not only well sold but kept sold. The idea that property is something to desire and not something to destroy has to be demonstrated by affording the laborer a chance to own property. The man who saves anyway—the man with the streak of the miser in him—does not have to be persuaded. He unfortunately is usually an example to avoid. He is about as convincing an exhibit as a Sunday School tract. His self-conscious virtues are to most people unpleasant, unsocial vices and convince those who come in contact with him that somehow there is a conflict between thrift and comfort—between leading a normal life and leading a thrifty life. So much for thrift and its effects.

How is the man with the money—that is, the worker—going to be induced to get into industry as a capitalist? He has to come in of his own free will—he cannot be dragged in by the ears as some employers would drag him—because suddenly realizing the economic value of thrift and being essentially paternal in nature they decree that all of those they employ must be thrifty just as they would decree that their front lawn should be cut.

It can hardly be questioned that if we are to have general thrift it is the part of the employer to give wholesouled encouragement—no, more than that, to urge thrift to his people with all the force and skill that he would urge a banker for a loan. But also that in order that the worker may appreciate the general social value of thrift and may preserve a fine upstanding independence, the means of thrift should in no sense depend upon a whim of the employer or by him in any way be controlled. Otherwise it will not be doubted that thrift is for the purpose of somehow helping the employer—not of helping the man himself.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

OXFORD AND WOMEN

BY MRS. W. L. COURTNEY

THERE is a reverse side to all the blessings of Progress. You can have no advance without paying for it. And the present writer, over whose vile body was once waged a fierce war as to whether women should, or should not, be admitted to that Final Examination *in literis humaniori-bus,* which still remains Oxford's crowning glory, cannot help heaving a sigh of regret for the older Oxford, the picturesque setting of Mark Pattison's *Memoirs,* the haunt of the shy and elusive Lewis Nettleship, the semi-monastic community that bred Pusey, Newman, Liddon, King of Lincoln, Gore and many another champion of the "lost cause" of Tractarian ecclesiasticism, while she still looks forward with hope to the near prospect of a mixed university.

For that is what it comes to, what everyone has known it must come to, ever since Parliament light-heartedly gave women the University franchise *on the same terms as men.* That was a bare two years ago, in the first flush of a nation's gratitude to its women for their war service. We had won our equal citizenship. Was it to be expected that we should so far forget our Oxford logic as not to insist that the greater includes the less? If we voted as members of the university for its representative in Parliament, must we not be members indeed, enjoying all the privileges of membership and entitled to flaunt its insignia? If we voted because we had passed the degree examinations, how in the name of common-sense could Oxford continue to deny us the degree itself?

So we said to Convocation, but we scarcely needed even to say it. It was forcing an open door. Nothing in academic records has been more remarkable than the readiness with which Oxford, till so lately the stronghold of me-

diævalism, showed its present-day liberalism, unless it be the entirely illogical and retrograde attitude of the party at Cambridge, who are asking the women's colleges to form themselves into a separate university, conferring its own degrees and governing itself on independent lines. As if women were likely at this time of day to forego the advantages they have enjoyed for half-a-century of participating in the life and teaching of an ancient university!

What has brought about such a reversal in the relative attitude of Oxford and Cambridge towards the admission of women? It is a little difficult to say, but something may quite possibly be due to a difference in the earlier stages of the approach. In Cambridge the attack from the first was made more openly. The women's colleges were larger; their demands were more insistent; and they constituted a graver corporate menace to the holders of university privileges. The women of Oxford had more of the wisdom of the serpent. They started in a very small way in 1879, just a few students living in two private houses under the guardianship of ladies with well-known names, entirely unconnected with any "Woman's Movement" and apparently quite uninterested in public questions other than those which were directly educational. One of them, the late Madeline Shaw-Lefevre, was the sister of a Cabinet Minister; the other, the now octogenarian and retired Elizabeth Wordsworth, was the daughter, niece and sister of three Anglican bishops, belonging to a distinctly old-fashioned and conservative school of theology with quite orthodox views as to St. Paul's teachings on the due subordination of women.

And the women themselves were for a long time very subordinate. They asked little, and they asked it humbly. They were content with a scheme of examinations devised specially to suit their feminine capacity and to fit in with the existing curriculum in girls' schools. Modern languages played a large part in it, and English literature, and English history. The framers of it did, of course, just put in a Classical section with a view to getting the curriculum improved, as well as sections in Mathematics and Physical Science and one entitled Philosophy. But they laid no great stress on these and did not press them on the students. Gradually they suggested that where any of their courses led up to a final examination, akin to one of the

recognized Final Schools of the University, it would economise examining, as well as teaching, power to allow women students to attend some of the men's lectures, and to be examined at the same time, if not *in the same place.* Great stress was laid on this difference of place, for old-fashioned college dons were deadly afraid of what might happen, if young men and maidens sat at contiguous desks, whether in lecture halls or examination rooms.

In this way admission was gained to the Oxford Honor Schools of Modern History, of Modern Languages, and of English Language and Literature and, after a somewhat stiffer fight, to Honor Moderations—an intermediate examination for men but still the final school of pure classics at Oxford—as well as to the Final Schools of Mathematics and Science. But "Greats" *(Literae Humaniores)* was still reserved as a purely masculine stronghold. The University's final examination for its chosen scholars, the course in "humane letters," including the best that had been thought and written by the ancients on history, on politics and on philosophy, was reckoned too severe a test for the female brain. A woman might take part of it, and quite a large part, if she didn't say much about it. There was a final school for women in *Ancient History* as well as the one in *Philosophy,* each of these arranged in groups, which allowed a choice of comparatively easy text-books and more than definitely suggested the suitability, *for women,* of encouraging a bent towards political economy. Had not Harriet Martineau, that pioneer of women's progress, already made a name for herself as a political economist; and was not political economy merely the theoretic side of practical activity among the poor, which had always been the acknowledged and admired prerogative of the English "ladies bountiful"?

The first two students to present themselves to the Philosophy examiners accepted the implied suggestion. One, the daughter of Archbishop Benson and niece of Professor Henry Sidgwick, so far lived up to her family tradition as to secure a First Class; but she did not trespass upon the peculiar Oxford preserves. Another of the original band of students, the daughter of a learned Dean, gave proof of her scholarship by taking the Ancient History School and actually presenting her *Tacitus* and *Herodotus* in their original tongues. Another student took a Second

Class in classical Moderations, the first year that they were opened. Clearly things were moving. And at that moment (1884), only five years after the first woman student had shyly crept into Oxford, a girl came up from a country parsonage and, with all the daring of ignorance, offered herself for the initial entrance examination in Greek and German, instead of the Latin and French hitherto deemed the furthest advance desirable. She did it, because she intended to "read for Philosophy." And to her unsophisticated country intelligence, nourished only by reading, philosophy still spoke Greek and German. Surely it must begin with Plato and Aristotle, with a possible Kant and Hegel to follow?

There was a mild fluttering of the university dovecotes, but she was not strongly resisted. She managed to satisfy the examiners' easy tests in Greek (the standard of so-called "compulsory Greek" was always ridiculously low); and she set herself to work to gain admission, where she could, to the university lectures. As she was alone in her intention, it was clear that she could scarcely be provided with a set of lecturers all to herself. That was represented by the authorities of the women's colleges with due diplomacy in susceptible quarters. So Balliol College, then under the enlightened rule of Jowett, allowed her to come and learn about the pre-Socratics, seated alone with her chaperon on a dais near the lecturer, who, being Lewis Nettleship and abnormally shy, never so much as glanced in her direction, and well removed from any possibility of contact with the students of the other sex.

Presently, when she had got as far as Plato, another college gave her hospitality, and there she went thrice a week, still discreetly chaperoned but not so highly exalted. A clerical Aristotelian let her come to his course on the *Ethics* in Newman's old college of Oriel, and used to be much annoyed because she translated her Aristotle more easily than the men, being too ignorant of the older classical Greek writers to be confused by the philosopher's irregular locutions. She had been brought up on the degenerate Greek of the New Testament and knew no better!

Oxford is the home of Aristotelians. She had no trouble in getting all the lectures she wanted on the Ancients. The Germans were more of a difficulty. Men who read

for "Greats" concentrate on the Greeks and scamp the later people. But as she might only take *half* the School, she had more time to read round her subject, and good private teaching was fortunately available. A year before she was due to finish, the position of Senior Classic at Cambridge fell to a woman—Miss Agneta Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, the widow of the Master of Trinity—a member of a family famous in classical scholarship. This was in 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when women and women's attainments were coming much under review. Attention was aroused. Oxford became aware of a girl student in its midst, who might conceivably rival this achievement, and the cry arose "Open 'Greats' to her. Why should that school alone remain a closed preserve for men?"

Well, to make a long story short, the cry succeeded, not in time for this first feminine seeker after the riches of Greek philosophy. She still had to present herself alone, in 1888, and to be examined by three examiners appointed for the sole purpose of adjudicating upon her single merit. But in 1890 "Greats" was opened, and six years later a woman succeeded in obtaining a First Class in it. The last stronghold had surrendered.

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But was the degree won? Not a bit of it. The women were still told "You have all you need. You can take the whole course which leads up to graduation; you can even stay on, if you can afford it, for post-graduate study. We will give you a diploma recording your achievements, and you shall have your place in the University Calendar. But we cannot give you the degree, for that carries with it membership of the University and a voice in its government." It was vain to say that women would be content with the B.A., and that it is only an M.A. who can be a Member of Convocation. Even a B.A. could vote for the parliamentary representative, though the parliamentary vote for women was not then regarded as a practical proposition. "Still," said the opponents, and not without truth, "if we admit women to the B.A. we shall be pressed to go further. What is to stop them from proceeding to the M.A., the D.C.L., even the coveted D.D. itself?" Imagination recoiled affrighted from the dreadful picture. The Canons of Christ Church were as terrified as the Pro-

fessor of Hebrew, when he was once asked at a tea party whether he expected to see the story of Ruth re-enacted in Christ Church Quad.

So things went on for nearly thirty years. The women waited and were patient. Their leaders gradually prevailed upon nearly all the students to take "the degree course" and not, like their more casual seniors, to omit the intermediate examination and pass at one bound from the gateway of "Smalls" to reading for Honors in a Final School. Now they are hoping for their reward, for, if the grant of degrees is made retrospective, those qualified, but hitherto excluded, will be able to write themselves B.A. as soon as they can raise the necessary fees. The minor difficulty of acquiring a smattering of Greek so as to get through "Smalls" has now fortunately also been removed.

It will be a great boon, especially to the teaching profession. So much have women teachers felt the absence of the mystic suffix that they have been willing in large numbers to cross the Irish Channel and accept from Dublin what Oxford and Cambridge denied them. It sounds absurd, but educational appointments were so often in the hands of committees of business men with the haziest notions as to the relative value of academic distinctions. Miss Smith, armed with all the diplomas which Oxford could grant, found her First Class in *Literae Humaniores* or in Honor Mathematics pale before the fact that Miss Jones, with a pass degree from London or Dublin, could write herself "Miss Jones, B. A." The denial of the degree was, therefore, a real deprivation. The grant of it will remedy a genuine grievance. It may do little, indeed it can hardly do anything, to increase the educational advantages which Oxford has for over thirty years given to her girl students. But it will encourage more to come and claim them.

That, too, has its reverse side, for how great were those advantages in the early days when the city still lay beautiful and enchanted, listening, as Matthew Arnold said, to the spells of the Middle Ages! Something has passed of the old romance. It began to fade when the bicycles of both sexes were stacked in the college porticos, what time the girls and boys were at lectures within. Then the motor-cycle came to do its noisy worst; and the motor-buses encouraged the growth of the ugly northern suburbs, now

so swollen that what was *ultima Thule* in 1890 is comparatively central now. And it is not only the fading of romance. Something has been lost by the mere multiplication of women, by the fact that enough now read for each School to justify the appointment of women teachers and lecturers. No one wants to debar women from these appointments; but the result is a prolongation of the girls' school traditions and a corresponding lack of the stimulus of contact with masculine minds.

In the early days the girls were taught almost entirely by men, and many of those busy College tutors took a very special interest in their girl pupils. Moreover the women's Colleges were too small to make a society of their own. They sought and found their social opportunities in the general society of the university. The girls "went out," not as students, but as Miss Smith or Miss Jones, known to this or that hospitable Oxford house, taken out by this or that kindly lady of standing in Oxford, on the ordinary social basis. Always, be it remembered, under a chaperonage as strict as that which any careful Oxford mother would have provided for her own daughter in a town full of young men and governed by Victorian standards.

Some of the rules were a little childish. Girl students might walk alone in the remoter parts of Oxford, but not in the High Street. They must go two together if they wanted to attend Christ Church chapel or the University Church. For special College chapels one of two or three selected chaperons must be enlisted, and for all visits to men's rooms. Chaperonage was also *de rigueur* at lectures, and sadly bored must have been many of those good ladies of Oxford who stepped gallantly into the breach and listened patiently to dissertations often wearisome even to the lecturers themselves.

There were subjects—Aristotelian logic and economics, for instance—for which no lady would volunteer, so the paid chaperon had to be called in, with her knitting and her air of comfortable unconcern as to anything the lecturer might be saying. Irreverent undergraduates used to make portraits of her and pick up her ball of red wool with elaborate politeness. And once she unconsciously created a sensation by not turning up, whereupon the girl student, greatly daring and realizing that all her fellow auditors had already seen her waiting outside, plucked up her

courage and went in alone, half expecting the heavens to fall. The lecture had begun, but the lecturer, a wise and fatherly man, known to all Oxford as "The Phronimos," merely paused, looked at her and remarked with paternal blandness: "The subject of this lecture is Property in Land." With which delightfully calm and impersonal statement the incident closed.

These were the humors of the early days. Oxford soon began to get used to its young women and to modify its prudishness. Moreover the young women multiplied sufficiently to afford each other social protection. "You know the *passée* ones act as chaperons," a man was heard to say one day at a Professor's lecture, after which the girls amused themselves by discussing when that limit had been passed. But with the multiplication came a certain decline in intellectual quality. The students were no longer a picked set. It became usual to go to College. Naturally the percentage of First Classes diminished as the enthusiasm for hockey and boating increased. The girls' school spirit invaded the women's colleges, and there was too great a tendency to send back to the schools, as finished products of the university, teachers who were perilously like overgrown schoolgirls. It was a vicious circle, which many who cared for the broadening of women's outlook saw reason to deplore; and it played its part in fostering that "intellectual proletariat," emotionally starved and therefore stunted in mental growth, which fed the ranks of the militant suffragettes.

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The war came and changed all that. It gave women an immensely wider opportunity for varied work and swept away with one stroke all absurd ideas about the necessary segregation of the sexes, whether in education or at work. Nobody had time for such nonsense. And as things got worse and the country was drained of its manhood, women taught in boys' schools, filled men's places in the public offices (where they had hitherto been deemed impossible "owing to the structural difficulties which prevented the necessary separation"), acted as police, drove post office motor vans, managed re-mount stables, gathered in the crops and ran the timber stations—there was no limit, scarcely even that of physical strength, to the long list of their activi-

ties. We can never go back to sex separation. Heaven send that we never go back to sex jealousy!

There are, however, discouraging signs both in the official and the industrial worlds. The Government has set a bad example by sanctioning the old economic fallacy that work must be reserved for those who most need it instead of being a free field for all the best energies. Consequently, soon after the Armistice, it began to dismiss from the public services the married women, who were among the most efficient, and made an appeal to every woman "who could afford it" to cease work and—apparently—to relapse into her previous idleness. What a shocking waste of power! And all to satisfy an ignorant view of the causes of sectional unemployment, and to strengthen the equally ignorant and prejudiced propensity of the trade unions to exclude women's labor instead of absorbing and educating it.

Moreover, the Government itself is still a considerable sinner in the matter of restricting the women in its service to routine work and perpetuating discrimination against them in fixing rates of pay. We are a long way yet from "Equal pay for equal work," the new rallying cry of the feminine discontented.

Now here is the great opportunity for an enlightened university. If we are to win, and to win wisely, we must begin by the most thorough education. In a university everything still goes by merit and not by fear or favor. Men and women compete in all amity and before the examiners find their own level. Let the intermixture be made complete. We can never go back to the old order, just as we can never re-create the social conditions of the world before the war. Let us face this prospect boldly and utilize to the full the advantages to be gained by the influence of the sexes on each other. Let men teach women and women men, if it proves to be desirable, provided that the best teacher is always chosen. Let us have no fear of equality. More than half the opposition to "equal pay for equal work" is craven dread. Stout believers in the inequality of the sexes should be the very first to raise the cry, for if women are not men's equals, their work will be unequal; they will neither earn, nor receive, an equal reward. To be afraid is to acknowledge a suspicion that the equality is not unreal.

Women will obtain high office, whether in the university or in the State, only if they are fit for it. There is no need to be quaking beforehand. Harriet Martineau proclaimed that truth sixty years ago. "Women like men can obtain whatever they show themselves fit for. Let them be educated." That is it, "let them be educated," and the rest will come. Oxford has made the first step, a step more momentous and revolutionary than appears at first sight, especially if Convocation throws open, as it is now being invited to do, all the university offices to both sexes alike. For whatever new universities might do, as long as there existed ancient strongholds of learning from the membership and government of which women were excluded, they were debarred from proving either their equality, or inequality, to modern conditions.

Too much has been made of Oxford's other concession to modern views, the abolition of compulsory Greek. It has merely given up what the best lovers of Greek knew was not worth preserving. The power to struggle through two books of the *Anabasis,* or one Greek play, and to produce a tolerable version of an easy piece of "unseen," was not going either to preserve the classics, or to increase men's respect for them. The study of the classics will never die so long as men and women love literature, even the literature of their own country. Such a love must awaken a desire to know "the best that has been written," and that "best" was so often written by a Greek. What are our modern students of politics going to substitute for Aristotle? And lovers of poetry for Sophocles, or philosophers for Plato? Of course the Greeks will never be generally studied; but then they never were. They will always be specially studied, because they must always exercise an irresistible attraction. It is the difference between an extensive and an intensive culture; and the more they are studied intensively, the more will their influence permeate the mass, because it will have been absorbed by the leaders. This is the great hope for the democracy. Balance, proportion, Aristotle's doctrine of the mean. Once imbue with this the leading spirits, men or women—the rest may be trusted to follow. Here is Oxford's mission, the true mission of every ancient university.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE

A Forecast from a New Angle

BY HERDMAN F. CLELAND

FOR millions of years to come the earth will probably be suitable for the habitation of the human race. Such are the conclusions that have been reached by a careful analysis of the past as revealed by a study of the rocks and their contained fossils, and by the researches of astronomers. This belief rests upon the facts that for many millions of years the earth has been inhabited by animals that have required the same environment as man; that there is no reason to believe that the sun's heat will materially decrease for eons to come; or that the earth will be burned by collision with some great star. However, during the vast geological ages the climates were not congenial at all times nor in all places. During some periods the seas of the world were smaller than now and the continents were larger and great deserts occupied them; during others the seas spread over thousands of square miles of the continents and moist climates were nearly universal; during still others great ice sheets moved over the lands but did not cover the entire world. It has even been suggested that we are now in an interglacial stage, and that glaciers may again move south in North America and Europe, possibly to reach the Ohio River as they once did.

Notwithstanding such vicissitudes; notwithstanding the fact that at times life was nearly wiped out and whole races of animals and plants became extinct, always some survived and from some of these sprang the life of to-day. No place in the world was continuously habitable during the world's history but always some places, now here and now there, were suitable for life, and it is probable that for untold centuries in the future similar conditions will prevail.

There is at least one serious element of doubt in all forecasts of the duration of the human race: geological history

records, that without apparent cause, races that had lived on a continent and had had their entire evolution there suddenly disappeared, leaving no record except that afforded by their broken and fossilized bones. The horse and camel races are examples. They lived and evolved in North America from small, five-toed creatures to nearly their present forms, and then with apparent suddenness became extinct. But the same regions which formerly supported great herds of these animals are now as favorable for their growth and increase as any place on earth. Their extinction on the Western Hemisphere was due, with little doubt, to epidemics, and if the human race vanishes during the next 1,000,000 years its disappearance will doubtless be brought about by some epidemic or epidemics and not through a great change in climate or other physical conditions. The progress of medical science and bacteriology would seem to make such a fate unlikely. Moreover, man lives under more diverse conditions and over a greater part of the world than any other animal of the past or present and it is probable, therefore, that in some place or places he will find a refuge from any disease.

One may, then, with reason, assume that man will continue to populate the earth for many hundreds of thousands of years to come. If this is true it is interesting to speculate on the kind of creature the man of the distant future will be. Would you, were you to return to the earth in the year 1,001,920, be able to recognize your descendants as human beings, or would you find them so modified that they would appear to be, or would be in fact, a higher or lower race? Geology, or more strictly paleontology, affords many examples of animals that existed a million or more years ago which are nearly identical with their living descendants. There is a small lizard living in New Zealand today which is the little-changed descendant of one that lived in Permian times, a period so remote that at least 10,000,000 years have lapsed since then. The tapir of the Amazon forests could not be distinguished by the casual observer from an ancestor that lived 3,000,000 years ago. The turtle, one of the strangest animals of the geologic past and of the present, had the same architecture when the earth was 9,000,000 of years younger than it is now. Man, like these animals, seems to have reached the climax of his evolution, if indeed, he has not passed it and is not now retrogressing.

Some of the men (Cro Magnon) of the Old Stone Age (Paleolithic) had large, finely-moulded heads and splendid bodies and were, as far as one can judge from their skeletons, one of the finest races the world has seen, and yet, at a conservative estimate, these men lived 16,000 to 20,000 years ago.

Granted then, that there is likely to be little physical improvement in the human race if Nature is not interfered with (although this cannot be proved), is there also a limit to the development of the intellectual and rational powers of man? It is generally assumed that there is none, but this supposition is not supported by evidence, although it cannot be disproved. Fortunately, much is known about the early Greeks; their bodily form is shown in their works of art; the quality of their intellect is revealed in their writings; and their technical skill is indelibly recorded in their architecture and sculpture. In all of these qualities they have never been surpassed. As far as one can judge from their writings, no philosophers with greater intellectual powers than Plato and Socrates have yet appeared. When the appliances at his disposal are considered, Aristotle ranks as one of the world's greatest scientists, as well as a great philosopher. These men lived 2,000 years ago,—a short time geologically,—but in these twenty centuries no advance in intellectual power appears to have been made.

What will be the effect of philanthropy as now practiced, upon the physical and mental betterment of the race? With the progress of science and the spread of a spirit of altruism the law of natural selection,—the elimination of the physically and mentally unfit,—has already, in large measure, ceased to be operative in many countries and the result in many European countries and in our own is that the offspring of mentally and physically imperfect persons pass their inferior qualities to their descendants and thus prevent racial improvement, if, indeed, they are not causing the deterioration of the race.

Physical and mental improvement in the past was brought about largely by adverse conditions. The horse would not have been "one of the most perfect pieces of machinery in the living world," so superb that it can be said that among the works of human ingenuity "there is no locomotive so perfectly adapted to its purpose, doing so much work with so small a quantity of fuel as this machine

of nature's manufacture," if it were not for its untold centuries of struggle against increasing aridity and a changing vegetation. The death rate must frequently have been enormous and doubtless many times the race was on the verge of extinction; but this mortality was greatest among those whose structure was less suited for the new conditions or whose brain failed to increase in size and power. If during these long years those horses that lacked the qualities which best suited them for their environment, or whose qualities were below the average, had been preserved,—as the unfit of the human race are being saved today,—they would have diluted the blood of those best suited to survive, and the horse, as we now know it, would not have been evolved, but instead, the race would doubtless have become extinct. In the past, easy conditions have not, in general, resulted in progressive change to a higher type.

An interesting example of the effect of hard conditions on man can be gleaned from two reports that have recently appeared. The report of the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army on the results of the physical examination of the drafted soldiers shows that the negroes in the United States Army were, on the average, physically superior to the white soldiers, and that they were also less subject to bacterial diseases. The second report is one from New York City on the living conditions of several thousand families. This investigation shows that the mortality among negro children is much greater than among those of any other class in the city.

Other reports show that in 1916 the mortality of negroes to whites in cities was as 5 to 3. These apparently contradictory reports are really in accord. Because of the unsanitary conditions under which the negroes usually live, the weaker negro children have little chance of reaching maturity and, as a consequence, it is in general only the best physical specimens that rear families. The effect of this selection is seen in the fine physique of the American negroes. Another example points to the same conclusion: the Jewish race for hundreds of years has been compelled to live in unhygienic environments and under unfavorable economic conditions. An indirect effect has been a virile race which, when transplanted to such genial surroundings as are found in America, soon developed leaders in many lines of financial and intellectual endeavor.

As has been stated, evolution has progressed most rapidly and effectively under hard conditions. Geological history teaches us an obvious lesson in the present crisis. Now that the World War is over and the peoples of Europe are suffering for the want of sufficient clothing and food, and will lack much that before the war they thought to be the necessities of life, we must not conclude that the future generations of the people who are enduring these hardships will be less sturdy mentally or physically than those who were born in lands that were not so devastated or impoverished. On the contrary, the qualities which will be developed by the adverse conditions under which they will live may make them masters of the people of the Americas who are now living at ease, and who are not being driven by necessity to improve. The Japanese in America afford a striking illustration. This race is able to replace the whites in the agricultural districts of California because, during a struggle of hundreds of years, the Japanese have become enured by severe competition and have learned to live comfortably on food and in habitations that Americans and Canadians consider inadequate.

One can hardly err in prophesying that the Malthusean law which states that the race will increase numerically faster than the means of subsistence, will not be operative. Attention has repeatedly been called to the small families of the educated. Large families in the United States, France, and Great Britain are rare, except among the ignorant. The large family in Germany was encouraged for the obvious reason that the greater the number of sons the greater the power of the military. In the not distant future, possibly before the food supply is inadequate, laws will be enacted to prevent too large families, if indeed such laws will be necessary.

The problem of race: the feeling of superiority of the white race for the yellow, of the yellow race for the white, and the red for the black, has been a source of trouble in the past and will continue to be one of the great problems of the near future. But will not the time come when races, as such, will cease to be? The American Indian in the United States affords an interesting proof. Some years ago measurements of the heads of Indians of Minnesota were made in order to determine which were of pure blood and which were not. It was found that about two-thirds of the

Indians of Minnesota contain white blood. The Indians on the reservations in New York State probably have more white than Indian blood in their veins.

Provincialism must necessarily become less and less pronounced as the peoples of different countries learn more and more about and mingle with the peoples of other countries. This was ordained when the steamboat, electricity, the aeroplane and other inventions brought the countries of the world together. One result of this closer contact which will accompany the elimination of space will be that the problems of each country will become the problems of the world.

This interdependence of peoples is already felt in ways that would have seemed impossible one hundred years ago. A few examples will suffice to illustrate this condition: a disaster to the Gloucester fishing fleet brings hardship to the Cubans who depend upon the cod of the Grand Banks for part of their food; a hurricane destroys the banana crop of Central America and causes real distress among the poor of New York and Boston; a severe drought in Argentine brings death to the great herds of cattle of that country and the prices of meat and shoes go up throughout the world; a prolonged strike in the woolen mills of England reduces the output of cloth, and the poor of France and Italy must suffer,—and so on.

The war has shown that even now no country is entirely independent. Moreover, who can doubt that even the disadvantages of climate and environment may, to a considerable degree, disappear as the result of mechanical appliances, just as in some of the cotton mills of Alabama the air is cooled in summer by ice machines and is provided with the amount of moisture required for the best weaving of the cloth.

The possibility of artificial selection must not be overlooked in any consideration of the future of the human race, for if mating is determined by the Government, the improvement of the race may be rapid and striking. All familiar with the great number and diverse varieties of pigeons, of dogs, of goats, of horses, of cattle, and of plants which have been produced, almost at will, by artificial selection will understand the possibilities of a great modification in the form, structure and intellectual power of our race if eugenics are compulsory and selections are

wisely made. One must curb the imagination when forecasting the outcome. If our social organization becomes as perfect as that of some insects, this will doubtless be done. Who knows what the functions of the State of the future may be? This is a great, unknown factor, but when the vast stretches of time during which the race will probably exist are considered, it does not require a vivid imagination to picture this human product of artificial selection as super-men and super-women. Without artificial selection, however, the man of the future will probably differ little from the people of our own time.

The geological history of ants offers a suggestion as to what may be in store for our descendants. Ants preserved in amber,—the fossilized gum of the pine in which they were entrapped in Oligocene times, perhaps three millions of years ago,—are said to be in all respects like the ants of today; their physical form cannot be distinguished from that of their modern relatives, and their social organization was so far advanced that the workers, the queens, and the males had the same characters as now. With the completion of mental and physical evolution the social evolution of the ants progressed until it went further than it has among human beings. (It is possible, however, that physical evolution came to an end because of their social habits). When carefully analyzed our present day civilization and social organization are seen to be in many respects, —some would say in most respects,—illogical, uneconomical, and unjust, and consequently unstable. The old order,— the product of individualism,—when every man works for himself and not for the State, is passing away and society is becoming adjusted to new and more permanent conditions.

What, then, will be the future of the human race? If, as has been suggested, one can find a parallel in the evolution of bees, ants, and other social insects, one gets a glimpse into the future; and if, as the history of other animals teaches, man has nearly or quite reached the limit of the mental and physical development of which he is capable by natural means, it seems inevitable that the future will be largely spent in perfecting his social organization. But before this adjustment can be completed many false steps will have been taken,—some so unfortunate that, for a time, the right road will have been lost,—but such errors, although destructive to many individuals and the

cause of untold sufferings, will be warnings to prevent similar mistakes. One can hazard the prophecy that at some time,—perhaps less remote than some of us think,—the individual will be an integral part of the social machine; that all will work for the common good; and that the food and the housing will be the same for all. In the bee-hive when the colony realizes that the drone is not necessary for its perpetuation he is driven away or is actually put to death, and this is also the fate of other individuals who are not contributing to the well-being of the colony. One wonders what will be the fate of the lazy, the vicious, the insane, and the permanently disabled in the human society of the future. However, one must not carry the parallel too far, for man is unique among animals in the high development of the brain.

But what will be the result if, in order still further to promote its efficiency, this society of the future regulates marriage so as to produce strains that will more effectively do its work? The possibilities are startling. As the great draft horse and slender race horse have been developed by careful selection, so one human strain might be developed for great physical strength, another for manual dexterity, and still another for intellectual power; of this last some would have an aptitude for invention, some for executive work, some for literature, and some for other lines of intellectual endeavor.

There seems no likelihood that this future society will be for the proletariat, as the Bolsheviki teach, nor, on the other hand, will it be for the bourgeoisie, but in this perfected organization search will doubtless be constantly made for talented men and women in order that all may profit by the work of genius. When one takes his mind from the things of the present and allows himself to think of the thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of years during which man will probably inhabit the earth, he realizes that the race is in the infancy of its social evolution, and he can form some feeble conception of what lies before it.

HERDMAN F. CLELAND.

A PICTURE OF RUSSIA

BY PRINCESS CANTACUZÉNE-SPERANSKY

WHEN I went to Russia I found the inhabitants of the villages I visited, a simple childish crowd, working only when they must, always in debt to the village usurer, singing or sleeping in their spare hours, drinking when they owned money or could borrow it, and leading a life which intellectually was starved, but which nevertheless had its picturesque and artistic sides, and its advantages of great space and good air and the beautiful frames of forests and the fields, which went to inspire the song and the legend of Russia generation after generation. On this primitive base was built up a structure of great brilliancy and a culture as advanced as that of any other part of Europe, for the Russian was talented beyond all other people and he absorbed and digested any intellectual nourishment within his reach.

Strangely enough, between the aristocrat and the peasant living near him, there existed a free masonry of patriarchal relations, making our country life ultra-democratic. These two classes were left out in the scheme of government, which consisted of an autocratic sovereign with a bureaucracy, which made the machine of administration. The nobility might shine at court, but they had no particular influence in politics—and the peasant might do the work of the nation, but he was the last element that was thought of by those above. So the two often drew near to one another, and felt a mutual trust which made for protection on one side, and faithful service on the other. Living off by themselves through many months of the year, far from the bustle and traffic of great cities, they grew to understand and help one another in many ways. I noticed, for instance, in our village that the doctor sent by the Government was not believed in by the people, who were afraid

of him, yet they would take any medicine or go to any doctor who was ours—and for many years we kept a house doctor in the chateau to whom our people flocked with all their troubles. Meantime the man furnished by the Government to look after them led a lonesome life.

It was the same about schools. Those set up by the Government under the Ministry of Education were avoided by the people when possible—while any schools founded and carried on by proprietors' efforts and under proprietors' eyes were enthusiastically attended.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, one of the favorite methods of developing Russia had been by the importation of so-called colonists. These groups of foreigners, some French but many more German, were brought into the country and established over its surface in villages or districts which were given them as their own. Here they always lived as they had in their home countries, intermarrying, speaking their old language and keeping their national ideals. Germans especially made the neighborhoods in which they settled, feel the heavy hand of their domination. Usually these colonists were disliked intensely by the peasantry around them.

When war with Japan came in 1904 and mobilization occurred among our villages, I was surprised to see the lack of interest shown by soldiers who were going away to fight. Apparently they knew nothing about where they were going, nothing of the Japanese whom they were to fight, nothing of the reason for the war. Yet all of them went at the first call, arguing simply that it was for the " Little Father " that they were being dragged away. It seemed a touching tribute to the one ideal which had been kept before them, that they so willingly gave their lives for it, though with such vague understanding of the cause.

In 1914 it was different. We knew the Germans, and had felt their heavy hand on many occasions. Superintendents of estates were often Germans. Many of the bureaucrats were of the same extraction, and all along the frontiers our peasantry had had endless difficulty with their neighbors. This was everybody's war, and everybody was keen to get the better of a foe who through long centuries had been the oppressor. From the beginning, however, there were German spies and German propaganda at work. At the moment war was being discussed there was a strike in

St. Petersburg among the workmen. It was found, when soldiers went to quell the riots there, that many of those who were in the uprising had German gold in their hands or in their pockets. After this trouble was quieted and the war began, German spies were at work everywhere. It was known that they were on our frontiers, back of the firing lines, all through the provinces. Even at Court and in the Government they had their workers. The Minister of War was proved without doubt to have been one of their tools, and he had held up through their machinations the production of ammunition and the arms which were so vitally needed to keep our army going through 1915. On account of his not living up to his promise, the great retreat of 1915 occurred, when the Russian armies after their brilliant offensive at the beginning of the war were driven back step by step defending their home-land with empty hands and bare breasts. No chapter in Russian history has shown to such advantage the character of the Russian soldier and the Russian nation at large. Their devotion to duty, their magnificent courage, their faith in their commander and in Providence, held our armies in stiff lines against the enemy's fire.

The old Grand Duke, Commander in Chief, said himself at this time that if Soukhomlinoff was not summarily punished for his treachery, any propagandists of revolution might well find fertile ground for their preachings, since the people realized the criminal responsible for all their misery and butchery had gone unpunished because of the protection this man received from his clique at court, the Germanophile Occult party.

After the retreat events developed rapidly. The old Grand Duke and most of the Liberals at court were sent away in disgrace, and a sharp struggle with the Liberals in the Duma ended by the Emperor closing the Parliament itself. The guidance of affairs more and more passed into the hands of the Rasputin party. These people worked only for their own aggrandizement and to seize the power. Things went from bad to worse in the Government, while along the firing line and through the country with desperate courage our men fought and our women worked, to keep their contract with the Allies and to push the enemy back to his boundaries again. As the weeks progressed and the revolutionary propaganda augmented, one heard murmur-

ings on every side against the powers which were directing events, until one felt at last in the early part of 1917 that a terrible crisis was approaching with rapid strides. The group in the Government, those at least who were against a liberal solution of our troubles, were blind and deaf to the signs of the times. They were moving with ever-increasing speed towards the precipice which meant the dynasty's downfall. When the revolution occurred in March, 1917, it came as a surprise, however, to all the better Liberals both in the Parliament and in the Army, who had hoped to hold over the breaking up of the machinery of government until the end of the war. There were signs that Germany was suffering from economic troubles, which might injure the morale of her armies, and besides that the few Liberals left in the Government had finally managed with enormous difficulty, to gather supplies of arms and munitions for a strong offensive, which was, they hoped, to bring a final victory to Allied arms. Of late, all the best of Russia had been looking forward to a constitutional government soon; but there was no ill-will towards the sovereign himself and we expected the movement to be purely a palace revolution, which would establish a constitution and a responsible ministry.

The actual crisis was brought on by the folly and blindness of Protopopoff and the Empress, and the confidence of the Emperor in their judgment. At their instigation in a critical moment, the Duma was closed arbitrarily and unexpectedly, and this act was the signal for an uprising which in a few days overthrew the dynasty, obtained the Emperor's abdication and created chaos in the capital. The people possessed of the ideals which always have characterized them, believed implicitly that the millennium had come. The streets were filled for a few days with disorderly crowds, and then as excitement simmered down, by dignified, touching processions, singing hymns and marching with banners from church to church, bowing before their Ikons and thanking Providence for the liberty which was so new. In the Duma at the moment of the Government's upsetting, a few strong men had saved the situation, and had created the provisional Government. They had ideals which they still lived up to, wishing to hold to their contract with the Allies and to keep the machinery of administration and of the armies working to the end.

There was another organization, however, which no one suspected or thought of in the general excitement, and which had plans of its own. At Stockholm, were the headquarters of the German spy propaganda for Russia established during the war, and from their post of observation the lying German spies who had been watching events, prepared at once to take hold of the Russian situation. One of the first things which happened at the moment of revolution was the suppression of the police all over Russia, since in the people's eyes the police represented all that was worst of our bureaucracy. This suppression meant that frontiers were left open, until after six long days it was realized the enemy was profitting by the situation to send in thousands of spies, propagandists and organizers, who were to do the work of the enemy inside our lines and over our whole country. When this was realized, troops were immediately sent to the frontiers, and passport regulations were again put in force—but the harm had been done and from then on Russia was honeycombed with enemy's agents, who were doing their work systematically in every group where they felt people to be ignorant enough to listen to their tempting theories.

The first I heard of this action was from an officer, a comrade of my husband, whom we knew well, and who chanced to be in Petrograd on leave at the time of the first revolutionary uprising, March, 1917. He with several others rushed to the Duma to volunteer their services to Goutchkoff, the provisionally named War Minister. The first duty given this officer was to take some orders to the press for printing. He told me that he had been the rounds of the typographical bureaus, where he had expected to find no one, knowing that the city's workmen would be all in the streets celebrating the new era of freedom. To his surprise he found all the establishments he visited running at full speed, occupied by busy people, who refused to take the job he offered, because they were occupied printing the "Order No. 1" to the soldiers, and sending it rapidly to the front by special messengers. There the sheets were delivered to the soldiers, instead of the staffs, thus destroying discipline. Propaganda was also being printed, and these groups of printers were in charge of foremen who spoke to their subordinates in German. Captain K—— discovered also that the workmen themselves were mainly foreigners,

entirely uninterested in the celebrations going on around them, but ready to work overtime. This seemed symptomatic, in view of the well known enthusiasm of the Russian lower class to celebrate a holiday on the slightest excuse. For some time, however, the results of the enemy propaganda in the revolution were not visible, to the average observer, and no demonstrations on the part of propagandists occurred until six or eight weeks after the overthrow of the Imperial Government. I was in Petrograd shortly after the revolution's first upheaval. I had been lunching out one day. Afterwards, when driving home through the streets of the capital to my hotel, I observed to my companion how extraordinarily quiet and well behaved our people were in spite of the entire lack of police. We said to one another that no nation in the world could have stood such a sudden transition with such dignity and idealism, and made good to the same extent. That very afternoon a number of people came in to tea with me, and told how they had passed a procession going down the Nevsky which they felt to have been faked, composed of ragged, slipshod workmen and soldiers, marching in the city's main street carrying black banners on which the mottoes said among other things, " Down with capitalism and the Government!" The passersby had looked on with surprise and interest, but had not joined in, and after its failure to arouse the public, the procession had dissolved and scattered, and the movement for active anarchy was given up for some little time. Then Lenine and Trotzky and other preachers of the new doctrine, were brought into Russia from outside and scattered over the country, preaching what was called " Bolshevism." At first they had small success but soon curiosity brought the passing crowd to a standstill below the summer house perched on the garden wall of the Ksesiensky palace. There, orators of the new persuasion were kept talking from early morning until late at night, and from there propaganda sheets were scattered to the crowd. Nobody as yet felt this doctrine to be a serious danger to the country, and in view of the new rights of free speech no effort was made to suppress the growing strength of this group of German propagandists who were to upset law and order.

In July a second uprising occurred, and at that time General Polovtzoff, Commandant of Petrograd, with the courage which characterized him always, on his own responsi-

bility arrested twenty-three ringleaders of the Bolsheviki movement. Most of them were aliens. General Polovtzoff had the criminals' headquarters raided. There he found in their coffers German gold, used for paying their agents in Russia or for bribing their victims. Considering that this was sufficient evidence of their enemy origin, General Polovtzoff hoped to see them tried and executed.

Kérensky, who was then beginning to feel his weakness and was trying to cater to the most radical groups, instead of punishing or throwing into prison those who were fighting his régime, set them free and dismissed General Polovtzoff for his treatment of "citizens of the new Russia." After that, in Petrograd, the situation went from bad to worse, and the Government, ever weaker in the hands of the Bolsheviki, finally broke down and let this party take over the power.

Further south, in Kiev, where I spent part of the Summer of 1917, my husband was in command of the cavalry troops of the district. The situation there was very much the same. Cantacuzéne was constantly reporting the Bolshevik development and propaganda, raiding nests where foreigners were always found and captured, and where German propaganda sheets and German money continuously proved the origin and inspiration of a movement. However, in Kiev it was put on a different basis of argument from the line taken in the north. The movement there was called Ukrainian, and it was said national freedom should be gained from great Russia; a separatist movement was inaugurated which would have the same effect of breaking up resistance to the enemy, and weakening Russia's capacity for fight, without antagonizing the workmen of the province. Neither would this nationalist action bring into opposition the group of peasant proprietors, who in the south owned large holdings scattered among the estates of the nobility. The enemy realized a peasant landowner would not stand for any seizure of the land, except that of the nobility, and that workmen living in the better conditions of a gay, sunny, prosperous town where food was plentiful and life cost little, would not be moved by the same arguments as the workmen of the great factory districts of Petrograd. Their method was the same though, that of playing into German hands.

In Kiev all life and property grew less safe as time progressed. There was discontent created and a movement against the central provisional Government in Petrograd.

To the peasants in general it was preached that the land was theirs by right always, and now it was so by law. They should take it and divide it without waiting for the Constituent Assembly to pass on the measure. To the soldier on the firing-line it was preached that the German in the trench opposite was his brother and wished him well; that he also was discontented with his Government at home and with long fighting and that our men should fraternize with him. It was incidentally passed about, that it would be well if our soldiers went back to their villages to see whether their friends at home, in dividing up the land, did not take the best pieces for themselves, leaving nothing for the soldier who far away might be easily forgotten in the division of property. To the workman it was said the factories belonged to him as much as the land did to the peasantry, and that he was capable of running the machines as he was also the organization with which he had spent his life. It was added that he had been tyrannized over, deprived of his rightful ownership and at whatever cost he must now upset this order of things, and take hold of the factories' administration, or he would be lacking in civic courage; not doing his share in forming the new order of government. Naturally, all these people who could neither read nor write, had never thought before of either power or a duty in these matters, were pleased with such flattery as to their own capacities, and were impressed with a sense of their new duties. They became anxious to show what they could do. Some still held back in loyalty to men or groups who they felt had treated them kindly and been fair towards them always; but little by little all sense of obligation was demolished and our people were inspired with an immense desire to try in practice what in theory sounded so attractive. Gradually the whole country was being prepared for the Bolshevik régime. When the moment came for the overthrow of law and order, the poorer classes almost to a man had been converted either by fair words, or by bribe, or by vodka, to the firm belief that they were within their rights in opposing the whole order of life in Russia and in trying this new thing, which was to bring them the millennium. It appealed not only to their selfishness and desire for material gain and power, but also strongly to their ideals of justice towards the poor and the downtrodden. Equality to all, freedom and rest for those who were weary, peace and bread and

plenty to the world at large. They had been firmly convinced that after a period of chaos, they were to enter upon an era of prosperity unrivalled till now; and they were to go out soon and convert the whole world to their new religion, abolishing poverty and suffering among the Allies as well as among themselves.

When the Bolsheviki took over the power, for some time they still retained on paper and for use in propaganda, their eloquent theories of justice, truth and beauty—but almost immediately in practice they began to govern as they do today,—destruction, group by group, of everything that made for strength in Russia. First the nobility and the Government circles were made to suffer, and little by little capitalists, business men, the industrials and the shop keepers were sacrificed, together with all the intellectuals of the country. Schools were closed and business was shut down, food became scarce, there was no transportation; tyranny was intense, theft and murder were of constant occurrence, and the whole of Russia sank gradually into the mire, until it reached the low level of today. The people who had been at first led on by their ideals, were held by their self-interest and then debauched by an orgy of blood and alcohol offered to them; finally they were encouraged to believe themselves compromised to a point where return to other ways was impossible. Moral misery stood behind famine, with sickness and exploitation of every variety, until they were an inert mass to be moulded by the will of the tyrants to any deed the latter ordained.

When we left Kiev and went to Petrograd to try and organize our departure, I was surprised to find that while the Bolsheviki had thrown into prison the prominent revolutionaries and members of the provisional Government, they had withdrawn from their irons and given complete freedom such men of the old régime as had been most distinctly of the occult party at court. General Woyekoff, Protopokoff, Mme. Wiroboff, Sheglovitoff were all living at liberty, and they had had their fortunes restored to them. Sheglovitoff who had been the brains of the Rasputin party, was even asked to take a portfolio in the Lénine-Trotzky cabinet, while Mme. Wiroboff, the Empress's evil genius, was established in great luxury in an apartment and was a friend, it turned out, of Trotzky's. I was even told when we were trying to get our passports for abroad and were experiencing

endless difficulties, that if I wrote a note to this old court favorite, the problem would be solved, since her influence with Trotzky would smooth the way to our receiving the necessary papers. I hesitated to believe this until one day I met Mme. Wiroboff's mother on the street. I stopped to ask her how and where her daughter was, and the old lady said at once she was much better off now than she had been, that she had been liberated and was living at home again; that Mr. Trotzky had been so very kind! But we did not try to use this means to obtain our papers.

. . . . . .

In these days, when everywhere pessimism, blame and accusation are rampant, the strength and beauty of the real Russian ways stand out with a great splendor; and to the American people who have always shown justice and mercy, the appeal of this fine dignity and silence should be great. Such are the people of Russia. I am proud to count myself one of them now, having seen and fully realized the quality and immensity of their greatness.

JULIA CANTACUZÉNE-SPERANSKY.

SHAKESPERE AND PURITANISM

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

AMONG the many virtues of Shakespere is the fact that he is never dogmatic or didactic. He never moralizes or preaches save where dramatic fitness requires it, and then it is easy to detect what his own ideas were with reference to such practices by the kind of character he draws. Jacques, in *As You Like It,* is a worn out libertine who moralizes with cynical conceit; Polonius, in *Hamlet,* mouths commonplaces like a dullard, busy-body preacher. Shakespere was too great an artist to debase his art to the formal, conventional level of the Elizabethan school-room or pulpit. He never represented virtue as a policy. He took good and evil as they came. "Without any conscious theory about either art or morals, he instinctively used the darker tints of humanity in such a way as brought its higher and fairer aspects into full relief."

This attitude of mind was out of harmony with the drift of sentiment of the times, which was towards puritanism, so that it becomes a matter of interest to seek to ascertain what Shakespere's views of the new morality were.

The roots of English puritanism may be traced much farther back than is usually thought. This new, austere morality gathered head all through the sixteenth century, so that by the middle of Elizabeth's reign Puritan control was locally widely spread. The magistrates and Church of England clergy, long before the Puritan régime was really in the saddle, were very active in attempting to suppress "certain potvaliant and ludibrious customs," and energetically sought to take the "merry" out of Merry England. For example, the Bishop of Winchester, in 1570, had the license of one John Slifelde to keep an ale-house revoked because he was "detected to have maintained dauncying at his howse the Saboth day, and that in time of divine service."

In 1595 the court of Quarter Sessions at Exeter declared:

> Church or parish ales, revels, May-games, plays, and such other unlawful assemblies of the people of sundry parishes unto one parish on the Sabbath day *and other times,* is a special cause that many disorders, contempts of law, and other enormities are there perpetrated and committed, to the great profanation of the Lord's 'Saboth,' the dishonour of Almighty God, increase of bastardy and of dissolute life, and of very many other mischiefs and inconveniences to the great hurt of the commonwealth. It was, therefore, ordered that all these assemblies should be abolished on the Sabbath, that there should be no drink used, kept, or uttered upon the Sabbath at any time of the day, nor upon any holiday or festival in the time of divine service or the preaching of the Word, nor at any time in the night season, nor yet that there shall be 'any Mynstralsy of any sort, Dauncying, or suche wanton Dallyances, used at the said May games.'

Similar suppressive legislation may be traced from English local records with increasing frequency through the later years of Elizabeth and the whole reign of James I. As early as 1579 "the habit of singing psalms through the nose, one of the best established traits of puritanism, was already the custom of a typical and miscellaneous body of Englishmen."

If my surmise be a correct one, Sonnet LXVI is to be interpreted as the revolt of the artist against authority. Four plays of Shakespere, *Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, All's Well That Ends Well,* and *Measure for Measure* clearly exhibit Shakesperes' contempt for puritanism. I have not detected the sentiment in any of his historical plays, but he must have been nettled at Roger Ascham's condemnation of Malory's *Morte d' Arthur* as a tissue of murder and adultery.

Dogberry, in *Much Ado About Nothing,* is manifestly a satire on local Puritan officialdom. This self-reliant, officious, stupid and ignorant constable is obviously meant for a caricature of the puritanically minded local bailiff with which England was getting increasingly familiar. He uses legal phrases and administrative terms interlarded with puritan theological expressions of whose meaning he is totally ignorant in ways so absurd that his speeches are bombastic jargon. Dogberry is the clown of the play, but he is not meant for a clown; he is meant as a caricature of English political puritanism in the days when it was still safe to treat puritanism as a joke.

Thus in the prison scene, where Conrade and Borachio

are subjected to examination, Dogberry, who conducts the inquisition, asks:

> Masters, do you serve God?
>
> *Conrade:* Yea, sir, we hope.
> *Borachio:*
> *Dogberry:* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first.

Libel and bribery are confused with "flat burglary" in Dogberry's muddled brain, and when count Claudio is accused of plotting to disgrace Hero, Dogberry exclaims:

> O villian, thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

When Leonato drily thanks Dogberry "for his care and pains" the foolish constable swells with puritanical pride in sense of duty well performed, and piously ejaculates:

> I praise God for you. . . . God save the foundation.

The word "foundation" tells the tale. It was a favorite word on the lips of Calvinists who used it to signify the politico-religious fabric and society it was their aspiration to erect—the Puritan State.

In *Much Ado About Nothing* Shakespere's criticism of puritanism is veiled, and by implication only. The movement itself is not mentioned. But in *Twelfth Night* there is no such reticence. The beautiful Olivia in this play is discovered as a rich young woman in mourning for her deceased brother whom she mourns as a wife might mourn the death of her husband; and who is resolved to wear black for seven years in memory of him. The major domo of her household is Malvolio, an austere, officious, pedantic fellow who highly prides himself for the merit of virtue in the midst of such roysterers as Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

The refined and half Italian culture of Olivia is contrasted with the narrow and bigoted ideals of Malvolio, who is a Puritan. For the Puritans looked upon the culture of the Italian Renaissance then flowing into England like a flood as half pagan and half Catholic, and frivolous dalliance to boot. On the other hand Malvolio's puritanism is sharply contrasted, in Sir Toby Belch, with the cakes and ale and tap-room jests which scandalized the growing sect.

Twelfth Night is Shakespere's most direct attack upon

puritanism. The direct charge against puritanism is found in Act II. scene 3, where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are roaring drunk and Malvolio, with high and mighty air, attempts to suppress their boisterousness.

Malvolio: My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches (ribald songs) without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?——

Sir Toby: . . . Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

to which Maria, Olivia's serving woman, adds:

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of *Puritan.*

Sir Andrew: O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

There is no need to rehearse the plot of this familiar play; how finally Malvolio, when the whole plot comes out, angrily exclaims:

I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

One could afford to laugh at the threat in 1601, and doubtless the pit and the galleries cheered hoarsely at the fun in the play. But Malvolio's threat was not as impotent as it seemed. For, driven frantic by the sarcasm and the ridicule of the Elizabethan authors, the Puritans, temporarily restrained by the Stuarts, forty years later terribly avenged themselves for the ridicule and raillery which they had suffered.

Every student of Shakespere has noticed the change which came over the spirit of Shakespere's dream about 1601, and various explanations have been given for it. Upon the long line of brilliant comedies follow his greatest tragedies: *Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth.* Obviously in those first years of the century the dramatist was in a deeply serious mood. Even the comedies which he wrote, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure For Measure,* have an under-current of seriousness that is stranger to his earlier comedies. There is ground for thinking that Shakespere was not without disquietude over this tendency of the times. Each of the comedies just mentioned is a rebuke of puritanism. This is certain of *Measure for*

Measure, and inferentially justified of *All's Well That Ends Well.* Is Helen's gaiety, her wit, her poise, her real virtue an implied satire upon the hypocritic virtues assumed by the Puritans? Is the play wholly a comedy? Comic it undeniably is in parts, even clownish. But is there not an under-current of satire and of sadness because the prudery, the Mrs. Grundyism, the philistinism of the Puritans is already beginning to throw its chilling shadow over life and light and beauty?

Perhaps it is reading too much into this drama so to interpret it. Shakespere possibly may not have felt the menace of puritanism before the death of Elizabeth. But there is no doubt that the accession of James I filled him with grave anxiety for the future of the theatre. The guild of playwrights had no relish for the rule of a king who was notoriously a rigid Calvinist theologian. James I was half a puritan at heart morally, though not politically. One of the first acts of his reign was to forbid the mention of the name of God upon the boards, or even the appearance of the sacred name in the text of any play. At the same time a rigid reform in court manners was instituted. An old and obsolete law was revived which forbade any divorced person to remarry during the lifetime of either principal, under pain of death.

We see Shakespere's views with reference to puritanism most clearly in *Measure For Measure,* where the obsolete law of the Duke points at James I's stringent statute. The play is full of deep and serious thought, and is a study in social psychology and social action. It is positive proof of the grave consideration with which Shakespere viewed the growth of puritanism.

It is significant that *Measure for Measure* is contemporary with the accession of James I. There is certainly intentional parallelism between the first Stuart and Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, who, like James I moralizes in commonplaces. The plot raises two issues: First, has society a right to regulate morals? secondly, what is meant by morality?

Although the milieu of the drama is nominally abroad, it is evident that Shakespere had London and not Vienna in his mind when he composed it—the gay, luxurious, riotous London of his time. He dwells much upon the corruption of manners in the city, and paints a satirical picture

which even the Puritans might have accepted. This comes out in certain baser characters: Mrs. Overdone, who practices Mrs. Warren's profession and keeps a brothel in the suburbs; Pompey, a "tapster" or "runner" for her establishment; Froth, a weak and foolish habitué of the place; Elbow, a constable, who battens on crime and vice and anticipates a New York policeman in the Tenderloin district; Lucio, a gentleman rake who knows the ways and windings of the underworld.

Lucio (meeting some friends in the street, and observing Mrs. Overdone approaching):

Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to——

2 Gentlemen: To what, I pray?

Lucio: Judge.

2 Gentlemen: To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gentleman: Ay, and more.

Lucio: A French crown more.

1 Gentleman: Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio: Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow.

Obviously the conversation here is about the prevalence of syphilitic diseases.

Further light on this malodorous subject is cast in the conversation in Angelo's house in Act II, scene 1, where Justice Escalus cross-questions Elbow, Froth and Pompey.

Angelo: What are you, sir?

Elbow: He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house which, I think, is a very ill house, too——

. . .

Escalus (to Pompey) What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey: A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escalus: Your mistress' name?

Pompey: Mistress Overdone.

Escalus: Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey: Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. . . . Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escalus: How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pompey: If the law would allow it, sir.

Escalus: But the law will not allow it. . . .

Pompey: Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

In Act III, scene 2, Elbow, the constable, brings Pompey to prison, and encounters the Duke in disguise of a friar before the prison-gate. Pompey is evidently complaining of the misfortune of his arrest and contending for the legitimacy of his calling.

Elbow: Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard. . . .

Duke: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow: Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir. For we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock. . . .

Duke: Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd.
The evil that thou causeth to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending?

At this point Lucio appears and asks:

How now, noble Pompey? . . . The trick of it? . . . How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey: Troth, sir . . . she is herself in the tub.

Lucio: Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd. . . . Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey: Yes, faith, sir. . . .

Elbow: For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio: Well, then, imprison him. . . . Bawd he is, doubtless, and of antiquity, too; bawd-born.

It is quite evident that Shakespere believed in the impracticability of legislating morals, and the impossibility of suppressing vice by statute.

Pompey: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Overdone: What proclamation, man?

Pompey: All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Overdone: And what shall become of those in the city?

Pompey: They shall stand for seed: they had gone down, too, but that a wise burgher put in for them—

a tart reference to aldermanic graft not foreign to modern cities.

Mrs. Overdone: But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pompey: To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Overdone: Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth. What shall become of me?

Pompey: Come, fear not you. Good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage. There will be pity taken on you. You that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Sure enough Pompey's prophecy comes true. As a former quotation shows, it is not long before Mistress Overdone has a new " hot-house."

Angelo, who is left as regent during the duke's absence, embodies traits of character quite typical of puritanism. He is outwardly a strict moralist, though a hypocrite at heart; he confuses genuine amusement with frivolity and immorality; he is unsympathetic, sombre, with a superficial excess of virtue which is belied by his real character. He is deeply convinced of the power of law to make a community moral; he believes in drastic legislation and strict enforcement of it. To be sure, he is only a Puritan of the codes, and not of dogma; but he is no less a Puritan.

Angelo's priggishness sticks out all over him. His excess of virtue is so great that Justice Escalus is moved to warn him:

> Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

Clothed with a little brief authority, the Regent's puritanism is inflated with pride and prejudice. Justice Escalus remonstrates. But Angelo believes in the " thorough " policy of puritanism. He means:

> . . . . find good cause to whip them all.

His first act is to revive an obsolete statute providing the death penalty for fornication, which is at first taken with amusement and then with dismay by the denizens of the underworld. Lucio derisively comments:

> This ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous.

Under this statute Claudio is arrested and condemned to execution. In this extremity his friend Lucio comes to Claudio's sister Isabella, who has just entered a convent, and beseeches her to intercede with Angelo for her brother's life. The contrast between the natural, tender, genuinely religious and sincerely conscientious Isabella and the hyper-virtuous, unnatural, narrow-minded and insincere Angelo is very striking, and must have been sharply apparent to Shakespere's audience.

In the first interview Angelo is legalistic, obdurate, and makes much parade of virtue and the necessity of public morality.

> It is the law, not I, condemns your brother

he tells Isabella, who remonstrates:

> Who is it that hath died for this offence?
> There's many have committed it.

To this argument based on the frailty of human nature Angelo rejoins:

> The law hath not been dead, though it hath
> slept. . . .
> Your brother dies tomorrow.

Isabella responds by a famous apostrophe:

> . . . . Man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority—

This bold and penetrating speech cuts to the very marrow of Angelo's pretensions. Angelo has the exalted, Calvinistic estimate of himself. He unblushingly calls himself a "saint"—a favorite Puritan word.

With Isabella one leaves the bigotry of Protestant England for the Catholic environment of the convent where Isabella has taken her vows, the atmosphere of which is aureate with the mysticism of Hugo of St. Victor and St. Francis of Assissi. The foil of the best in Roman Catholicism to the baser element in Calvinistic puritanism is here admirably presented. Isabella is imbued with that high and pure religious emotionalism which pervaded many a mediaeval nunnery.

In the second interview Angelo offers to mitigate the penalty to be imposed on Claudio if Isabella will submit to his embrace. All the maiden's modesty, reinforced by her Catholic teaching, revolts against this overture. Not even in order to save her brother's life will she make so base a compromise. Here the mask of virtue is torn from Angelo's

face and he stands out—he, a Puritan—more depraved than the most profligate of cavaliers. He is not only a hypocrite, but a cad. This caddishness appears in his having the effrontery to say, in defence of his passion, that Isabella is the tempter, he the tempted. Thus he soliloquizes:

> O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint [!]
> With saints doest bait thy hook. . . .
> . . . . Never could the strumpet,
> With all her double vigor, art and nature,
> Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
> Subdues me quite.

Farther on in the dialogue we find Angelo boasting of his "unsoiled name" and the "austereness" of his life, which are typical Puritan pretensions.

The collapse of the virtuous Angelo is the direct theme of *Measure for Measure.* But the indirect and implied theme is the injustice, the futility, the uncharitableness, the hypocrisy, of puritanism.

Triumphant puritanism wreaked its revenge on Shakespere. Jeremy Collier, in 1698, in a famous indictment of the stage, declared that it must be "either reformed or silenced." Nahum Tate, who succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate in 1692, "adapted" his plays to the new propriety, and prudishly eliminated "indelicate" passages in various of the dramas, even going so far as radically to alter the plot, as when he revised *King Lear* so as to make Cordelia marry Edgar instead of dying on Lear's breast. Addison in the *Spectator,* No. 40, vainly protested against such Anthony-Comstockian methods, but they had the approval of Dr. Johnson in the next generation. Tate's puritanical credentials rest on a rhymed version of the Psalms, done in conjunction with another kindred spirit, Brady. Not so well known to posterity is a turgid, moralizing poem by Tate on—syphilis!

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

"A. E."

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

In all the books on Ireland, considered nationally, socially and economically, that have been written in the past twenty years, two men inevitably are mentioned: Sir Horace Plunkett and "A. E.", whose lawful name is George William Russell. Men of affairs in most parts of the world have heard of them, and I imagine that very few of the people who go to Ireland with any serious purpose fail to visit them. I saw Sir Horace Plunkett receive an ovation from a large audience in New York which would only have been given to him by a people who had some knowledge and appreciation of his work for his country; and I was impressed by the fact that many Americans asked me to tell them something of "A. E." And yet, though the wide world is not ignorant of their worth, it is very likely that they are less generally known in Ireland than some paltry politician with a gift for street-corner rhetoric. Once, in Dublin, I praised Sir Horace Plunkett to a man from the county of Cavan who interrupted me to say that no one in his village had ever heard of Sir Horace. He seemed to imagine that the ignorance of his neighbours proved a demerit in the founder of the co-operative movement in Ireland. Your villagers, said I, may never have heard of Sir Horace Plunkett and are probably very familiar with the names of Mr. Charles Chaplin and Miss Mary Pickford, but does that prove that Mr. Chaplin has done greater work for Ireland than Sir Horace? I am not indifferent to the great merits of Mr. Chaplin. . . . I would go a long way to see him in the movies . . . but I hope that I shall never succumb to this modern shoddy democracy which will not believe that a man possesses quality unless

his name is printed frequently in the newspapers and is familiarly known to the rabble. It may be that Paudeen, unfit to do more than "fumble in a greasy till," as Mr. Yeats wrote in his bitter poem, "September, 1913," knows little or nothing of Sir Horace Plunkett whose life labors have brought so much of comfort and prosperity to him—but who cares what Paudeen knows? Let him grub in the soil, as God made him to grub, while men of mind and quality look after his affairs. It is sufficient for the knowledgeable minority that *they* know of Sir Horace and realize the value of the great work he has done for his country. A false optimism bids us to believe that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," but a sense of reality convinces us that the highest has to fight harder for recognition than the lowest, and that the way to the throne of heaven passes through Golgotha, the place of a skull.

II

If it be true that Sir Horace Plunkett is less well known to his countrymen than some fellow with flashy wits, it is more certain to be true that his great colleague in co-operation, "A. E.", is still less known to them. It would be difficult for any intelligent person to come into the presence of "A. E." and remain unaware that he is a man of merit. He fills a room immediately and unmistakably with the power of his personality. A tall, bearded, untidy man, with full lips and bulkily built body, he draws attention by his deep, glowing brown eyes. When he speaks, other people listen. If you were to meet him in the street, unaware of his indentity, and he were to ask you for a match with which to light his pipe, you would do more than civilly comply with his request. You would certainly say to yourself, "That's a remarkable man!" It is said, with what verity I cannot say, that Mr. Bernard Shaw and "A. E." met for the first time in a picture-gallery in Dublin, each ignorant of the other's identity, and that they began to talk of Art. They impressed each other so greatly that they continued in argument for a long time, and only, when they parted, did they become known to each other. The mountains nod to each other over the heads of the little hills; and men of merit, even when they are not easily recognized by the multitude, are known to each other. One man of merit may, indeed, belittle another man of merit, as Dr. Johnson

belittled Fielding, as George Meredith belittled Dickens, as Henry James belittled Ibsen and Thomas Hardy; but at least they are aware of each other.

III

Very often have writers told the story of how Sir Horace Plunkett, a tongue-tied, hesitant man with very delicate health, returned to Ireland after a long stay in America, to begin the Co-operative Movement, and found, in a Dublin shop, keeping accounts for a tea-merchant, a poet and a painter, a mystic who was also an economist with the capacity, as he afterwards proved, to become the ablest journalist in Ireland. This man of multiple energies was George William Russell, who was born in Lurgan, in the County of Armagh, on April 10, 1867. He is two years younger than Mr. Yeats, eleven years younger than Mr. Shaw, and fifteen years younger than Mr. George Moore. The order of these births is significant. Observe how an aloof artist has been succeeded by a furious economist! Mr. Moore, who began life as a realist after the manner, but not after the style, of Zola, and then turned his back on Zola and sought the company of Turgeniev so that he might pursue apt and beautiful words and delicate and elusive thoughts, was followed by Mr. Shaw, who began life by filling his mind with the ideas of Henry George and Karl Marx, and then turned his back on both of them in order that he might consort with Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Yeats, with his vague poetry and vaguer mysticism . . . none the less vague because of the curious care for exactness which causes him to count the nine and fifty swans at Coole and the nine bean rows on Innisfree . . . followed Mr. Shaw, and in his turn was followed by "A. E.", so closely connected with economics that a wag, when asked what was the meaning of "A. E."s pen-name, replied "agricultural economist".*

One cannot, however, leave the matter as simply as that. Mr. Shaw likes to think of himself as an economist, but he

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*Mr. Darrell Figgis, in his book on "A. E.", explains the pen-name thus: "Wanting at one time a new pen-name, he subscribed himself as Aeon. His penmanship not at all times being of the legiblest, the printer deciphered the first diphthong and set a query for the rest; whereupon the writer, in his proof-sheets, stroked out the query and stood by the diphthong." Since then, however, Mr. Russell has abandoned the diphthong and prints his pen-name as two separate letters.

is more than an economist; he is John the Baptist pretending to be Karl Marx. "A. E." likes to think of himself as an expert on the price of butter and milk and cows and sheep, but he is more than an expert on these things: he is Blake pretending to be Sir Horace Plunkett . . or Walt Whitman pretending to be President Wilson. It has always seemed to me that Sir Horace Plunkett and "A. E.", colleagues in a great enterprise, are the embodiment of the peculiarly interwoven strands of Irish character, of that queer mingling of the material and the spiritual in the Irish people which at once allures and astounds the Englishman, accustomed to keeping his materialism and his spirituality in separate compartments. Sir Horace has a neat and unexpected wit, but he does not appear to me to have much feeling for poetry or for any other literature or art. He has respect for these things and will talk on them sometimes with a very peculiar incisiveness, but his interest in them is an outside interest. If he had to choose between a co-operative creamery and the Heroic Legends of Ireland, I do not doubt for a moment that he would choose the co-operative creamery. "A. E.", on the contrary, would choose the Heroic Legends and would give the good reason for so doing that without the Heroic Legends, the co-operative creamery is useless. When "A. E." pleads for the co-operative societies, he does so because he believes that these are part of the means whereby the Irish people will be restored to their ancient stature. Organize your industry, he said to the farmers, so that you may become what your fathers were, fit company for the Shining Ones, for Lugh and Balor and Manannan, the great and brave and beautiful Pagan gods. Each by himself, Sir Horace or "A. E.", might have failed to make much out of the co-operative movement in Ireland, but both together, each possessed of a different, yet complementary, crusading spirit, could not fail to make a happy issue of it. When Garibaldi appealed for recruits for his Thousand, he offered them wounds and death. When Sir Horace Plunkett appealed for helpers in the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, he offered them hard and discouraging labor and poor wages. Mankind, which responds to a noble appeal as readily as it responds to a base appeal, offered its best to both of them. Garibaldi got his Thousand, and Sir Horace Plunkett got his colleagues.

They were diverse in character, and included National-

ists and Unionists, Catholics and Protestants, peers and peasants. For the first time in Irish history, Irishmen of all classes were united on a matter which had no relationship with passions! There were no angry emotions astir when the I. A. O. S. brought the diverse elements of the Irish entity into accord as there had been when the union of the North and the South was made many years earlier; and consequently the movement could not be split, as that Union was, by the collision of one angry emotion with another. In face of every conceivable discouragement and even of active enmity and in spite of the grave unhealth of Sir Horace himself, the movement grew in strength until now it is indestructible. Chief among the colleagues whom Sir Horace gathered about him was "A. E." Mr. Russell could, without doubt, earn a large income as a journalist if he were to offer his pen to a rich newspaper proprietor . . . his weekly review, the *Irish Homestead,* is the most ably-edited and skilfully-written organ in Ireland . . . and he could probably earn as much as, if not more than, he receives from his Co-operative work if he were to devote himself exclusively to his mystical and poetical writings; but just as Mazzini felt himself compelled to sacrifice his heart's desire, the life of a man of letters, in order to devote himself to a political career which was distasteful to him, so "A. E." felt compelled to hitch his star to Sir Horace Plunkett's wagon, and for many years now he has preached, week after week, the gospel of co-operation to Irish farmers when he would, perhaps, have preferred exclusively to tell stories of the ancient gods and heroes.

IV

But the Co-operative Movement did not absorb the whole of his energies. He is as many-sided a man as William Morris was, almost as many-sided as Leonardo da Vinci. His work on the *Irish Homestead* would seem to be sufficient to employ all the vitality of a healthy, active man, but "A. E." cannot be contained within the pages of a weekly review, and so, while writing four or five pages every week of the finest journalism to be found in the British Islands, he has also produced seven remarkable books and painted many pictures, engaged in political and economic controversy, and sat as a member of the Irish Convention

which endeavoured, in 1917, to discover a solution of the Irish Problem. In a strange and, to me, incomprehensible book, called *The Candle of Vision,* he has wrought his mysticism to such a pitch of practicality that he is able to offer his readers an alphabet with which to interpret the language of the Gods! It manifests itself in some of his pictures, so that strange, luminous and brightly-coloured creatures are seen shining in some ordinary landscape, creatures that seemed to me, when I first saw them, akin to Red Indians. In everything that he writes and does, there is a consciousness of some spiritual presence, not the spiritual presence of the Christian theology, but that of the Pagan Legends. One night, in his house in Dublin, I drew the attention of a lady to one of "A. E."s. pictures . . . a dark landscape, in the centre of which a very brilliant and beautiful creature was dancing. "A. E." turned to us and said, "That's the one I saw!" and I remembered the story I had been told earlier in the evening, that he saw fairies, that he actually took penny tram-rides from Dublin to go up into the mountains to see the fairies! I do not remember what the lady said, but I remember that she looked exceedingly astonished, and, indeed, I myself felt some astonishment. If Mr. Yeats had said that he had seen a fairy, I should have smiled indulgently and should neither have believed that he had seen one nor that he himself believed that he had seen one. But while I do not believe that "A. E." saw a fairy, otherwise than in his imagination, I am certain that he believes he saw one, not as a creature of the mind, but as one having flesh and blood. He claims no peculiar merit for himself in seeing visions. "There is no personal virtue in me," he writes in *The Candle of Vision,* "other than this that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey." He tells his readers how they, too, if they have the wish, may see the things which he has seen, and he gives descriptions of some of his visions. People as incredulous as I am can very easily dispose of "A. E."s visions as the fantasies of a man suffering perhaps from inadequate nourishment . . . for "A. E." was careless about his meals in those days . . . just as I dispose of the visions of St. Catherine of Sienna by attributing them to the feverishness of mind that comes to people who are starving themselves. Here is an account of one of his visions. You are to understand that it is not a dream such

as you and I have when we are asleep, but something seen by a man who is awake at broad of day, something actual, something that you who read this might also see if you were to follow the path on which he has travelled:

So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of color as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world.

The Golden Age is here, at this moment, and all the noble creatures who filled it with chivalry and beauty are crowding about us. We have only to open our eyes and we shall see! . . .

Once, suddenly, I found myself on some remote plain or steppe, and heard unearthly chimes pealing passionately from I know not what far steeples. The earth-breath streamed from the furrows to the glowing heavens. Overhead the birds flew round and round crying their incomprehensible cries, as if they were maddened, and knew not where to nestle, and had dreams of some more enraptured rest in a diviner home. I could see a ploughman lift himself from his obscure toil and stand with lit eyes as if he too had been fire-smitten and was caught into heaven as I was, and knew for that moment he was a god.

It is very vague, the disbeliever feels, and there is nothing in it to make one accept it as a vision of a thing actually seen, rather than fancied; but there can be no doubt of the intensity with which "A. E." believes in the actuality of it. These visions of his form the foundation of his political and economic faith. He advocates co-operative enterprise because he believes in his visions as actual happenings. In a poem, called *Earth Breath,* he says:

From the cool and dark-lipped furrows breathes a dim delight
Through the woodland's purple plumage to the diamond night.
Aureoles of joy encircle every blade of grass
Where the dew-fed creatures silent and enraptured pass.
And the restless ploughman pauses, turns, and, wondering,
Deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king.

This verse is obviously a poetical account of the experience he underwent "on some remote plain or steppe," and

the final couplet of it gives the explanation of his belief in democracy. If he had no faith in the god in man, if he were not certain that "the restless ploughman . . . deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king," he would probably offer his allegiance to autocracy and believe in government by a caste; but since he has seen visions and is convinced that there is a god in man, he cannot be other than a democrat. All his political strivings have been directed towards making this "a society where people will be at harmony in their economic life," as he writes in *The National Being,* and "will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will, by reason and sympathy, comprehend each other, and come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities, as in that multitudinous diversity which is the universe, powers and dominions and elements are balanced, and are guided harmoniously by the Shepherd of the Ages." Whether such a world, balanced in that way, can be rightly described as a democracy is not a matter on which I offer any opinion here, though it seems to me to be a very long way from what the common man considers a democracy to be.

V

It is when we come to connect his visions and the beliefs he derives from them with the actual circumstances in which we find ourselves that we begin to be most dubious. "National ideals," he says in *The National Being,* "are the possession of a few people only." That is an argument for aristocracy.

> Yet we must spread them in wide commonalty over Ireland if we are to create a civilisation worthy of our hopes and our ages of struggle and sacrifice to attain the power to build. We must spread them in wide commonalty because it is certain that democracy will prevail in Ireland. The aristocratic classes with traditions of government, the manufacturing classes with economic experience, will alike be secondary in Ireland to the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns. We must rely on the ideas common among our people, and on their power to discern among their countrymen the aristocracy of character and intellect.

With the deletion of the word "Ireland" and the substitution of the word "America," that quotation might stand just as effectively for the United States as for Ireland. Why is it certain that democracy will prevail in Ireland?

Because the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns will take precedence over the aristocracy and the manufacturing classes! I do not follow that argument. I have seen nothing in England or America or Ireland or France to convince me that if the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns were authoritative they would be any more democratic than the aristocrats or the manufacturing classes. I have seen much to make me feel certain that they will use their authority as implacably in their own interests as any aristocrat or manufacturer ever used or ever will use his. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his book, *Irish Impressions,* produces this argument in favor of peasant proprietorship:

> It may be that international Israel will launch against us out of the East an insane simplification of the unity of Man, as Islam once launched out of the East an insane simplification of the unity of God. If it be so, it is where property is well distributed that it will be well defended. The post of honor will be with those who fight in very truth for their own land.

It is indisputable that a peasant will fight for his own land, the tiny portion which he owns and cultivates, but will he fight for another man's land when that man is unjustly to be bereft of it? There is nothing meritable in a man who fights for his own goods and lands, nor does it seem to me that a peasant will fight for his potato-patch with any greater determination than a shareholder in a railroad will fight for the interest on his capital. There certainly is not anything more noble or chivalrous in the peasant's desire to keep possession of his means of livelihood than there is in that of the Liberty Bondholder. The test of honor is, not what will you do for yourself, but what will you do for other men? The French peasant proprietors, the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Irish peasant proprietors may offer a guarantee of stability to society, but the offer may carry with it obstinate reaction and a gross disregard of the rights of those who are not possessors of land. It will not guarantee the landless man against exploitation in the price of food in times of war and necessity. It offers singularly little hope that " national ideals " will be spread in wide commonalty, if the peasants can help it. " A. E." will urge, perhaps, that while " national ideals are the possession of a few people only," they may be spread in wide commonalty if the " few people " will make the effort to spread them. The soil lies ready for the seed. But what is there in human affairs to

justify any man in assuming that the mass of men are likely to be long-suffering in idealism? Is it not a fact of human nature that even when the multitude has been stirred to some act of exaltation, the staying power of the multitude has not been sufficient to maintain the exalted mood long enough to render the reactionaries hopeless? Where are the generous ideals of 1914 now? Has not the war that was to end war made war seem more probable? Is not the world at this moment suffering to the point of distraction because the multitude cannot live up to its own ideals long enough to make them practical? " The gods departed," says " A. E.", " the half-gods also, hero and saint after that, and we [i. e. the Irish people] have dwindled down to a petty peasant nationality, rural and urban life alike mean in their externals." But he does not despair. " Yet the cavalcade, for all its tattered habiliments, has not lost spiritual dignity." And he hopes " the incorruptible atom " in us will make us great again. Divine optimism, but what is there in a peasant society to justify it?

VI

Sometimes I say to myself that " A. E." has lived too long and too exclusively in Ireland. He is not free from the mush of sentimentality with which Irishmen regard themselves, this everlasting self-congratulation that Irishmen are not as Englishmen, this smug preoccupation with their own virtues and bland disregard of their vices, this eternal denial that they have any demerits. One has only to listen to people in Dublin prating about the Irish Literary Renascence and then to go and examine the results of it, to discover what a tiny mouse that mountain has produced. If the Irish people are to recover the dignity and the stature of the gods, they must display god-like qualities or prove that they possess them. It is not sufficient to assert that they possess these qualities, at the same time denying them by nagging continually at their neighbors. How can I believe in the god-like quality of my countrymen when Ireland, during the war, seemed to me like an hysterical woman who rushes into the presence of a man bleeding to death and cries, " My God, I've got toothache!" I have wished at times that " A. E." could be removed from the atmosphere of adulation which envelopes him in Dublin, and sent, without letters of introduction, on a tour round the world. He has prob-

ably travelled less than any other educated man in Ireland. He passes from his home in Rathmines, a suburb of Dublin, to the office of the *Irish Homestead* in Merrion Square, from one centre of adulation to another, with occasional visits to the home of James Stephens, where he meets the same people that visit him on Sunday nights, or to the Hermetic Society, where he meets them again. He is too fine a spirit to be seriously affected by the paltry gabble of the third-rate minds he encounters on most occasions in Dublin, and perhaps it hardly matters that he seldom leaves Dublin and hardly ever leaves Ireland; but even so rare a man as "A. E." must suffer contraction within the narrow limits of Dublin. He has resources that few men possess: a quiet mind, a vivid faith and the love and respect of very dissimilar people. He can turn from the consideration of agricultural prices in the *Irish Homestead* to the esoteric alphabet with which he speaks to the Gods, or he can go off to the wild mountains of Donegal and paint pictures. When painting no longer delights him, he can spend his nights and days in making poems. He is extravagantly generous to young writers, giving greater praise to them sometimes than they deserve, giving less of criticism than is necessary. There are minor poets in Dublin, authors of thin books of thin verse, who have persuaded themselves, because of "A. E's." praise, that they are more meritable than they are. There are people in Dublin who seem to believe that Ireland has produced a greater literature than England and will denounce you as a traitor to your country if you protest that she cannot show poets of the stature of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, with the exception of Mr. Yeats. I am the sort of patriot who would like to see his country raise herself to the level of other countries, but I am not the sort of patriot who will pretend that she is on the level of England and France and Germany when, in fact, she is far below it. "A. E." is not entirely free from blame for this. He could have given Ireland a sense of proportion, had he cared to do so.

VII

In the room in which I am writing this article, there is a picture by "A. E." It shows an ascending road on the side of a mountain. There is rain in the air, and the road has a

lonely, unfrequented look. Yet, though there is no living creature visible in the picture, Life fills it. I feel sometimes when I sit back in my chair and look at "The Mountain Road" that there are divine beings behind the bushes, that if I could only climb up that road and turn the corner of the mountain, I should come upon the Golden Age. Is it not ungracious to make complaint, even if the complaint be a slight one, of a man who can make the invisible world so powerfully felt as that? And if he persuades me, by nature sceptical, almost to believe in the Shining Ones, how much more strong must his influence be on those who are eager to believe! When the evil temper which possesses Ireland at this moment has subsided, the fine temper of "A. E." will rise again and call Irishmen to a kindlier mood. The little town of Lurgan, in which he was born, is notorious in Ulster for the harshness of its religious dissensions. A base bigotry flourishes there. It is in the nature of things that from a place of great bitterness should have come a man of reconciliation, bidding Catholic and Protestant to meet, not in Geneva or in Rome, but on the holy hills of Ireland, under the protection of the ancient gods.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

MANY SWANS

Sun Myth of the North American Indians

BY AMY LOWELL

[NOTE.—*"Many Swans" is based upon a Kathlamet legend, the main theme and many of the episodes of which I have retained, while at the same time augmenting and freely departing from it in order to gain a wider symbolism. Four of the songs in my poem are real Indian songs, one is an adaptation, the others are merely in the Indian idiom. In the interest of atmospheric truth, I have felt at liberty to make occasional use of Indian expressions and turns of thought, and I here wish to record my gratitude to that small body of indefatigable workers in that field of Indian folk-lore and tradition whose careful and exact translations of Indian texts have made them accessible to those who, like myself, have not the Indian tongues.—A. L.*]

When the Goose Moon rose and walked upon a pale sky, and water made a noise once more beneath the ice on the river, his heart was sick with longing for the great good of the sun. One Winter again had passed, one Winter like the last. A long sea with waves biting each other under grey clouds, a shroud of snow from ocean to forest, snow mumbling stories of bones and driftwood beyond his red fire. He desired space, light; he cried to himself about himself, he made songs of sorrow and wept in the corner of his house. He gave his children toys to keep them away from him. His eyes were dim following the thin sun. He said to his wife: "I want that sun. Some day I shall go to see it." And she said: "Peace, be still. You will wake the children."

So he waited, and the Whirlwind Moon came, a crescent—mounted, and marched down beyond the morning, and was gone. Then the Extreme Cold Moon came and shone, it mounted, moved night by night into morning and faded through day to darkness. He watched the Old Moon pass, he saw the Eagle Moon come and go. Slowly the moons wound across the snow, and many nights he could not see them, he could only hear the waves raving foam and fury until dawn.

Now the Goose Moon told him things, but his blood lay sluggish within him until the moon stood full and apart in the sky. His wife asked why he was silent. "I have wept my eyes dry," he answered. "Give me my cedar bow and my two-winged arrows with the copper points. I will go into the forest and kill a moose, and bring fresh meat for the children."

All day he stalked the forest. He saw the marks of bears' claws on the

trees. He saw the wide tracks of a lynx, and the little slot-slot-of a jumping rabbit, but nothing came along. Then he made a melancholy song for himself: "My name is Many Swans, but I have seen neither sparrow nor rabbit, neither duck nor crane. I will go home and sit by the fire like a woman and spin cedar bark for fish-lines."

Then silver rain ran upon him through the branches from the moon, and he stepped upon open grass and laughed at the touch of it under his foot. "I will shoot the moon," he thought, "and cut it into cakes for the children."

He laid an arrow on his bow and shot, and the copper tip made it shine like a star flying. He watched to see it fall, but it did not. He shot again, and his arrow was a bright star until he lost it in the brilliance of the moon. Soon he had shot all his arrows, and he stood gaping up at the moonshine wishing he had not lost them.

Then Many Swans laughed again because his feet touched grass, not snow. And he gathered twigs and stuck them in his hair, and saw his shadow like a tree walking there. But something tapped the twigs, he stood tangled in something. With his hand he felt it, it was the feather head of an arrow. It dangled from the sky, and the copper tip jangled upon wood and twinkled brightly. This—that—and other twinkles, pricking against the soft flow of the moon, and the wind crooned in the arrow-feathers and tinkled the bushes in his hair.

Many Swans laid his hand on the arrow and began to climb—up—up—a long time. The earth lay beneath him wide and blue, he climbed through white moonlight and purple air until he fell asleep from weariness.

Sunlight struck sidewise on a chain of arrows, below were cold clouds above a sky blooming like an open flower and he aiming to the heart of it. Many Swans saw that up was far, and down was also far, but he cried to himself that he had begun his journey to the sun. Then he pulled a bush from his hair, and the twigs had leaved and fruited, and there were salmon-berries dancing beneath the leaves. "My father, the sun, is good," said Many Swans, and he eat the berries and went on climbing the arrows into the heart of the sky.

He climbed till the sun set and the moon rose, and at midmost moon he fell asleep to the sweeping of the arrow-ladder like a cradle in the wind.

When dawn struck gold across the ladder, he awoke. "It is Summer," said Many Swans, "I cannot go back, it must be more days down than I have travelled. I should be ashamed to see my children, for I have no meat for them." Then he remembered the bushes, and pulled another from his hair, and there were blue huckleberries shining like polished wood in the midst of leaves. "The sun weaves the seasons," thought Many Swans, "I have been under and over the warp of the world, now I am above the world," and he went on climbing into the white heart of the sky.

Another night and day he climbed, and he eat red huckleberries from his last bush, and went on—up and up—his feet scratching on

the ladder with a great noise because of the hush all round him. When he reached an edge he stepped over it carefully, for edges are thin and he did not wish to fall. He found a tall pine-tree by a pond. "Beyond can wait," reasoned Mary Swans, "this is surely a far country." And he lay down to sleep under the pine-tree, and it was the fourth sleep he had had since he went hunting moose to bring meat to his family.

The shadow crept away from him, and the sun came and sat upon his eyelids, so that by and by he opened them and rubbed his eyes because a woman stared at him, and she was beautiful as a salmon leaping in Spring. Her skirt was woven of red and white cedar bark, she had carved silver bracelets and copper bracelets set with haliotis shell, and earrings of sharks' teeth. She sparkled like a river salmon, and her smile was water tipping to a light South breeze. She pleased the heart of Many Swans so that fear was not in him, only longing to take her for himself as a man does a woman, and he asked her name. "Grass-Bush-and-Blossom is my name," she answered, "I am come after you. My grandmother has sent me to bring you to her house." "And who is your grandmother?" asked Many Swans. But the girl shook her head, and took a pinch of earth from the ground and threw it toward the sun. "She has many names. The grass knows her, and the trees, and the fishes in the sea. I call her 'grandmother,' but they speak of her as 'The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky.'" Many Swans marvelled and said nothing, for things are different in a far country.

They walked together, and the man hungered for the woman and could not wait. But he said no word, and he eat up her beauty as though it were a ripe foam-berry and still went fasting until his knees trembled, and his heart was like hot dust, and his hands ached to thrust upon her and turn her toward him. So they went, and Many Swans forgot his wife and children and the earth hanging below the sharp edge of the sky.

* * *

The South wind sat on a rock and never ceased to blow, locking the branches of the trees together; a flock of swans rose out of the South-East, one and seven, making strange, changing lines across a smooth sky. Wild flax-blossoms ran blue over the bases of black and red totem poles. The colours were strong as blood and death, they rattled like painted drums against the eyesight. "Many Swans!" said the girl and smiled. "Blood and death," drummed the totem poles. "Alas!" nodded the flax. The man heeded nothing but the woman and the soles of his feet beating on new ground.

The houses were carved with the figures of the Spring Salmon. They were carved in the form of a rainbow. Hooked noses stood out above doorways; crooked wooden men crouched, frog-shaped, gazing under low eaves. It was a beautiful town, ringing with colours, singing brightly, terribly, in the smooth light. All the way was sombre and gay, and the man walked and said nothing.

They came to a house painted black and carved with stars. In the centre was a round moon with a door in it. So they entered and sat beside the fire, and the woman gave the man fish-roes and gooseberries, but his desire burnt him and he could not eat.

Grass-Bush-and-Blossom saw his trouble, and she led him to a corner and showed him many things. There were willow arrows and quivers for them. There were mountain-goat blankets and painted blankets of two elkskins, there were buffalo skins, and dressed buckskins, and deerskins with young, soft hair. But Many Swans cared for nothing but the swing of the woman's bark skirt, and the sting of her loveliness which gave him no peace.

Grass-Bush-and-Blossom led him to another corner, and showed him crest helmets, and wooden armour; she showed him coppers like red rhododendron blooms, and plumes of eagles' wings. She gave him clubs of whalebone to handle, and cedar trumpets which blow a sound cool and sweet as the noise of bees. But Many Swans found no ease in looking save at her arms between the bracelets, and his trouble grew and pressed upon him until he felt strangled.

She led him farther and showed him a canoe painted silver and vermilion with white figures of fish upon it, and the gunwales fore and aft were set with the teeth of the sea-otter. She lifted out the paddles, the blades were shaped like hearts and striped with fire-hues. She said, "Choose. These are mine and my grandmother's. Take what you will." But Many Swans was filled with the glory of her standing as a young tree about to blossom, and he took her and felt her sway and fold about him with the tightness of new leaves. "This"—said Many Swans, "this—for am I not a man!" So they abode and the day ran gently past them, slipping as river water, and evening came, and someone entered, darkening the door.

Then Grass-Bush-and-Blossom wrapped her cedar-bark skirt about her and sprang up, and her silver and copper ornaments rang sweetly with her moving. The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky looked at Many Swans. "You have not waited," she said. "Alas! It is an evil beginning. My son, my son, I wished to love you." But he was glad and thought: "It is a querulous old woman, I shall heed her no more than the snapping of a fire of dead twigs."

The old woman went behind the door and hung up something. It pleased him. It was shining. When he woke in the night, he saw it in the glow of the fire. He liked it, and he liked the skins he lay on and the woman who lay with him. He thought only of these things.

In the morning, the old woman unhooked the shining object and went out, and he turned about to his wife and said sharp, glad words to her and she to him, and the sun shone into the house until evening, and in the night again he was happy, because of the thing that glittered and flashed and moved to and fro, clashing softly on the wall.

The days were many. He did not count them. Every morning the old woman took out the shining thing, and every evening she brought

it home, and all night it shone and cried "Ching-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall.

Moons and moons went by, no doubt. Many Swans did not reckon them out. Was there an earth? Was there a sky? He remembered nothing. He did not try. And then one day, wandering along the street of carved houses, he heard a song. He heard the beat of rattles and drums, and the shrill humming of trumpets blown to a broken rhythm:

"Haiōō'a! Haiōō!
Many salmon are coming ashore,
They are coming ashore to you, the post of our heaven,
They are dancing from the salmon's country to the shore.
I come to dance before you at the right-hand side of the world,
overtowering, outshining, surpassing all. I, the Salmon!
Haiōō'a! Haiōō!"

And the drums rumbled like the first thunder of a year, and the rattles pattered like rain on flower petals, and the trumpets hummed as wind hums in round-leafed trees; and people ran, jumping, out of the Spring Salmon house and leapt to the edge of the sky and disappeared, falling quickly, calling the song to one another as they fell so that the sound of it continued rising up for a long time.

Many Swans listened, and he recollected that when the Spring Salmon jump, the children say: "Ayuu! Do it again!" He thought of his children and his wife whom he had left on the earth, and wondered who had brought them meat, who had caught fish for them, and he was sad at his thoughts and wept, saying: "I want to shoot birds for my children. I want to spear trout for my children." So he went back to his house, and his feet dragged behind him like nets drawn across sand.

He lay down upon his bed and grieved, because he had no children in the sky, and because the wife of his youth was lost to him. He would not eat, but lay with his head covered and made no sound.

Then Grass-Bush-and-Blossom asked him: "Why do you grieve?" But he was silent. And again she said: "Why do you grieve?" But he answered nothing. And she asked him many times, until at last he told her of his children, of his other wife whom he had left, and she was pitiful because she loved him.

When the old woman came, she also said: "What ails your husband that he lies there saying nothing?" And Grass-Bush-and-Blossom answered: "He is homesick. We must let him depart."

Many Swans heard what she said, and he got up and made himself ready. Now the old woman looked sadly at him. "My son," she said, "I told you it was a bad beginning. But I wish to love you. Choose among these things what you will have and return to your people."

Many Swans pointed to the shining thing behind the door and said, "I will have that." But the old woman would not give it to him. She offered him spears of bone, and yew bows, and arrows winged with ducks' feathers. But he would not have them. She offered him strings of blue and white shells, and a copper canoe with a

stern-board of copper and a copper bailer. He would not take them. He wanted the thing that glittered and cried "Ching-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall. She offered him all that was in the house. But he liked that great thing that was shining there. When that thing turned round it was shining so that one had to close one's eyes. He said: "That only will I have." Then she gave it to him saying: "You wanted it. I wished to love you, and I do love you." She hung it on him. "Now go home."

Many Swans ran swiftly, he ran to the edge of the sky, there he found the ladder of the rainbow. He put his foot on it and went down, and he felt strong and able to do anything. He forgot the sky and thought only of the earth.

Many Swans made a song as he went down the rainbow ladder. He sang with a loud voice:

"I will go and tear to pieces Mount Stevens, I will use it for stones for my fire.
I will go and break Mount Qa-tsta-is, I will use it for stones for my fire."

All day and all night he went down, and he was so strong he did not need to sleep. The next day he made a new song. He shouted it with a great noise:

"I am going all round the world,
I am at the centre of the world,
I am the post of the world,
On account of what I am carrying in my hand."

This pleased him, and he sang it all day and was not tired at all.

Four nights and days he was going down the ladder, and every day he made a song, and the last was the best. This was it!

"Oh wonder! He is making a turmoil on the earth.
Oh wonder! He makes the noise of falling objects on the earth.
Oh wonder! He makes the noise of breaking objects on the earth."

He did not mean this at all, but it was a good song. That is the way with people who think themselves clever. Many Swans sang this song a great many times, and on the fourth day, when the dawn was red, he touched the earth and walked off upon it.

* * *

When Many Swans arrived on the earth, he was not very near his village. He stood beneath a sea-cliff, and the rocks of the cliff were sprinkled with scarlet moss as it might have been a fall of red snow, and lilac moss smouldered between boulders of pink granite. Far out, the sea sparkled all colours like an abalone shell, and red fish sprang from it—one and another, over its surface. As he gazed, a shadow slipped upon the water, and, looking up, he saw a raven flying and overturning as it flew. Red fish, black raven—blood and death—but Many Swans called "Haiohō-hō!" and danced a long time on the sea-sand because he felt happy in his heart.

He heard a robin singing, and as it sang he walked along the shore and counted his fingers for the headlands he must pass to reach home. He saw the canoes come out to fish, he said the names of

his friends who should be in them. He thought of his house and the hearth strewn with white shells and sand. When the canoes of twelve rowers passed, he tried to signal them, but they went by too far from land. The way seemed short, for all day he told himself stories of what people would say to him. "I shall be famous, my fame will reach to the ends of the world. People will try to imitate me. Every one will desire to possess my power." So Many Swans said foolish things to himself, and the day seemed short until the evening when he came in sight of his village.

At the dusky time of night, he came to it, and he heard singing, so he knew his people were having a festival. He could hear the dance-sticks clattering on the cedar boards and the moon-rattles whirling, and he could see the smoke curling out of the smoke-holes. Then he shouted very much and ran fast, but as he ran, the thing which he carried in his hands shook and cried: "We shall strike your town." Then Many Swans went mad; he turned, swirling like a great cloud, he rose as a pillar of smoke and bent in the wind as smoke bends, he streamed as bands of black smoke, and out of him darted flames, red-mouthed flames, so that they scorched his hair. His hands were full of blood, and he yelled "Break! Break! Break! Break!" and did not know whose voice it was shouting.

There was a tree, and a branch standing out from it, and fire came down and hung on the end of the branch. He thought it was copper which swung on the tree, because it twirled and had a hard edge. Then it split as though a wedge had riven it, and burst into purple flame. The tree was consumed, and the fire leapt laughing upon the houses and poured down through the roofs upon the people. The flame-mouths stuck themselves to the houses and sucked the life from all the people, the flames swallowed themselves and brought forth little flames which ran a thousand ways like young serpents just out of their eggs, till the fire girdled the village and the water in front curdled and burned like oil.

Then Many Swans knew what he had done, and he tried to throw away his power which was killing everybody. But he could not do it. The people lay there dead, and his wife and children among the dead people. His heart was sick, and he cried: "The weapon flew into my hands with which I am murdering," and he tried to throw it away, but it stuck to his flesh. He tried to cut it apart with his knife, but the blade turned and blunted. He cried bitterly: "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" and tried to break what he wore on a stone, but it did not break. Then he cut off his hair and blackened his face, and turned inland to the spaces of the forest, for his heart was dead with his people. And the moon followed him over the tops of the trees, but he hated the moon because it reminded him of the sky.

* * *

A long time Many Swans wandered in the forest. White-headed eagles flew over the trees and called down to him: "There is the man who killed everybody." By night the owls hooted to

each other: "The man who sleeps has blood on him, his mouth is full of blood, he let loose his power on his own people." Many Swans beat upon his breast and pleaded with the owls: "You with ears far apart who hear everything, you the owls, it was not I who killed but this evil thing I carry and which I cannot put down." But the owls laughed, shrill, mournful, broken laughs, repeating the words they had said, so that Many Swans could not sleep and in the morning he was so weak he shook when he walked.

He walked among pines which flowed before him in straight, opening lines like water, and the wind in the pine-branches wearied his soul as he heard it all day long. At first he eat nothing, but when he stumbled and fell for faintness he gathered currants and partridge-berries and so made his feet carry him on.

He came to a wood of red firs where fire had been before him. The heartwood of the firs was all burnt out, but the trees stood on stilts of sapwood and mocked the man who slew with fire.

He passed through woods of spear-leaf trees, with sharp vines head-high all about them. He thrust the thing he carried into the vines and tried to let go of it, but it would not stay tangled and came away in his hand.

He heard beavers drumming with their tails on water, and saw musk-rats building burrows with the stalks of wild rice in shoal water, but they scattered as he came near. The little animals fled before him in fear, chattering to each other. Even the bears deserted the huckleberry bushes when they heard the fall of his foot, so that he walked alone. Above him, the waxwings were catching flies in the spruce-tops, they were happy because it was Summer and warm, they were the only creatures too busy to look down at the man who moved on as one who never stops, making his feet go always because there was nothing else to do.

By and by the trees thinned, and Many Swans saw beyond them to a country of tall grass. He rested here some time eating fox-grapes and blackberries, for indeed he was almost famished, and weary with the sickness of solitude. He thought of the ways of men, and hungered after speech and comforting. But he saw no man, and the prairie frightened him, rolling endlessly to the sky.

At last his blood quickened again, and the longing for people beat a hard pulse in his throat so that he rose and went on, seeking where he might find men. For days he sought, following the trails of wild horses and buffalo, tripping among the crawling pea-vines, bruised and baffled, blind with the sharp shimmer of the grass.

Then suddenly they came, riding out of the distance on both sides of him. These men wore eagle-plume bonnets, and their horses went so fast he could not see their legs. They ran glittering toward one another, whooping and screaming, and the horses' tails streamed out behind them stiffly like bunches of bones. Each man lay prone on his horse and shot arrows, hawk-feathered arrows, owl-feathered arrows, and they were terrible in swiftness because the feathers had not been cut or burned to make them low.

The arrows flew across one another like a swarm of grasshoppers leaping, and the men foamed forward as waves foam at a double tide.

They came near, bright men, fine as whips, striding lithe cat horses. One rode a spotted horse, and on his head was an upright plume of the tail-feathers of the black eagle. One rode a buckskin horse, long-winded and chary as a panther. One rode a sorrel horse painted with zigzag lightnings. One rode a clay-coloured horse, and the figure of a kingfisher was stamped in blue on its shoulder. Wildcat running horses, and their hoofs rang like thunder-drums on the ground, and the men yelled with brass voices:

"We who live are coming.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We are coming to kill.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We are coming with the snake arrows,
We are coming with the tomahawks
Which swallow their faces.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will hack our enemies.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will take many scalps.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will kill—kill—kill—till every one is dead.
Ai-ya-ya-ya-yai!"

Many Swans lay in a buffalo wallow and hid, and a white fog slid down from the North and covered the prairie. For a little time he heard the war-whoops and the pit-pit of hitting arrows, and then he heard nothing, and he lay beneath the cold fog hurting his ears with listening. When the sky was red in the evening and the fog was lifted, he shifted himself and looked above the grass. "Alas!" Alas!" wept Many Swans, "the teeth of their arrows were like dogs' teeth. They have devoured their enemies." For nobody was there, but the arrows were sticking up straight in the ground. Then Many Swans went a long way round that place for he thought that the stomachs of the arrows must be full of blood. And so he went on alone over the prairie, and his heart was black with what he had seen.

* * *

A stream flowed in a sunwise turn across the prairie, and the name of the stream was "Burnt Water," because it tasted dark like smoke. The prairie ran out tongues of raw colors—blue of camass, red of geranium, yellow of parsley—at the young green grass. The prairie flung up its larks on a string of sunshine, it lay like a catching-sheet beneath the black breasts balancing down on a wind, calling "See it! See it! See it!" in little round voices.

Antelope and buffalo,
Threading the tall green grass they go,
To and fro, to and fro.
And painted Indians ride in a row,
With arrow and bow, arrow and bow,
Hunting the antelope, the buffalo.
Truly they made a gallant show

Across the prairie's bright green flow,
Warriors painted indigo,
Brown antelope, black buffalo,
Long ago.

* * *

Now when he heard the barking of dogs, and saw the bundles of the dead lashed to the cottonwood trees, Many Swans knew that he was near a village. He stood still, for he dared not go on because of the thing which he had with him. He said to himself, "My mind is not strong enough to manage it. My mind is afraid of it." But he longed to speak with men, and so he crept a little nearer until he could see the painted tepees standing in the edge of the sunshine, and smell the smoke of dried sweet grass. Many Swans heard the tinkling of small bells from the buffalo tails hung on the tepees, he saw the lodge ears move gently in the breeze. He heard talk, the voices of men, and he cried aloud and wept, holding his hands out toward the village.

Then the thing which he was carrying shook, and said: "We shall strike that town." Many Swans heard it, and he tried to keep quiet. He tried to throw the thing down, but his hands closed. He could not keep his mind, and his senses flew away so that he was crazy. He heard a great voice shouting: "Break! Break! Break! Break!" but he did not know that it was his own voice.

Back over the prairie sprang up a round cloud, and fire rose out of the heart of the grass. The reds and yellows of the flowers exploded into flame, showers of sparks rattled on the metal sky, which turned purple and hurtled itself down upon the earth. Winds charged the fire, lashing it with long thongs of green lightning, herding the flames over the high grass; and the fire screamed and danced and blew blood whistles, and the scarlet feet of the fire clinked a tune of ghost-bells on the shells of the dry cane brakes. Animals ran—ran—ran—and were overtaken, shaken grass glittered up with a roar and spilled its birds like burnt paper into the red air. The eagle's wing melted where it flew, the hills of the prairie grew mountain-high, amazed with light, and were obscured. The people in the village ran—ran—and the fire shot them down with its red and gold arrows and whirled on, crumpling the tepees so that the skins of them popped like corn. Then the bodies of the dead in the trees took fire with a hard smoke, and the burning of the cottonwoods choked Many Swans as he fled. His nostrils smelt the dead, and he was very sick and could not move. Then the fire made a ring round him, and he stood in the midst by the Burnt River and wrung his hands until the skin tore. He took the thing he wore and tried to strip it off in the fork of a tree, but it did not come off at all. He cried: "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" and leapt into the river and tried to drown the thing, but when he rose it rose with him and came out of the water gleaming so that its wake rippled red and silver a long way down the stream.

Then Many Swans lamented bitterly and cried: "The thing I wanted is bad," but he had the thing and he could not part from it. He rolled in the stones and the bushes to scrape it off, but it clung

to him and grew in his flesh like hair. Therefore Many Swans dragged himself up to go on, although the heat of the burnt grass scorched his feet and everything was dead about him. He heard nothing, for there was nobody to mock any more.

* * *

Mist rises along the river bottoms, and ghost-voices hiss an old death-song to a false, faint tune. The branches of willows beat on the moon, pound, pound, with a thin, far sound, shaking and shrilling the wonder tale, the thunder tale, of a nation's killing:

The Nation's drum has fallen down.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Ashes are the grass of a lodge-pole town.
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
Out of the North come drift winds wailing.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
In the frost-blue West, a crow is ailing.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking!

He gave an acre and we gave him brass.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Beautiful and bitter are the roses in the grass.
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
A knife painted red and a knife painted black.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Green mounds under a hackmatack.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking!

Is there Summer in the Spring? Who will bring the South?
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Shall honey drop from the green snake's mouth?
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
A red-necked buzzard in an incense tree.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
And a poison leaf from Gethsemane.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking.

* * *

Now Many Swans walked over cinders, and there was no sprig or root that the fire had left. Therefore he grew weaker day by day, and at night he lay awake tortured for food, and he prayed to the Earth, saying: "Mother Earth have pity on me and give me to eat," but the ears of the Earth were stopped with cinders. Then, after five sleeps, suddenly before him grew a bush of service-berries which the fire had not taken. Many Swans gathered the berries and appeased his hunger. He said: "The berries that grow are blessed, for now I shall live." Yet he knew that he did not want to live, only his hunger raged fiercely within him and he could not stand against it. He took cinders and powdered them, and mixed them with river water, and made his body black, and so he set his back to the river and his face to the mountains and journeyed on.

Up and over the Backbone-of-the-World went Many Swans. Above the peaks of solitude hang the winds of all directions, and because

there are a multitude of winds they can hold fire and turn it. Therefore Many Swans felt leaves once more about his face, and the place was kind to his eyes with laurels, and quaking aspens, and honeysuckle trees. All the bushes and flowers were talking, but it was not about Many Swans. The oaks boasted of their iron sinews: "Fire is a plaything, a ball to be tossed and flung away," and they rustled their leaves and struck their roots farther into the moist soil. The red firs stirred at the challenge: "In Winter your leaves are dry," they called to the oaks, "then the fire-bear can eat you. But our leaves are never dry. They are whips to sting the lips of all fires." But the cedars and the pines said nothing, for they knew that nobody would believe them if they spoke.

Now when the hemlocks ran away from him, and the cold rocks glittered with snow, Many Swans knew that he stood at the Peak of the World, and again the longing for men came upon him. "I will descend into a new country," he said. "I will be very careful not to swing the sacred implement, truly it kills people so that they have no time to escape." He thought he could do it, he believed himself, and he knew no rest because of his quest for men.

There was no way to find, but Many Swans went down through the firs, and the yellow pines, and the maples, to a white plain which ran right, and left, and forward, with only a steep sky stopping it very far off; and the sun on the plain was like molten lead pressing him down and his tongue rattled with thirst. So he lifted himself against the weight of the sun and wished a great wish for men and went on with his desire sobbing in his heart.

To the North was sand, to the East was sand, to the West was sand, to the South was sand, and standing up out of the sand the great flutes of the cactus-trees beckoned him, and flung their flowers out to tempt him—their wax-white flowers, their magenta flowers, their golden-yellow flowers perking through a glass-glitter of spines; all along the ridges of the desert they called to him and he knew not which way to turn. He asked a humming-bird in a scarlet trumpet-flower, and the humming-bird answered: "Across the sunset to the Red Hills." The sun rose and set three times, and again he knew not where to go, so he asked a gilded flicker who was clicking in a giant cactus. And the flicker told him: "Across the sunset to the Red Hills." But when, after many days, he saw no hills, he thought "The birds deceived me," and he asked a desert lily: "Where shall I find men?" And the lily opened her green-and-blue-veined blossom, and discovered the pure whiteness of her heart. "Across the desert to the Red Hills," she told him, and he believed her, and, on the ninth morning after, he saw the hills, and they were heliotrope and salmon, and as the sun lifted, they were red, and when the sun was in the top of the sky, they were blood scarlet. Then Many Swans lay and slept, for he did not wish to reach the hills at nightfall lest the people should take him for an enemy and kill him.

* * *

In the morning, Many Swans got up and made haste forward to the hills, and soon he was among cornfields, and the rows of the cornfields were newly plowed and from them there came a sound of singing. Then Many Swans felt the fear come upon him because of the thing he loathed and yet carried, and he thought: "If it should kill these people!" The music of the song was so beautiful that he shed tears, but his fears overcame his longing, for already he loved these people who sang in cornfields at dawn. Many Swans hid in a tuft of mesquite bushes and listened, and the words the people were singing were these, but the tune was like a sun wind in the tree-of-green-sticks:

The white corn I am planting,
The white seed of the white corn.
The roots I am planting,
The leaves I am planting,
The ear of many seeds I am planting,
All in one white seed.
Be kind! Be kind!

The blue corn I am planting,
The blue ear of the good blue corn.
I am planting tall rows of corn.
The bluebirds will fly among my rows,
The blackbirds will fly up and down my rows,
The humming-birds will be there between my rows,
Between the rows of blue corn I am planting.

Beans I am planting.
The pod of the bean is in the seed.
I tie my beans with white lightning to bring the thunder,
The long thunder which herds the rain.
I plant beans.
Be kind! Be kind!

Squash-seeds I am planting
So that the ground may be striped with yellow,
Horizontal yellow of squash-flowers,
Horizontal white of squash-flowers,
Great squashes of all colours.
I tie the squash-plants with the rainbow
Which carries the sun on its back.
I am planting squash-seeds.
Be kind! Be kind!

Out of the South, rain will come whirling;
And from the North I shall see it standing and approaching.
I shall hear it dropping on my seeds,
Lapping along the stems of my plants,
Splashing from the high leaves,
Tumbling from the little leaves.

I hear it like a river, running—running—
Among my rows of white corn, running—running—
I hear it like a leaping spring among my blue corn rows,
I hear it foaming past the bean sprouts,
I hear water gurgling among my squashes.
Descend, great cloud-water,
Spout from the mouth of the lightning,
Fall down with the overturning thunder.

For the rainbow is the morning
When the sun shall raise us corn,
When the bees shall hum to the corn-blossom,
To the bean blossom,
To the straight, low blossoms of the squashes.

Hear me sing to the rain,
To the sun,
To the corn when I am planting it,
To the corn when I am gathering it,
To the squashes when I load them on my back.
I sing and the god people hear,
They are kind.

When the song was finished, Many Swans knew that he must not hurt this people. He swore, and even upon the sacred and terrible thing itself, to make them his safe keeping. Therefore when they returned up the trail to the Mesa, he wandered in the desert below among yellow rabbit-grass and grey iceplants, and visited the springs, and the shrines full of prayer-sticks, and his heart distracted him with love so that he could not stay still.

That night he heard an elf owl calling from a pinyon-tree, and he went to the owl and sought to know the name of this people who sang in the fields at dawn. The owl answered: "Do not disturb me, I am singing a love-song. Who are you that you do not know that this is the land of Tusayan." And Many Swans considered in himself: "Truly I have come a long way."

Four moons Many Swans abode on the plain, eating mesquite pods and old dried nopals, but he kept away from the Mesa lest the thing he had with him should be beyond his strength to hold.

* * *

Twixt this side, twixt that side,
Twixt rock-stones and sage-brush,
Twixt bushes and sand,
Go the snakes a smooth way,
Belly-creeping,
Sliding faster than the flash of water on a bluebird's wing.

Twixt corn and twixt cactus,
Twixt springside and barren,
Along a cold trail
Slip the snake-people.
Black-tip-tongued Garter Snakes,
Olive-blue Racer Snakes,
Whip Snakes and Rat Snakes,
Great orange Bull Snakes,
And the King of the Snakes,
With his high rings of scarlet,
His high rings of yellow,
His double high black rings,
Detesting his fellows,
The Killer of Rattlers.
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
The Rattlers,

The Rattlesnakes.
Hiss-s-s-s!
Ah-h-h!
White Rattlesnakes,
Green Rattlesnakes,
Black-and-yellow Rattlesnakes,
Barred like tigers,
Soft as panthers.
Diamond Rattlesnakes,
All spotted,
Six feet long
With tails of snow-shine.
And most awful,
Heaving wrongwise,
The fiend-whisking
Swift Sidewinders.
Rattlesnakes upon the desert
Coiling in a clump of greasewood,
Winding up the Mesa footpath.
Who dares meet them?
Who dares stroke them?
Who dares seize them?
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
Rattle—rattle—hiss-s-s!

They dare, the men of Tusayan. With their eagle-whips they stroke them. With their sharp bronze hands they seize them. Run—run—up the Mesa path, dive into the kiva. The jars are ready, drop in the rattlers—Tigers, Diamonds, Sidewinders, drop in Bull Snakes, Whip Snakes, Garters, but hang the King Snake in a basket on the wall, he must not see all these Rattlesnakes, he would die of an apoplexy.

They have hunted them toward the four directions. Toward the yellow North, the blue West, the red South, the white East. Now they sit by the sand altar and smoke, chanting of the clouds and the four-coloured lightning-snakes who bring rain. They have made green prayer-sticks with black points and left them at the shrines to tell the snake people that their festival is here. Bang! Bang! Drums! And whirl the thunder-whizzers!

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Hear us!
Carry our words to your Mother.
We wash you clean, Snake Brothers.
We sing to you.
We shall dance for you.
Plead with your Mother
That she send the white and green rain,
That she look at us with the black eyes of the lightning,
So our corn-ears may be double and long,
So our melons may swell as thunder-clouds
In a ripe wind.
Bring wind!
Bring lightning!
Bring thunder!
Strip our trees with blue-rain arrows.
Ho-Ho-hai! Wa-ha-nĕ."

Bang! Bang!

Over the floor of the kiva squirm the snakes, fresh from washing. Twixt this side, twixt that side, twixt toes and twixt ankles, go the snakes a smooth way, and the priests coax them with their eagle-feather whips and turn them always backward. Rattle—rattle—rattle—snake-tails threshing a hot air. Whizz! Clatter! Clap! Clap! Corn-gourds shaking in hard hands. A band of light down the ladder, cutting upon a mad darkness.

Cottonwood kisi flickering in a breeze, little sprigs of cotton-leaves clapping hands at Hopi people, crowds of Hopi people waiting in the Plaza to see a monstrous thing. Houses make a shadow, desert is in sunshine, priests step out of kiva.

Antelope priests in front of the kisi, making slow leg-motions to a slow time. Turtle-shell knee-rattles spill a double rhythm, arms shake gourd-rattles, goat-toes; necklaces—turquoise and sea-shell—swing a round of clashing. Striped lightning antelopes waiting for the Snake Priests. Red-kilted Snake Priests facing them, going forward and back, coming back and over, waving the snake-whips, chanting a hundred ask-songs. Go on, go back—white—black—red blood-feather, white breath-feather, little cotton-leaf hands clap—clap— He is at the flap of the kisi, they have given him a spotted rattlesnake. Put him in the mouth, kiss the Snake Brother, fondle him with the tongue.

Tripping on a quick tune, they trot round the square. Rattle—rattle—goat-toes, turtle-shells, snake-tails. Hiss oily snake-mouths, drip wide priest-mouths over the snake-skins, wet slimy snake-skins. "Aye-ya-ha! Ay-ye-he! Ha-ha-wa-ha! Oway-ha!" The red snake-whips tremble and purr. Blur, Plaza, with running priests, with streaks of snake-bodies. The Rain-Mother's children are being honoured. They must travel before the setting of the sun.

* * *

When the town was on a roar with dancing, Many Swans heard it far down in the plain, and he could not contain his hunger for his own kind. He felt very strong because the cool of sundown was spreading over the desert. He said, "I need fear nothing. My arms are grown tough in this place, my hands are hard as a sheep's skull. I can surely control this thing," and he set off up the path to ease his sight only, for he had sworn not to discover himself to the people. But when he turned the last point in the road, the thing in his hands shook, and said: "We shall strike that town."

Many Swans was strong, he turned and ran down the Mesa, but, as he was running, a priest passed him carrying a handful of snakes home. As the priest went by him, the thing in Many Swan's hand leapt up, and it was the King Snake. It was all ringed with red and yellow and black flames. It hissed, and looped, and darted its head at the priest and killed him. Now when the priest was dead, all the snakes he was holding burst up with a great noise and went every which way, twixt this side, twixt that side, twixt upwards, twixt downwards, twixt rock-stone and bunch-

grass. And they were little slipping flames of hot fire. They went up the hill in fourteen red and black strings, and they were the strings of blood and death. The snakes went up a swift, smooth way and Many Swans went up with them, for he was mad. He beat his hands together to make a drum, and shouted "Break! Break! Break! Break!" And he thought it was the priests above singing a new song.

Many Swans reached the town, but the fire-snakes were running down all the streets. They struck the people so that they died, and the bodies took fire and were consumed. The house windows were hung with snakes who were caught by their tails and swung down vomiting golden stars into the rain-gutters. In one of the gutters was a blue salvia plant, and, as Many Swans passed, it nodded and said "Alas! Alas!" It reminded Many Swans of the flax-flowers in the sky, and his senses came back to him and he tore his clothes and his hair and cried "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" a great many times. Then he beat himself on the sharp rocks and tried to crush the thing he had, but he could not; he tried to split it, but it did not split.

Many Swans saw that he was alone in the world. He lifted his eyes to the thing and cursed it, then he ran to hurl himself over the cliff. Now a boulder curled into the path and, as he turned its edge, The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky stood before him. Her eyes were moons for sadness, and her voice was like the coiling of the sea. She said to him: "I tried to love you; I tried to be kind to your people; why do you cry? You wished for it." She took it off him and left him.

Many Swans looked at the desert. He looked at the dead town. He wept.

AMY LOWELL.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE OTHER LOWELL[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE Lowells are a marvelous clan; for they defy deciduousness and decay and death as if the gnawing tooth of time were a cavity as non-refillable as the empty flagons of the poor. Only last year the National Institute of Arts and Letters watered the asphodels on the grave of our most literary ambassador with a flood of centennial oratory, and it could scarcely have occurred to anyone who was present upon that ecstatically mortuary occasion that the following year would provide an opportunity for reviewing a new book by James Russell Lowell. Yet such is the remarkable and engrossing event.

A new book by Lowell! For many there must be an extraordinary and authentic thrill in the phrase. Yet here it is, indubitably actual, upon the jacket of *The Function of the Poet, and Other Essays,* collected and edited by Mr. Albert Mordell and published the other day by Houghton Mifflin—everything, as you see, unimpeachably respectable and open and above board (though the morbidly curious might ask what that bloodthirsty Freudian, Mr. Mordell, is doing *dans cette galère?*) So here we are again, regarding the sacred fire of the Lowellian genius as it burns upon the altar of the Victorian dead. It is a solemn confrontation: Lowell back again in the arena of American criticism, challenging Professor Matthews and Professor Paul Elmer More and Professor Stuart Sherman and Mr. Brownell and the rest for a chance to demonstrate his continued right to milk the Sacred Cows of the classical tradition—gently elbowing them aside, with all his old humorous urbanity, and preëmpting the best stool and the most shining pail for himself.

[1] *The Function of the Poet, and Other Essays,* by James Russell Lowell. Collected and edited by Albert Mordell. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York.

There is pathos in the spectacle. If Professor Matthews and Professor More and the others cannot be permitted to function at their priestly task of upholding the Best Traditions without having to meet the competition of the recrudescent dead, it would seem that cruel injustice rules the cosmic roost, after all. For here is the able and popular Mr. Lowell stealing their stuff, and, we have no doubt, playing to full houses with it, too. Even though Professor Matthews, with the most exquisite and gallant courtesy, has, in the *Times,* welcomed him back to the academic bosom, it is impossible to repress a pang of sympathy in response to the implications of the case. You find Mr. Lowell noting that the tales of Henry James are without an obvious moral; rejoicing that Mr. James confines his expression of passion "within the limits of a decorous amenity;" everywhere and always accepting the accepted, sanctifying the sanctified, declaring fearlessly for the Good, the Pure, and the True, and turning up a protective coat-collar against the wind of the new day that was springing up out of the dawn. A famous and duly buried critic who returns to earth for the sake of persuading us that the insipidities of Longfellow's one-half-of-one-per-cent are equivalent to the authentic brew of the gods, that the function of poetry is moral edification, and that Walt Whitman is a menace to be Viewed with Alarm, will find himself welcomed with open arms and flowing bowls of orangeade, and will discover that bourbonism is as immortal as himself. Even though his entertainers should feel that his particular brand of humorous and suave conventionality makes their own traditionalism seem superfluous and ineffective, they will not let him suspect it: for the Good, the Pure, and the True would surely vanish from the earth if their defenders were not constantly recruited—and a dead defender is more passionately to be desired than a live protestant who perversely insists that the Good, the Pure and the True are susceptible of eternally new and perturbing incarnations.

Mr. Mordell has resurrected a score of papers—essays, reviews, and "critical fragments"—contributed by Mr. Lowell to various magazines or delivered in the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute in the winter of 1855. They "represent the matured author," says Mr. Mordell, "as they were written between his thirty-sixth and fifty-seventh

years," with the exception of the well-known essay on Poe that was reprinted in Griswold's edition of the poet after its original publication in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1845. None of the other essays, with the exception of a few odds and ends, has appeared in book-form. The first five papers, delivered originally as lectures, were published in the *Century Magazine* during 1893-94. In these, Mr. Lowell discourses upon "The Function of the Poet"; "Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire"; "The Five Indispensable Authors [Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Shakespeare]"; "The Imagination"; "Life in Literature and Language"; Style and Manner"; "The Kalevala." The rest of the essays appeared anonymously during Lowell's lifetime in the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Nation,* and the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Lowell was Editor of the *Atlantic* from 1857 to 1861, and of the REVIEW from 1864 to 1872. For the *Nation* he reviewed Henry James' *A Passionate Pilgrim* and *Transatlantic Sketches,* and Forster's *Life of Swift.* For the *Atlantic* he reviewed Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish* and Whittier's *Home Ballads;* and he wrote *A Plea for Freedom from Speech and Figures of Speech-Makers.* For the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW he discussed Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* Whittier's *In War-Time* and *Snow-Bound,* Howells' *Venetian Life,* Piatt's Poems, Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers,* and Plutarch's *Morals* (in the English translation edited by William W. Goodwin and prefaced by Emerson). The twenty essays make a fairly well-nourished volume of over two hundred pages. Notes by Charles Eliot Norton, recovered from the *Century* files of twenty-seven years ago, accompany several of the papers.

It is Mr. Mordell's opinion that the new volume "sustains Lowell's right to be considered one of the great American critics." There are assumptions and implications in that assertion which, at the moment, it is too hot to examine. But, granting all the assumptions, let us place our hand trustfully in Mr. Mordell's, and see what felicities and disclosures he can exhibit to us.

We find ourselves, with high anticipations, in the presence of the deliverance called "Style and Manner," which seems to have formed part of one of the Lectures; though Mr. Norton's customary Introduction is missing, and we

are left shiveringly alone with the pitcher of ice-water, the New England audience, the New England winter night of 1855, and the Lecturer—even Mr. Mordell has deserted us, and is presumably in the wings swapping complexes with the fireman. Well, we, at least, know where intellectual largesse is to be dispensed; so we remain.

"Where Milton's style is fine, it is *very* fine." What is this? An undergraduate essay on *Paradise Lost?* A discovery made and triumphantly recorded by little Miss Jane Doe, of Miss Spence-Veltin's excellent school, that Milton, taking him by and large, *could* write, after all? We reflect: 1855 . . . Yes, Milton was still dead in 1855, dead enough for this matter to have been cleared up, even in New England. We encounter the name of Shakespere. "Did Shakespere have no style?" Mr. Lowell wonders. But his wonder is only momentary. Mr. Lowell is almost recklessly confident: "I think," he says, "I find the proof that he had it, and that of the very highest and subtlest kind, in the fact that *I can nowhere put my finger on it, and say it is here or there.*" Very good: Shakespere had style: Mr. Lowell, like General Ople, is blushingly delivered of this reluctant child of truth. But when it comes to finding and exhibiting instances of Shakespere's command of poetic style, Mr. Lowell "can nowhere put his finger on it." That is to say, confronted by passages such as—

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well

or—

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath . .

or—

By paved fountain or by rushy brook . . .

or—

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . .

or—

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world . . .

—confronted by such manifestations as these, which, to the intelligence of the simple, would appear to be fairly clear and unmistakable demonstrations of the presence of poetic style, Mr. Lowell stubbornly refuses to recognize them, and, unable to "put his finger" on style such as this, presumably keeps it in his pocket or in the armhole of his waistcoat, as he passes haughtily by.

But Mr. Lowell is far from denying what he calls "the charm of mere words"; "we cannot help recognizing," he concedes, "a certain power over our fancy in mere words"; yes—and "there is a charm in the arrangement of words, also." Forgetting to be reverent, you may, at this point, find yourself exclaiming in wonder: What nonsense is this? What is this eminent critical brain trying to say to us? That "the charm of mere words" is an accessory quality whose influence is to be politely conceded? "Mere words"! Mr. Lowell is, of course, struggling under the burden of that ancient moralistic delusion that poetry is something superior to, something beyond, something deeper than, "mere words": which logically requires that one should esteem Pope's

> Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
> O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

because it enshrines an improving thought, and would turn one away from Blake's

> Bring me my bow of burning gold!
> Bring me my arrows of desire!

because, since it could not possibly find a place in any "Calendar of Helpful Thoughts," it cannot be poetry, but must be "mere words."

It is this dull and insensitive obsession that is, of course, at the root of Mr. Lowell's thesis in *The Function of the Poet:* the thesis that poetry, to be authentic, must teach and edify; that it must do something more than merely delight the aesthetic sense; that its highest excellence must reside in its matter and substance, rather than in its manner and style. We encounter again the absurd delusion that if poetry is lacking in weight and gravity of substance, its style and manner will suffer in consequence. Mr. Lowell believes in the sacerdotal function of the poet. The poet's "sacred duty" is to reveal and justify the ways of God to man—assuming, of course, that he can discover what they are. Grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true: these things must be the burden of the poet's song. "The poets . . . always introduce us to a higher society." We are edified, uplifted, "made incapable of the low and mean and bad." Alas that poetry has not always made the poets themselves thus incapable of moral error! Alas that the poet, the source of all this spiritual gasolene, should often

find himself stalled in the sinful dust of the primrose path! What Mr. Lowell and his generation seemed not to realize, apparently, was the simple and obvious truth that the quality of poetry as moral inspiration has nothing whatever to do with its quality as a satisfaction of the aesthetic sense. *Kubla Khan* is, we think it will be admitted, authentic poetry. Yet what does its "substance," its "matter," amount to? Nothing whatever. It is a mere "arrangement of words," a lovely pattern of rhythms and colors, a tonal fantasy.

According to Mr. Lowell's canon, these lines from Young's *Night Thoughts*—

> Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall

achieve a higher kind of poetic validity than such a thing as this—

> The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
> Like any hill-flower; and the noblest troth
> Dies here to dust . . .

which is frankly depressing in its ethical tone and has nothing to recommend it but supreme poetic beauty.

Aside from the reactions which we have thus far confessed, our chief memories of this astonishing book play about Mr. Lowell's calm characterization of Longfellow's *The Two Angels* as "a poem which, without [the last two stanzas], is *as perfect as anything in the language*"; his insistence that Longfellow is "a great poet"; and his troubled repudiation of the word *dresses*—which he was disturbed to find in Longfellow's verse—as "a word essentially unpoetic." . . . One of the cruelest pranks of Destiny, to our view, is the fact that James Russell Lowell was not permitted to live long enough to review the productions of his eminent kinswoman, who could make even dresses seem as "poetic" as Diana's flying veils.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

NATIONAL Conventions were held by the Republican and Democratic parties at the appointed times, respectively at Chicago and San Francisco. The former, after brief deliberation, discarded the leading candidates, both for and against whom some strong feeling had been manifested, and nominated a ticket heartily acceptable to all factions of the party:

For President, Warren G. Harding, Senator from Ohio;

For Vice-President, Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts.

The Democratic convention had a more protracted session, marked with some bitter animosities, and did not effect a nomination for President until the forty-fourth ballot, when the party "bosses" forced the selection of the candidate who from the first had been their favorite and the leader of the field. The ticket at the end of a full week's contest, stood:

For President, James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio;

For Vice-President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

All four candidates being personally above criticism, controversial interest was centered upon the platforms. The chief contrast between them was in the planks relating to the League of Nations. The Democratic platform, dictated by President Wilson with the obvious purpose of making "a great and solemn referendum" on the League the foremost issue of the campaign, demanded the ratification of the Covenant of the League practically without the crossing of a *t* or dotting of an *i*, save possibly for addenda which would make more clear and emphatic the *obligations* incurred by the United States. The Republican plat-

form, welcoming the issue, demanded cooperation among the free nations for the maintenance of peace on a basis of international law and justice, pledging the United States to perform its duties to humanity and civilization, from which it has never shrunk; but insisting that this nation, in its integrity and independence, must itself always be the judge of its own duties and of the manner in which they are to be performed, and inflexibly opposed the ratification of the Covenant of the League save with reservations which would effectively protect this nation in the exercise of such freedom and independence, and would maintain the supremacy in American affairs of the Constitution of the United States and the Monroe Doctrine. The question of the League of Nations, or rather of the terms upon which the United States should participate in the international affairs of the world, was thus by both platforms put forward as the paramount issue of the campaign.

The International Suffrage Alliance Congress at Geneva implicated the participation and the activities of many nations. No fewer than twenty-one were reported to have adopted equal suffrage for the sexes. Yet its net results are declared by some of its foremost members, especially from this country, to have been unsatisfactory and disappointing. A certain damper was doubtless thrown upon its proceedings by the failure of suffragists thus far to secure ratification of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The vote of just one State is lacking, and has long been lacking despite the utmost efforts to secure it. Since the two National conventions the matter has been thrown pretty completely into party politics, each party seeking to gain the prestige of having a State of its faith provide the lacking ratification. Both President Wilson and Governor Cox have made appeals to Democratic States to ratify the amendment, not on the ground of public welfare or of justice to women, but solely or chiefly on the ground of partisan advantage—of "duty to the party." A more unworthy ground of appeal in such a case it would be difficult to imagine, than thus to demand a radical modification of the fundamental law of the nation just for the sake of partisan advantage in the coming election. It is noteworthy that promptly upon the emission of that plea, the Legislatures of two Democratic

States, with expressions of resentment, refused to ratify the amendment. Senator Harding, on the other hand, on being asked to exert pressure upon Republican States, replied that it would not be proper for him thus to attempt to dictate to any State, but that if his opinion were asked by any State he would frankly favor ratification. He said, however, not a word about party duty or party advantage, but obviously placed his advocacy of ratification on the preferable basis of right and public welfare. That was obviously the dignified and proper attitude to assume, and it seems not unlikely to be more effective than the partisan appeal of the President and his would-be successor.

A fine quality of both poetic justice and practical efficiency characterizes the course of the Powers in assigning to Greece the welcome task of disposing of the remains of the age-long Turkish problem. That will mean, apparently, not alone the extinction of Ottoman sovereignty in Europe but also its great reduction if not its destruction in Asia Minor. The Greek campaign in Anatolia has thus far been highly prosperous, and has already compassed the capture of Broussa, one of the two or three cities in all the world most cherished and venerated by the tribe of Othman. Founded at the suggestion of Hannibal, and for many years the capital of the Kings of Bithynia, it was seized by Othman himself and was the capital of the empire for forty years, under Orkhan and Amurath, until the latter achieved the conquest of Adrianople. Thus it was the first of the three capitals which the Ottoman Empire has had. The only one of the three now remaining in even nominal possession of the Turks is Constantinople, and the fate of Broussa may well be a writing on the wall predicting the ultimate and by no means remote disposition of that metropolis. If the Greeks succeed, as they bid fair to do, in winding up the business of the Turk in both Europe and Asia, it will be difficult indeed for anybody to resist their acquisition of the historic city on the Bosporus to which they, of all nations, have the best right. It was against the Greek Empire that the original attack of the Turks was directed. It will be well to have the reborn power of Greece administer the death stroke to the Unspeakable One.

The conference of the Powers at Spa was noteworthy for the recognition which was there given to the German representatives as equals. Just a year before at Versailles they were segregated and caged, as though they were wild beasts, or at least members of an inferior and savage race. At Spa they were taken by the hand and treated much as though there had been no war in which Germany outlawed herself from civilization. That, however, was merely diplomatic courtesy. When the conference "came to grips" over disputed matters the Allies dictated to the Germans as ruthlessly and relentlessly as at Versailles. Mr. Lloyd George bluntly told them that he had no faith in their intentions to fulfil the treaty, and despite the pumped-up whining of the German Chancellor a peremptory ultimatum was given, to disband the army and disarm the people, in accord with the treaty, or take the consequences in the further occupation of German territory by Allied forces. The Germans completely stultified themselves by admitting that they had never seriously tried to fulfil those provisions of the treaty; which of course was no news to the Allies or to the world at large. They also made the absurd pretence that the Allies would have no right to occupy more of their land, even though they did not fulfil their treaty obligations; a characteristic German protest, which doubtless made rich appeal to Marshal Foch's sense of humor.

By striking coincidence the death of General Gorgas occurred simultaneously with a menacing outbreak of the plague in at least two of our Southern States. That distinguished soldier-sanitarian had lately added another great achievement to his record, by eliminating yellow fever from the Ecuadorean coast, as he had formerly done in Cuba and Panama, and by making Guayaquil for the first time in two centuries a safe place in which to live. He was also engaged in the Herculean task of ridding the South African mining region from pestilence, and was preparing in still other important directions to promote the ideal of his immortal exemplar, Pasteur, of causing all germ-produced diseases to vanish from the earth. Dying in England, he received such international mortuary honors as seldom have been given to men of less than sovereign rank. To others is left the work which he might have

done, of combating and ultimately suppressing that pestilence which is appropriately called by no specific name but generically The Plague. In its three allied forms it has probably been by far the most deadly and destructive of all human maladies. Yet there is none more readily and more surely to be conquered, through the methods of which Pasteur was the first and greatest apostle, and General Gorgas was the most effective practitioner. The cases which have occurred in Florida and Texas appear all to have been of the bubonic type, which is the least formidable of the three, but which still calls for most prompt and energetic action if the country is to be saved from disaster.

Irish affairs go from bad to worse. Interest now centres not on what Parliament may enact, but on what the British army may do. What is practically a state of civil war prevails throughout the island, with formidable movements of troops and frequent and numerous loss of life. Sinn Fein has, moreover, set up a civil government which is said to be doing more business than the British Government in Ireland. It conducts judicial proceedings of all kinds, collects taxes, maintains police, and performs most of the domestic functions of government—facts which go much further toward entitling it to recognition than the more flamboyant proceedings upon which demands for recognition have generally been based; though of course there is no thought of recognition by any responsible power. Meantime Sir Horace Plunkett, probably the most unselfishly and intelligently patriotic man in Ireland, though one of the least appreciated, renews the wise suggestion of readjustment of Irish relations with Great Britain on a Dominion basis.

The new government in Mexico manifests an apparently sincere and intelligent desire to improve relations with the United States through a settlement of those economic questions which have been at the bottom of most of the trouble. The Provisional President makes it known that this country will have no cause to fear any of the confiscatory plans which were made by his predecessor, but that American property rights will be respected, and American investments will be adequately protected. That

is, of course, all that can be asked. American investments in Mexican oil fields and railroads cannot give Americans sovereignty over that country. They must be subject to the sovereignty of the Mexican Government, and to the jurisdiction of Mexican laws and courts. All that we have a right to demand is that that government shall perform its normal duty of maintaining order and of protecting life and property, and that those laws and courts shall be equitable and impartial. A firm insistence upon such conditions of our Government would be immeasurably more fitting and more profitable than "watchful waiting" for a chance to meddle in Mexican domestic politics.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HISTORY OF CUBA. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A. M., L. H. D. New York: B. F. Buck & Company, Inc.

The significance of Cuba has been perhaps too little appreciated in the United States. Every schoolboy learns to think of the island as a principal source of tobacco and of sugar, as a land formerly disturbed by frequent revolutions, and as the scene of a great administrative achievement on the part of General Wood. Little more than this goes into the current idea. Yet Cuba is a country with a long and important history; its colonial annals are fraught with interest scarcely less than are those of the people of North America, and like them, embody the growth of a national spirit and a persistent struggle for independence. The list of Cuban great men includes the names of soldiers, statesmen, men of letters, of which any land might be proud. Cuban resources are far more extensive and varied than the average resident of the United States imagines. Perhaps no other territory of equal extent has a history so vitally interesting to Americans as has Cuba—a history closely connected at various points with that of our own country, yet independent of it and quite individual; a history not merely of a land but of a people, culminating in the creation of a nation.

It is a matter for rejoicing that the story of Cuba has at last been written in English by so competent a historian as Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson. Dr. Johnson has looked at the facts, it may be said, from a Cuban point of view, and at the same time with a sense of proportion that is continental and international. He has produced not merely a manifesto of Cuban patriotism, nor on the other hand, a coldly detached compilation of facts, but a true national record. No one can read his sympathetic yet impartial account without becoming impressed with the fact that in Cuba there exists a live, progressive community, with much cohesion and with many noble traditions, a community that is rapidly passing out of the experimental stage in government, and that promises, by reason of the quality of its people and the many advantages bestowed upon it by nature, to make no small contribution to civilization.

The early settlers in the island, it should be noted, were of the best Spanish stock. Rugged pioneers, men of masterful spirit, came from the rude, half sterile province of Estremadura, while enterprising people from rich and cultured Seville brought the elements of government and of social grace and intellectual power the effects of which are somewhat conspicuous throughout Cuban history. At a later date, after the revolution in San Domingo, French emigrants from the

latter country became a valuable factor in the population of Cuba. Thus the island profited not only through the law that new countries are generally settled by persons of sturdy physique and active minds, but through other causes as well.

Such being the origin of the Cuban people, one naturally desires an explanation of certain facts which may make the Cubans seem to have been relatively unprogressive, and which no doubt have brought some such reproach upon them in the opinion of foreigners. Why did Cuba, misgoverned as she was, remain for centuries "the ever faithful isle"? Is it altogether due to the climate that Cubans in the past have appeared indolent?

The answers that Dr. Johnson supplies to these queries are illuminating, and help to give one a real insight into the growth of Cuban national character. Absentee landlordism was largely responsible for the failure to develop fully the resources of the colony. Habitual indifference to the morrow was a perfectly natural condition among a people who lacked opportunity to market their products and to get into touch with the outside world. The people of Cuba were, moreover, for centuries the victims of official repression and paternal regulation on the part of the Spanish Government. As for the other count, that of long-continued and willing dependence upon Spain, the reasons that explain this state of mind are equally convincing. Because of her insular position, Cuba was shut off from the influence and cooperation of the other Spanish-American colonies, and for the same reason was at an enormous disadvantage in any revolutionary undertaking. Besides this, the Cubans of the old stock retained an unusually large measure of that chivalric loyalty to Spain which was natural to the breed. "To this day," remarks the author, "the contrast between Cubans and the people of any other Latin-American state is obvious and unmistakable." Finally, during the generation preceding the South and Central-American revolt, Cuba had been treated by Spain with marked favor.

Another influence that helps one to understand the course of Cuban history and the mental characteristics of the people is what may be called the inverse order of the growth of political thought in the island. In Cuba the international point of view came before the national. For a long time the country was but a pawn in the international game. It actually passed at one time from Spanish to British possession, and its inhabitants could not but see that it was likely at almost any time to pass permanently into the hands of some other Power than Spain. "These circumstances," declares Dr. Johnson, "had a marked effect upon the whole genius of the Cuban people. It gave them international vision before they had learned to discern themselves even as a potential nation. It gave them a degree of cosmopolitanism such as few comparable colonies have ever known."

Thus, by interpretative passages Dr. Johnson continually guards against the misunderstanding of Cuban history by North American readers and constructs, in effect, a kind of philosophical framework for a narrative rich in interesting details.

It is the growth of national feeling under circumstances seemingly adverse to it and strange to North American experience which most

strongly holds the interest. People of the stock that proved its loyalty to Spain were equally resolute in their support of Cuban independence when that cause became as clearly defined as did the issue between England and the Thirteen Colonies. From the date when Ferdinand VII. repudiated the constitution he had sworn to support, a steady strengthening in the sentiment of nationality is observable. The reader who follows Dr. Johnson's painstaking and accurate account of successive Spanish administrations in the island and his analysis of Cuban conditions and problems will find himself gaining, even at this comparatively early stage of the narrative, a greatly broadened conception of the Cuban people and a livelier sympathy with their aspirations. Those insurrections which follow cannot be regarded as in any degree the result of mere political restlessness. The ideal of freedom is present from the beginning; there is a protest against real grievances, an outraged sense of justice, a longing for independence that soon becomes deep-seated and traditional. The disinterestedness of such men as Narcisco Lopez, the organizer of the unsuccessful revolt of 1851, or José Marti, the leading spirit of the War of Independence, is remarkable. Lopez was a genuine martyr to freedom; Marti is described as "many times a genius—organizer, economist, poet, statesman, tribune of the people, apostle of freedom, above all, Man." The record of Antonio Maceo seems fully to justify the author's estimate of him as "a commander who, in personal valor, in strategic skill, in resource, in resolution, in knowledge of the art of war, and in all the elements of military greatness, was worthy to be ranked among the great captains of all lands and of all time." If a cause is to be judged by the calibre and character of the men who support it, then certainly that of Cuban independence is worthy of all respect.

From the beginning of the Ten Years' War in 1868 to the victorious close of the War of Independence in 1898, the Cuban effort for independence was unremitting. Even without American intervention, this effort, thinks Dr. Johnson, must in the end have been successful—an opinion which the facts related throughout a large part of his narrative strongly tend to confirm. By the beginning of 1898, five successive Captains-General had proved unable to conquer the Cuban people. No fewer than 52,000 Spanish soldiers had lost their lives in battle or from disease, 47,000 had been returned to Spain disabled, 42,000 were in hospitals unfit for duty, while only 70,000 regulars and 16,000 irregulars kept up the hopeless struggle. Over a much larger extent of the island than was under the control of the Spanish administration, the revolutionary organization exercised the functions of government.

The verdict must be that the Cuban people fairly won their independence; nor is there any foundation for the theory that the leaders of the people timed the revolt so as to defeat the beneficial effect of Spain's last and most promising effort at conciliation. On this, as on all other critical points, the author's discussion is thorough and decisive. The Abarzuza law came too late, and was wholly unsatisfactory to the mass of the Cuban people at the time when it was promulgated. In the Council which it provided for, there was certain to be a constant majority subservient to the Crown. Advocates of Cuban

independence were not called into consultation over the bill, though other Cubans were, and the former would in fact have refused to enter into conference concerning it. For two years preceding, it had been made perfectly plain that nothing would satisfy the Cuban people except complete separation from Spain, and preparations for revolution had been made long before the passage of the measure.

That the blowing-up of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana was the cause of American intervention in Cuba, no well-informed person now believes. Dr. Johnson's discussion of this point is but a part of that thorough consideration of the relations between the United States and Cuba which runs through his narrative. An interesting forecast of the relationship between the two countries is seen in the participation of Colonial troops, especially from Connecticut and New Jersey, in the British conquest of Cuba in 1762. On the whole, the author's account of Cuban-American affairs, taken in connection with the story of Cuba's internal development and with the general international situation, reveals a consistency in the attitude of the United States toward Cuba that escapes the superficial reader of history.

Much has been written of the work of General Wood as Military Governor of Santiago and afterwards as Governor of the whole island. In Dr. Johnson's account of Wood's administration we have at last a well-considered historical estimate of Wood's administration from a point of view at once Cuban and American. "There might, it is true," writes the author, "have been found some other man who as a soldier would have pacified the island and would have held it firmly in the grasp of peace. There might have been found a sanitarian and physician who would free the island of pestilence. There were financiers who might have placed its fiscal interests on a sound basis. There were statesmen who could have supervised and directed its general governmental affairs, both domestic and foreign. But there was need that all these qualities should be combined in and all these activities should be performed by one man." The favorable estimate implied in the foregoing passage is confirmed and relieved of any possible suspicion of mere eulogy by the detailed narrative which follows.

Several more or less mooted points in regard to the Wood administration are discussed, moreover, in a manner that seems to place them beyond the reach of further criticism. Was the school system of Cuba too elaborate and costly? While the cost was naturally much higher during the first year than it was afterwards, it was in fact, Dr. Johnson proves, "much lower than the cost of education in those parts of the United States where the schools were efficient and the educational system was creditable." A glaring fallacy of the critics was that of comparing Cuba specifically with the Southern States. "In endowing Cuba with a school system, it would have been indecent for the United States to take for the standard its own poorest and most discreditable systems." Was too little spent upon public works? In regard to this question, two important facts must be borne in mind: first, that the granting of franchises and concessions during the American occupation had been wisely prohibited; secondly, that the most urgent work was that connected with sanitation and with the renovation of prisons and other public buildings—the cleansing of the Augean Stables had to come before almost everything else.

Cuban experience in self-government is fully described and analyzed by Dr. Johnson, whose attitude toward the conduct of the new republic is neither patronizing, nor unduly laudatory. Quite impartial and not afraid to make distinctions between Cuban parties, he characterizes the failure of the American Commission headed by Taft to support President Palma at the crisis in the latter statesman's political career as marking an "astounding and unworthy attitude"; and while he gives proper credit for the work accomplished by the Magoon administration, he deprecates, upon apparently sufficient grounds, the undue preponderance given to the Cuban liberal party and the filling up of important offices with liberal placeholders during that régime. On the whole, he gives a clear and compendious view of the general political situation in Cuba and affords no little insight into the peculiarities of Cuban party politics.

The fifth and last volume of Dr. Johnson's history contains a full and authoritative account of the natural resources of Cuba—an account verified by the Cuban Bureau of Information and sanctioned by the Cuban Secretary of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. This volume is itself a work of major importance, containing a wealth of knowledge presented not only in a manner that fully develops the general interest of the facts, but with such detail and precision as to satisfy those in search of practical guidance. The exporter, the investor, the farmer and home-seeker will all find here trustworthy and often surprising information of great usefulness.

Dr. Johnson's full, authoritative, and correctly emphasized history of the Cuban people, and his eye-opening account of Cuban resources and opportunities, make his work not only a valuable archive or work of reference, but also a treatise of vital interest and importance to the people of this country.

"That Damn Y." By Katherine Mayo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Katherine Mayo went to France on the invitation of the head of the Overseas Y in Paris, to tell the American public, in print, how the Y was using American trust money. She went with a healthy prejudice. Instinctively, her spirit rebelled against what she took for "hard, cold religiosity—a lot of rich old women, male and female, with nasty minds, tying strings to their dollars and buying cheap hypocrites to play watchdog against live and wholesome pleasures in mausoleums to unburied cant." Certainly prejudice could hardly be expressed with greater vehemence and point. Those who happen not to like the idea of Y. M. C. A. work may thus feel sure from the outset that the author understands (though she has outgrown) their point of view, while those who are without any special feeling in the matter may rightly expect throughout the narrative a frankness and verve matching the quality of this initial confession.

On the other side, Miss Mayo's prejudice quickly gave way not to undiscriminating enthusiasm, but to a feeling of solidarity with those who were carrying on the most tremendous piece of welfare work ever attempted by Americans, a work that made men forget their preconceived ideas and gain new conceptions of human relationships and

duty, a work which, though it happened to be carried on by a particular organization, really called quite simply for the best that America had to give in the way of brain work and heart work.

Miss Mayo's narrative is of many-sided interest; in style it is both sprightly and intense; it expresses deep feeling and at the same time shows an extraordinary grasp of facts, figures, situations. It resolves itself, indeed, into a series of sharp attacks upon indifference, mental and spiritual stodginess—the sort of thing that habit makes most of us guilty of. Every sentence, stinging, appealing, or probative, makes its impression. Thus, the book is not so much a justification of the Overseas Y (though it is that, too) as a concrete setting forth of men's real spiritual needs and an effort to pass on to stay-at-homes the new sense of opportunity and responsibility that came to the war workers.

An acute sense of character has helped the author greatly in the writing of her book. Lively and convincing estimates abound throughout the story, estimates based upon sympathy, practical judgment, and appreciation of real work. Carter, the key man, the genius of the whole undertaking, an American whose services in India so won the confidence of the British Government that it removed obstacle after obstacle from his path, stands out almost as a new kind of great man. A long series of interesting and noble figures, men and women who possessed or developed in themselves extraordinary ability for welfare work, passes before one's eyes. All this is necessary, for the work of the Y was, in the nature of things, individual, calling for all the worker's initiative, courage, and personal resource.

It is impressed upon the reader that the work demanded the services of the very best and ablest men and women that America could send. To fill the higher posts Carter kept calling for men of the calibre of Vanderlip and Schwab. A creditable number of the best sort answered the call. But there is another side to the picture. The Y gave openings to talents of all sorts, and often revealed unexpected qualities. Readers of this volume will not soon forget the anecdote of the anti-tobacco fanatic, who, being obliged to dispense cigarettes to the soldiers, did so with a wry face and with many a sour admonition. It so happened that this austere moralist had to hand out smokes to the wounded as they were brought back from the front. When his matches were all but gone, he used the last to light a cigarette which he placed betwen his own lips, and thereafter he kept the spark burning in order that he might be able to give each wounded man a "light." Here was a change of heart indeed!

Miss Mayo gives one also what is probably one's first nearly adequate conception of the vast and varied work carried on by the Y as an organization. It was work done under disheartening difficulties. When the Y took over the army canteen, it was stipulated and agreed to by the army, first, that the Y should be granted a certain regular amount of tonnage for transportation, and second, that the army should operate no rival canteens. Neither of these pledges was, or indeed could be, kept. It was war; and the Y, prohibited from explaining to the men it served the true cause of its seeming inefficiency, loyally shouldered the burden of discredit. Much of the criticism directed against the organization was, moreover, simply absurd in the light of

conditions that might have been known to the critics, or have been appreciated by them with a little thought. It was due, generally, to the failure to understand crying needs—for instance the need of the soldiers for dancing and for the companionship of good women, or the necessity of Y work in the cities for the protection of the health and the morals of our boys.

And what was the actual accomplishment? The entire book answers that question, but a few significant estimates may be quoted. Says Mr. Francis E. Powell, head of the Standard Oil Company's interests in Great Britain, "The fact is, we built up in France in a year an organization equal to that which it took the Standard Oil Company twelve years to build up in Great Britain, and the Standard could never have had the perfect organization that they now have if they had been obliged to change their best men every six months." The author herself sums up as follows: "With forty per cent of the required personnel, with forty per cent of the required ocean tonnage, with thirty per cent of the land transportation required for a covering job, *the Y performed ninety per cent of all the welfare work done overseas for the best-served army in the war.*"

Miss Mayo's book is almost bewildering by reason of the variety and largeness of the interesting topics that it treats, and because of the intensity of expression which constantly spurs attention and gives no rest to the reader who likes the restfulness of habitual ideas. No reader can help being impressed, however, with two thoughts—the need of disinterested service in war (not to say, also, in peace), and the combination of powerful organization with individual enthusiasm that is required for the successful carrying-out of such work on a really worth-while scale.

The Great Adventure of Panama. By Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

When a child of eleven years, Philippe Bunau-Varilla "witnessed with teeth set and fists clinched," the collapse of France in 1870-71. Fifteen years later, he became the chief engineer of the Panama Canal, the financial failure of which undertaking in French hands seemed to be a reproach upon the nation. Two ambitions have ruled his life: the one, "to see France washing the slate of history with Prussian blood"; the other, to see French genius and enterprise justified by the completion of the Panama Canal. He has lived to realize both desires, and to the realization of each he has contributed his whole strength. Fighting bravely at Verdun, he lost his right leg from above the knee. But for him, it is more than doubtful that the United States would have selected Panama as the route for the inter-oceanic canal. Now he has written a book connecting the two passions of his life in a striking manner.

In effect, M. Bunau-Varilla maintains two closely related theses, to each of which a great deal of weight must be allowed.

In the first place, France and civilization owed their salvation primarily to two things: the "75" gun and the Panama Canal. French genius produced the "75," and French wit completely misled those German spies who were on the look-out for the new invention. But

German cunning, by obtaining a practical monopoly of the materials necessary for high explosives nearly deprived France of the advantage which she actually gained. Panama saved the situation. It revived American regard for France, it led Germany into operations in the Carribean which opened the eyes of the United States to the true character of that nation, and it provided a means for the nitrates of Chile to reach the battlefields of France. During the war America furnished France with a quantity of ammunition sufficient for firing about 250,000,000 shots with the "75" gun; the Canal gave passage to more than seven and a half billion pounds of nitrates.

In the second place it was German intrigue which prevented the ratification by Colombia of the Canal treaty. In the part of the narrative dealing with this matter, one is not to expect a well-documented exposé. Nevertheless, the author's reasoning, pieced out by what we now know of German methods, is plausible in a high degree; and, as M. Bunau-Varilla remarks, it is possible to detect the smell of the serpent even when his trail is scarcely visible. The outstanding fact is that the Colombians obviously expected that the Canal would be built on terms more advantageous to them than those offered by the United States; the scheme for a strictly Colombian Canal was plainly camouflage, since only a great Power could successfully undertake the work, and the only Power except the United States which had at that time the ability and the motive to attempt such a thing was Germany. The nearly contemporary German activities in Venezuela enable one to see the outlines of a plot with fair distinctness. The evidence is perhaps strong enough to guide policy if not to be received as history.

At all events, it was fortunate for the world that M. Bunau-Varilla, inspired by his two ruling passions, acted just as he did. The story of how he influenced the choice for Panama as against Nicaragua, and of how he subsequently, by the exercise of the most delicate judgment, assured the success of the revolution is more interesting than are most novels of the intensely plotted kind. More than once the great result which, on the highest grounds and with the greatest foresight, he was laboring to bring about might have been defeated by a slight turn of circumstances, a momentary want of nerve or resource. A characteristic and entertaining bit is the story of how the author offset Nicaraguan propaganda by means of a postage stamp. Official documents had been produced to show that the volcanoes of Nicaragua were harmless if not altogether extinct, and hence that the canal would not be exposed to the danger of earthquakes or like disasters; but the Nicaraguan postage stamp, showing a volcano in full eruption proved a more effective official document than anything that could be brought forward on the other side. Again, if M. Bunau-Varilla had not calculated on slight, though to a keen mind conclusive, evidence that a United States war ship would arrive at the Isthmus on a certain day, and if he had not had the courage to treat his inference as a fact, the revolutionists in Panama would not have dared to take the necessary steps in time.

There is perhaps more rhetoric than evidence in certain parts of this narrative; yet it would not be surprising if evidence as yet uncovered should sometime confirm nearly all of the author's opinions. If the emphasis repeatedly laid upon the effect of the building of the

canal upon Franco-American relations seems somewhat disproportionate, we must give at least fair consideration to a point of view urged by one having intimate and personal knowledge of the feeling in both countries. Few fact stories, it may be said in conclusion, tell so clearly as does this of M. Bunau-Varilla's just how things were done and what motives actuated the doers.

THE FOOLISH LOVERS. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To the public of Dickens and Thackeray, one thinks, a story like *The Foolish Lovers* would have been rather uninteresting; it would not have seemed robust enough either in idea or in sentiment. To the taste of to-day it is highly acceptable. It is, in fact, one of the best of that type of novel, notable for artistic reality and for sensitive humanity, which has been developed in the struggle between romance and photographic realism. Modern taste hardly asks for anything really better than such a suave and frank, sympathetically critical and wisely humorous treatment of life as is found in this book. Its tone just suits the mood of the cultivated man or woman of today who has outgrown youthful tastes but has retained a certain independence of view-point. Many of our best novels nowadays are simply modest and pleasing studies of life, with a good deal of an author's quick observation and unusual personality in them. It is probable that a story like *The Foolish Lovers* represents much more truly the actual literary mind of the time than does the work of the intellectually restless radicals or that of the emotionally restless, the ever-protesting and experimenting, realistic-romantics.

The people in *The Foolish Lovers* are all, more than anything else, like the folks we know—not one seems the least bit artificial;—yet each has his own distinctive characteristics and his very real *numen*, his inviolable personality, so that what happens to him must arouse genuine, though slight, emotion. "Uncle Matthew," the romantic dreamer, though not strikingly original, is not like any other romantic dreamer one has ever known or read about; and "Uncle William" is a triumph in the way of a commonplace character who isn't really commonplace. There is a great deal of what used to be called "the mystery of womanhood" about Eleanor" along with just an ordinary, practical mind and nice instincts. All the persons of the story experience things in their own way—not in your way or mine or Mr. Ervine's. So the narrative always has freshness, and in the whole picture there is a commendable "unity in variety."

John MacDermott is a bit different from the rest. This young man, with a trace of Barry Lyndon in his make-up and a good deal of naive youthfulness, might have been, perhaps, a genius or a leader. But his unusual gift seems to have exhausted itself in an original wooing; and after writing mediocre plays and novels in the course of a journalistic experience in London, he found that the more excellent way was to return to his native town of Ballyards in Ulster and to go to work in his uncle's general store. Of course, his wife had a good deal to do with the decision; but even apart from this very natural factor, John MacDermott turns out to be of much more

account as a human being than as a genius or as a scion of the proud MacDermott stock—and herein precisely lies his appeal.

What one unconsciously craves in a novel is the discovery of people who are really uncommon—not simply different or extreme. Of course, what one would really like would be a new Shakespeare or Homer, or even a new Scott or Dickens, provided these latter could shake off the old conventions and adopt the new. It is scarcely too much to say that acquaintance with Falstaff, Pickwick, or even Alan Breck, prolongs life. Reflective novels, like *The Foolish Lovers*, do not communicate vigor, as the old stories did or seemed to do. But that is about all that can be said against Mr. Ervine's sound and pleasant story. In charm and in acuteness—the two qualities generally most worth commending in the fiction of the day, in which hysteria is so apt to take the place of power—*The Foolish Lovers* is pre-eminent.

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THE DEFAULT OF DEMOCRACY

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

DURING the period of government by phraseology to which the American people have been subjected under the present political administration, the realities of experience have been habitually veiled, and sometimes actually distorted, by the illusions of language.

Our entrance into the Great War, which was necessitated as a constitutional duty of "common defense,"— one of the great purposes for which the "more perfect Union" was formed,—was represented by President Wilson as having for its object "to make the world safe for democracy."

The utter falsity of this declaration, so far as the real reason for America's participation in the war is concerned, requires no demonstration. It is one of those fantastic conceptions which Mr. Wilson's imagination is ever picturing on the clouds that hover near the horizon. But the expression, which was designed to divert the thoughts of men from the neglect of plain duty in not promptly defending the violated rights of the nation, and to give the war once entered upon the character of a crusade for popular government, challenges our consideration from another point of view. It suggests the inquiry, How far has democracy itself, taking the word in any sense that can be intelligently defended, been compromised and even repudiated by those who professed to be its guardians?

The best government, Aristotle long ago declared, is that in which as much as possible is left to the laws, and as little as possible to the will of one man. Imperfect as they may

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be, the laws at least express the results of experience, reasoning, and agreement by general assent. What the will of one man may be, even he may not always know.

Instinctively, therefore, thinking men have always feared personal autocracy in government. Over against it, there has been an equal fear of what might happen if decisions were left to the passions and interests of uninstructed masses influenced by selfish and ambitious leaders. At every stage of governmental development, therefore, the interests of society have required on the one hand resistance to the absolute rule of one person, and on the other to the unrestrained impulses of powerful groups of self-seeking men. When these two perils have been combined in an autocracy supported by class interests under the guise of a democracy, as they were in the tyrannies developed in the mediaeval city-states of Italy, government was at its worst estate, and human liberty had sunk to its lowest depth. As compared with these pseudo-democracies, the great national monarchies were esteemed asylums of freedom, and royal absolutism was welcomed as a relief from the tyranny of a democracy nourished by public largesses from the hand of its master.

Judged in the light of its history, democracy never produced a permanent, stable, and responsible government until its inherent possibilities were vindicated by its constitutional development in the American colonies after the War for Independence. Without the expedients that were then for the first time adopted to solve the problem of responsible government by the people, it would have proved a failure in America as it had elsewhere. The period between the conclusion of peace with Great Britain in 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, was one of doubt and uncertainty, in which the whole theory of self-government, even under the most favorable circumstances, was held to be in doubt.

There are definite points of difference between the earlier forms of democracy and that which came into being in the United States with the adoption of the State and Federal Constitutions. American democracy rests upon three fundamental postulates, which may be regarded as the standards of judgment by which the distinction between true and false democracy is to be determined: (1) that all rightful governmental authority is derived from the people by definite delegation to certain specified officers of government; (2) that

government is rightly ordained and controlled by representatives of the whole people, and not by a particular group; and (3) that the inherent rights and liberties of every citizen are under the guaranteed judicial protection of just and equal laws.

It was upon these three postulates that a form of government was, for the first time, constituted in the United States, which has furnished the example and the model for what is known as Constitutional Government throughout the world. Wherever the three postulates named have been actually accepted in practice, a sound, stable, and responsible government has been brought into being; and wherever any one of them has been disregarded, there has resulted instability, irresponsibility, and either chronic revolution or reversion to some form of autocratic rule.

There is, as every student of political history knows, another quite different conception of government which delights to call itself democratic. Its assumption is that the will of the people is absolute and unlimited. Whoever by promises or any form of influence can make himself the recognized organ of that will, under this theory, possesses all the powers of government. It is not desired by those who hold to this conception of absolute democracy that there should be any restrictions upon the use of power by the organs of government, or that public powers should be specifically delegated. What is desired is the ability to obtain from the Government, by the direct action of the people upon it, the concessions that they may demand; for the object of government, it is held, is not the protection of rights, but the granting of privileges. Government should exist in order to give the people what they want, not to secure what they have. The individual citizen, it is further alleged, really possesses no inherent and inalienable rights, which the Government is bound to protect or even to respect. What he may possess, how he shall administer his possessions, and how he shall dispose of them, are questions to be decided not by himself, but by those who are chosen by the public to decide them. These and all similar matters are subjects for decision by Government itself,—that is, by public officials. These may lay the burdens of public expenditure and grant the immunities of exemption as in their judgment they may think expedient. If these persons, clothed with the authority of the State, perceive an advan-

tage in taking over in the name of the public a private business, built up by the management and sacrifices of an individual or group of individuals, they may without restraint dispossess those who have created it.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this doctrine is reactionary in the extreme. It carries us back to the most primitive time, when the conception of individual rights had not been formed; for the conception of public rights is only a deduction from primary individual personal rights. It is from the nature and attributes of personality alone that the idea of right has its origin. If there were no persons there would be no rights.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that this type of a democracy based on numbers, and not on the qualities of the units that compose them, has had an enormous growth in recent years, even in our own country. It is the central dogma of all the various schemes for Socialistic or Communistic Government, which find their ground of appeal not in the rights, liberties, happiness, and development of the individual person, but in the abstract conception of a society made up of absolutely co-equal units.

Such a society as this has, of course, nowhere ever existed. Equal productivity, equal industry, equal frugality, equal foresight, equal enterprise, and as a consequence an equal claim to their results, cannot be predicated of the members of any human community. Absolute democracy has always vainly hoped, by direct action upon an all-powerful personal government, so to transform the social order as to produce an equality which does not naturally exist.

The fundamental fallacy of this type of democracy is the belief that the human will can change the laws of human nature, that division can take the place of production, and that the forces which have produced our national prosperity will continue to operate when the incentives to enterprise and thrift that have produced it are withdrawn by public action.

Such misapprehensions are not, however, the real source of danger to society. They are vagaries of the mind that may be corrected by the application of common sense. The real peril is in the brutal immorality that underlies this conception of democracy; for the assumption that there are no private rights that may not be abolished, and that there is no form of power that may not be acquired and exercised

by the State, involves the destruction of the entire conception of right, and bases Government on the strength of aggressive interests in gaining control of the organs of political power. It cannot be doubted that, if this theory of government is carried to its logical consequences, it will result, as it always has resulted, in deadly civil strife.

It is natural that those who adhere to this conception of democracy should regard the Constitution of the United States, with its guarantees of individual rights and liberties, as an obstruction to their designs. It is, in their minds, the great legal barrier to the forms of socialization which this reactionary type of democracy aims to introduce.

In opposition to the system of specifically delegated and divided powers embodied in the Constitution, there has been in recent years a reversion to a form of legally unregulated democracy that would set up and sustain the supremacy of personal official authority in place of a clearly charted form of government.

I believe I speak without exaggeration when I say, that, more than any other public official of his time, President Wilson has been the exponent of this conception of democratic trusteeship. Both in theory and in practice he has advocated personal government, and to render it practicable he has represented our constitutional system as antiquated if not obsolete.

As regards theory, he has long considered Congress an ineffective body, which can be rendered really useful only when it is manipulated by the Executive; and, therefore, to be influenced not only by the President's personal wishes, but even by his personal presence, thus securing a preliminary acquiescence in his proposals by the plaudits of a partisan following that seem to give to them the stamp of approbation without the customary procedure of deliberate and free debate.

Although the general public has only recently been made aware of the small esteem in which Mr. Wilson holds the Senate of the United States, he has never suppressed his disbelief in the utility of its influence upon the foreign policy of the country. Even in his first electoral campaign he openly repudiated the system of "checks and balances," as mere cumbrous and antiquated machinery that was outworn and deserving of discontinuance; and in his book, *The New Freedom,* he said of the founder of the political party of

which he became the head: "Jefferson wrote of the 'laws of Nature,'—and then by way of afterthought 'and of Nature's God.' And they conducted a government as they would have constructed an orrery—to display the laws of nature."

Little notice was taken at the time of Mr. Wilson's attempt to caricature the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. His conduct in the Presidency has, however, enabled his followers to understand how far, even at that time, his thought was from the traditional principles of American democracy.

Jefferson had the wisdom to comprehend the fact that there is in human nature something more commanding and enduring than the passing volitions of men, and that there are "laws of Nature" more authoritative than the enactments of legislative bodies, and he intended to make his conception of government conform to these laws. Above all, there was, in his eyes, something sacred and inviolable in human personality, which in his esteem possessed inherent rights that the will of man cannot justly take away. In these rights he found the basis of his political conceptions. To him the Constitution was the essential guardian of these rights. He believed its principles were as enduring as human nature.

Mr. Wilson does not think so. To him everything is plastic and susceptible of change by the mere will of a ruler. Accordingly, in 1912, he announced his rejection of the Jeffersonian philosophy, in which the majority of his own party even then professed to believe, as many no doubt do still believe, and proclaimed his abandonment of Newton with his "law of gravitation" for the more acceptable conception of a government founded on the Darwinian theory of "organic life."

"We are," he wrote at that time, "in a temper to reconstruct economic society, as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society, and political society may itself undergo a radical modification in the process. I doubt," he concludes, "if any age was ever more conscious of its task or more unanimously desirous of radical and extended changes in its economic and political practice."

No instructed person can now well doubt that from the very beginning of his public career, Mr. Wilson was actuated by a desire to substitute for traditional American democracy the personal supremacy of the executive over the legislative

branch of the Government. Three influences have powerfully aided in promoting that supremacy.

As Mr. Wilson himself has said, there was in 1912 "a temper to reconstruct economic society." The nation had been prosperous under the American system of government, and that prosperity had come to be regarded as a natural condition. The extent of its dependence upon the constitutional guarantees which had rendered it possible had been to a great extent forgotten. Public instruction in the fundamentals of sound government had been long neglected. Socialistic theories had been imported into our cities and even into our universities, and were disseminated by an active propaganda. Aspirants for public office were making promises of the unexampled benefits that would accrue from their personal leadership. Democracy, in its traditional American sense, was already weakening. A new and promising career was opening for those who could most flatter the people. In truth, as was at that time pointed out in this REVIEW, a "Crisis in Constitutionalism" was impending. Mr. Wilson by a divided vote came into power on the tide of a promised "new freedom," and the "crisis" became a reality.

There would have been a safeguard of Constitutionalism in the Congress, had that body been really independent. Unhappily it was affected by the same decay of the old-time Americanism. The greatest single misfortune to the further development of a free and virile democracy was the loss in what is known as "the solid South" of the power of political initiative and independent action. Adherence to a single political party had induced a condition of political apathy and stagnation. It is not extravagant to say that entire States were menaced with the complete extinction of civic virtue. The South had become wholly sectional and indifferent to the great national issues which there had no hearing, received no free discussion, and awakened no interest.

The decline in the number of voters in the Southern States is appalling. In Alabama, for example, the total vote for President in 1912 was more than 30,000 less than it was in 1880, forty years ago. And yet Alabama is a great sea-port and industrial State, vitally interested in every national question. In 1912 the total vote in Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina,

Texas, and Virginia was less than it was in 1888. In Virginia and Louisiana the number of votes cast in 1912 was about half those cast in 1888. In those two States, twenty-two Presidential electors were chosen by a little over 200,000 voters, a proportion that would have given the voters of New York State about 160 electoral votes in that Presidential election, instead of the forty-five actually cast.

In 1916, these conditions were practically unchanged, the eight States just named casting over 200,000 votes less than in 1888.

It is not, however, to emphasize this sectional disproportion of political influence that these figures are cited. They are given to indicate an even more serious condition of political degeneration and departure from the standards of constitutional democracy. Under such a régime every important decision is made by the head of the party; and when the word is spoken, irrespective of its meaning, it becomes the shibboleth of the entire electorate. Dissent becomes a political death warrant; even the oligarchy that locally rules is cowed; and from the ruins of democracy, when its prerogatives of free and deliberate debate are thus denied, arise the insolent pretentions of an undisguised autocracy.

Herein is the explanation of the astounding fact that Democratic Senators, with a few courageous exceptions, have been voted *en bloc* by the mere word of command of a party chief, who by the nature of the case they have made an absolute master in his party's house.

By all the early traditions of the South and by all the present material interests of its people, we are warranted in believing that personal government is particularly odious to the citizens of that portion of our country. It is there, if anywhere, that the pure Jeffersonian political philosophy might be expected to prevail; and yet, it is an undeniable fact that its adhesion to one party has led the South into a position of obsequiousness to executive dictation which a generation ago would have seemed intolerable.

To the situation created by the two causes I have mentioned were added the exigencies of the Great War, which demanded for its success the conferring of almost dictatorial powers upon the Chief Executive. Grants of power unprecedented in this country, prerogatives which emperors have rarely possessed, were cheerfully accorded by the patriotism of the people, without distinction of party.

A great emergency had temporarily changed the character of the Government, and under war conditions had made the President the possessor of powers undreamed of by the founders of the Republic. No foreign potentate occupied a position of such authority.

An early peace and a complete renunciation of the extraordinary powers bestowed for the purposes of the war were desired and expected by the people. They had entered the struggle to vindicate the rights of the nation. That vindication having at great cost and sacrifices been attained, it was fitting that, in full recognition of our honorable relations with our associates in the war, we should join them in making peace; but there were limitations, growing out of our character as a constitutional democracy and our traditional policies as a nation, which it was believed would be respected.

On October 6, 1918, the German Government addressed to the President a request that he take steps for the restoration of peace, and the interchange of communications continued until October 28th, when the German Government announced its readiness to accept an armistice on the terms which the President proposed. In the midst of these negotiations, on October 25th, in view of the approaching election, President Wilson, so confident had he become of his established supremacy, so unwilling was he to share the responsibility of making peace with the co-ordinate branches of the Government, issued his unprecedented demand that, if the people wished him to be their "unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad," they should give him an unmistakable expression of their confidence "by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives."

Startling as that demand was, its whole import has never yet been fully realized. Ostensibly, it was made to give the President a free hand in determining the conditions of peace. Actually, it was a demand for supremacy in affairs "at home," as well as abroad. It was a *ballon d'essai* sent up in the hope that a confiding nation would empower him to continue as many of the war powers as he might think advisable, and as long as he pleased. There was in his mind the permanent control of the business of the country under an administrative system that had been created during the war. The only power that could check this supremacy of

the Executive was the Congress. A Democratic Congress in both branches would have placed the President, at the moment when "reconstruction" was to be accomplished, in a position of unlimited power; and it was not mere "restoration" that was intended. "A Republican Congress," he said, "would divide the leadership," and "the choice of policy" would not then rest with him alone. This moment of national victory, when the whole world seemed to turn to the United States for leadership, and even to the person of the President, appeared to him an opportune occasion for carrying into practice, to quote his own words, "the radical reconstruction" which, in 1912, he had declared America was ready to attempt.

Was this a reconstruction in the spirit of the Constitution? Why then should the President alone be an "unembarrassed spokesman"? Why should he dread a leadership in which a freely chosen Congress should have a share? Who, with a Democratic majority in both Houses, was expected to possess "the choice of policy"? What was the significance of this preposterous appeal to the electorate? Why should a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate be preferred, if the President did not expect to control them? And if he could personally control them, if he alone had the "choice of policy," "in affairs at home and abroad," if he could thus eliminate all "checks and balances" from the Government, he could not only silence all debate, but he could exercise absolute power both in domestic reconstruction and in the settlements of peace. Not only so, but he could impose a peace, through the balance of power possessed by the United States, which would place in his hands a trusteeship of the civilized world.

The unmistakable answer given in November, 1918, to President Wilson's demand of the electorate to place in the legislative branch of the Government only those who would be subject to his control, revealed the fact that the country was not inclined to trust him as its "unembarrassed spokesman." The election of Republican majorities in both the Senate and the House was a clear rejection of that demand. So far as domestic affairs were concerned, that election ended President Wilson's dictatorship, and he himself reluctantly recognized the fact.

In foreign affairs, the case was different. Through his constitutional power to take the initiative in making treaties,

he believed he was technically able, as he had long before pointed out, to use his own words, "to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world," that he could force the acceptance of his commitments upon the Senate and compel its ratification of them in order to avoid the "appearance of dishonor" in the eyes of other nations.

Not without evident malice, therefore, Mr. Wilson resolved that he alone should frame the policies of peace; that he would defy the usages of more than a century; that he would associate no Senator in any manner with the negotiations of peace; and that he would leave the country and go to Europe, in order that there should be no failure in the execution of personal plans which he divulged neither to the country nor to the Congress. In bidding that body adieu, on December 2, 1918, he gave no indication of the position in which he intended to place the United States in the course of the negotiations.

It was to the plenipotentiaries of other countries that President Wilson first definitely disclosed his purposes. To them he said that this country was willing to guarantee the European settlements, but only on condition that there should be formed an international body which he described as "a union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which I dare to say no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist,"—that is, a new sovereign corporation, to which even the United States would be subordinated, and which even it would not dare to resist!

As a merely personal proposal this astonishing project would have received no consideration; but President Wilson represented that this was no "private purpose," but was embodied in a "mandate" of the American people, which he and his appointees had "no choice but to obey." With great solemnity he added: "We would not dare abate a single item of the programme which constitutes our instruction. We would not dare compromise upon any matter as the champion of this thing."

I shall not attempt to characterize the moral quality of this bold declaration, but it is fitting to point out that, from a legal point of view, it is utterly indefensible. President Wilson had received no "mandate," he had been given no "instruction." There was in the United States no purpose to guarantee the European settlements, or to enter into a "union of wills that no nation would venture to resist."

The legal right of the entire Government to enter into such a new constitution of government would have been contested from the moment it was suggested, had the fact been known.

At the most critical moment for the triumph of democracy in the history of the world, absolute democracy, the trustee theory of government, usurped the place of constitutional democracy, rejected all its postulates, denatured its purpose, and arbitrarily undertook, in the august name of "Peace," to involve the greatest example of constitutional democracy in the type of military imperialism from which, since its beginning, it has always been in revolt.

In the Covenant of the League of Nations there is no declaration of the inherent rights either of peoples or nations; the small and weak States are subject to the will of the great and powerful; there is no provision by which a nation that is wronged can secure redress, unless its territory or its merely nominal independence are taken away. Of all the general international compacts since the formation of the Holy Alliance, which it resembles in spirit without possessing its powers of enforcement, it is the least democratic that has been formed during the century that has passed.

True democracy makes peace by recognizing the freedom and jural equality of free peoples, not by guaranteeing the conquests of empires or partitions of territory made by ethnologists and cartographers foreign to the countries they assume to delimit, with the final approval of a Supreme Council of three persons not including one of their inhabitants. The bulwarks of democracy are free institutions and neighborly agreement, not military frontiers and foreign guarantees. Its strength is in obedience to law, not in the menace of power.

Inevitably the compromise of American constitutional democracy undertaken at Paris constitutes the most obvious issue between those who support and those who oppose it in the present political campaign. But it is not the whole issue. It is only one conspicuous feature of a political degeneration in the conception of democracy that affects the inner life as well as the outward relations of the Republic. Democracy defaulted at Paris, because it had already defaulted in the United States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE FATE OF THE NATION

BY VERNON KELLOGG

SEVERAL different things, such as food, money, ships, cannon and men, are claimed to have won the war. Similarly, several things may be claimed to determine the fate of the nation. Teachers' salaries are the particular thing claiming that important privilege just now. If the salaries are not good the teachers will not be good, hence our education will be bad, and our coming generation and other generations will be bad. That augurs ill for the fate of the nation. As a teacher who would like his salary raised, I have a lively personal sympathy with this point of view. But I have an even keener interest in it because I do believe that our present educational programme is really in a situation of grave concern.

As a student of heredity, however, I cannot go the whole way with the convinced educationists. There are two factors that determine the fate of the individual, to wit, his heredity and his environment, which latter includes his social inheritance and education. I can recognize the fact, indeed, that the education of a man may have much less influence in determining his fate than his inherited capacity, physical and mental. You cannot really put a thousand dollar education into a fifty dollar boy or girl. This has been said before. It is true. But although less in influence, education may not be less in importance than inheritance for the reason that the education is indispensable for the use of the inheritance. A thing that is indispensable even though it be a little thing cannot be said to be less important than another indispensable larger thing. "Indispensable" is a positive, not a comparative, term.

The fate of the nation, then, does depend on education—among other things—and to the extent that it does depend on it, it seems to have at present a discouraging outlook.

Can we alter the educational conditions, now so bad, to be

better, enough better so as to enable the nation to go confidently forward to the best of fates? Before we can answer yes to this question we must know what are the conditions that are especially bad and need altering. For one thing, teachers' salaries are desperately bad, and imperatively need altering. But I think of two or three other things also connected with education that we had better look at inquisitively. Let us have a swift glance at all of them.

II

First, then, the impossible salaries. Fortunately the country is being pretty thoroughly waked up to this situation. The Government's Bureau of Education—which ought really to be a Department of Education, because in our tending towards Federalism the Government is going to have more and more to do with our educational programme; it is already, indeed, having more and more to do with it—and the National Education Association have collected and published a really horrifying list of facts about the salaries and the results of them. Among these facts it is sufficient, perhaps, to note that in the school year 1918-19, 10% of the public school teachers in 392 cities scattered over the country were paid less than $600, 40% less than $800, 72% less than $1,000, 89½% less than $1,200, 98¾% less than $1,400 and 99½% less than $1,500. Only four teachers in a thousand, supposedly the chosen few of largest native ability, broadest education, highest culture, and most extended and comprehensive teaching and administrative experience were paid as much as $1,500 a year, or $125 a month. Of the 128 teachers in one of the largest high schools of New York City, 80% are doing something outside of regular teaching hours to add to their own income. This is not good for the teaching hours. The average salary of elementary school teachers in the United States in 1918 was $606, and of high school teachers, $1,031. The average salary of teachers in New Zealand in 1918 was considerably over 50% more than in the United States, the prideful land of the little red schoolhouse.

The results of such a scandalous and impossible condition of slave labor are just what the more cynical of us would suggest as the alternative of this slave labor. We might say to the teachers: You are not really owned slaves; you are only slaves to your conscience or inertia; you can

quit if you want to. They may not want to, but they feel that they have to. So they are quitting. And the students who had begun preparing themselves in the normal schools and teachers' colleges to be teachers are also quitting. A recent study made by the National Education Association shows that more than 100,000 teaching positions in the public schools are now vacant or filled by teachers below standard, and that the output of normal schools and teacher-training schools shows a decrease of 30% in the last four years. The Bureau of Education states that there will be at least 110,000 vacancies in teaching positions in the elementary schools of the country this coming school year, with only 30,000 graduates of teacher-training institutions to fill them. One-third of the 84,000 teachers now in the high schools are reported as intending to leave their positions to enter some other profession next year. The greatest possible number of new eligibles for high school teaching is 9,000, so that 19,000 of the 28,000 vacant positions cannot be filled by adequately prepared teachers.

Signed statements made by more than 1,700 school superintendents show that 52,798 teachers resigned during the past year, a resignation of 22% of the total teachers. On this basis the total number of teachers resigned for the entire country would be 143,000. The Bureau of Education found that in February of this year 18,279 schools were closed for lack of teachers. The States in which salaries and standards are highest are, naturally, able to obtain the most adequate supply of teachers. In at least six of the Southern States more than a third of their schools are either without teachers or are being taught by teachers below their standards.

III

So much—and so bad—for the common schools. What about the higher schools, the colleges and universities of the country? Part of the answer is being given almost every day in the newspapers. The picturesque comparisons of the college professor's salary with the college janitor's and college gardener's wage, or, more contrastingly, with the wage of the various artisans at work on the new college buildings—for there is always money for new buildings on the campus even if for nothing else—and the daily bulletins of the progress of the many drives for additional college

endowment for the purpose of increasing professional salaries, have been every morning's news for the past few months. However, a majority of the universities and colleges of the country have increased the salaries of their professors, *in dollars,* during the last three years. But this news is less comforting when we note that the increases have run from 3% to 30%,—excepting, most conspicuously, Harvard's recently announced increase of nearly 50%,—with most of the increases below the midway point between three and thirty. Unfortunately during the same time the current purchasing value of the dollar has been cut in half.

So the universities and colleges of the country are suffering from the same disease and its results as the common schools; the disease: inadequate salaries; the results: withdrawals from the ranks of the teachers. A recent number of *School Life,* the little fortnightly journal issued by the Bureau of Education, contains a suggestive classified list of typical cases of teachers in universities, colleges and normal schools of thirty-four States who have recently left teaching for other work. These cases include a wide range both of college positions resigned and of work taken up. One thing is common to all the instances; the transfer from college to outside work is always accompanied by an increase of salary. This increase varies from twenty to over five hundred per cent.

The list includes some curious exchanges. For example, a professor of biology at $2,000 went into the automobile business at $4,000; a professor of modern languages at $1,200 became a trade commissioner—whatever that is—at $4,500; a professor of English at $1,500 became an advertising manager at $5,000, a teacher of public speaking at $1,300 became a salesman at $2,500—perhaps not a far cry. A professor of education at $1,500 went into " oil " at $2,400, a professor of Romance languages at $2,500 became a city librarian at $5,000. A principal of a normal school at $1,800 became an advertising manager at $3,000, while a small-college president at $3,000 went into commercial work at $7,500.

But most of the transfers show less violence of contrast between the old and the new work. In fact many were simply transfers from a college position to a commercial position in the same professional line. Professors of agriculture and dairying became commercial farm managers

and dairymen; professors of chemistry and physics went into industrial concerns; professors of geology and mining into mines and oil, professors of medicine and veterinary science into private practice, and a professor of mathematics into insurance—all, of course, at salaries from double to treble their former ones. They could probably have done this before, but they did not feel that they had to; they could live on their college salaries before, even if they could easily have made more money by going out. But now they are finding that they and their wives and children—and it is principally the hard row of the wives and children that is really deciding them—simply cannot live with decency and ordinary comfort on their college salaries.

That makes it all right for them, perhaps, but how does it make it for the universities? And for the university students? And for the fate of the nation? The answer is, we shall all agree, I am sure, that it makes it bad, very bad, for the institutions and the students and the whole country.

Conspicuous by their numbers among these college professors becoming business men, or the servants of business men, are the men of science. Perhaps they are the majority because they find it easier than do their colleagues of the humanistics, to get into other work. There is much science and much opportunity for scientific men outside the universities; there is little Greek and Latin and little demand for philologists in the realms of oil, automobiles, and metal alloys. But, then, if the scientific men who give up university work do not give up science when they go out, where is the harm, asks the business men who hire the scientists?

There are two answers. One is, that in most cases the scientific scholar who leaves the university is required to confine his work to applied science. He may have been a teacher and investigator of " pure science " in the university. He must now make an end of that. And with an end of pure science there will certainly come an end, some day, of applied science. The other answer is that whether his interest in the university was in pure or applied science, he was teaching science to younger men as well as finding out new science. He was training other men to be scientists; he was providing a supply of scientific men to take his place and the places of his contemporaries when he and they pass. He does not do that, or, at best, only to a very limited degree, when he goes out to sell his services to the calling indus-

tries. The industries themselves will indeed be the ones to suffer first because of this. They are providing themselves for today at the expense of their provision for the future. Which is not a good thing for them—nor for the fate of the nation.

This drainage of the teachers from the universities threatens a real calamity to the country. I know there are many practical-minded persons who think, and say, often rather bluntly and loudly, that the country is likely to get on very well without Greek, Latin and Middle English, without metaphysics, poetry and ancient history. I, who am a scientific man, do not think so. But any way, as a scientific man, I can say, with characteristic scientific dogmatism, that I not only think but know that this country cannot get on very well without science and a continuous supply of new science and new scientific men. And to have that and them, continuous investigation in pure or fundamental science, continuous teaching and training of scientific students, and continuous stimulation and inspiration of these youthful scientists, are essential.

These things come, practically, only from the universities, and only from universities whose faculties contain competent and inspiring scientific teachers and investigators. The thirteen hundred scientific men working today in the research laboratories of a great telephone and telegraph company, and the other hundreds or thousands in other great industrial research laboratories, do not provide these essential things. They improve our telephones and other electrical instruments; they devise new metal alloys; they perfect a hundred kinds of machines; they make new perfumes and flavors and drugs out of coal-tar; they help make the nation stronger and greater today; but they leave no human heritage to make it stronger and greater tomorrow.

But it is not only the universities which are losing their scientific men and their other scholars because of an insufficient support of them. Our technical government service is also being stripped.

IV

What is to be the remedy for the ill results that are assuredly to come, if this draining of scientific men from the universities and government service continues? Two

remedies are conceivable. First, the simple one of paying the men in universities and government technical services salaries comparable with those offered them by the industries. This is a remedy, however, which will not, indeed practically cannot, be provided, at least by the universities. Whatever the Government might do in the way of paying such salaries, if it decided to, the universities simply cannot meet them. And they do not have to. What the universities have to do is simply to bring the general run of salaries up to the point at which the men can live comfortably and decently on them. In addition, there should be in each university a few salaries—but only a few are necessary—which approach comparison with outside salaries. These will be the goals which can be looked forward to as the rewards for the very best work, open to attainment by the best men. Also there should be a rearrangement of teaching schedules and faculty administrative work in the direction of a lessening of required teaching hours and relief from committee and departmental office routine, and a provision of clerical and skilled assistance, and of necessary library and laboratory facilities, all of which combined will enable the university investigators really to investigate and be happy in their investigating. Research men in universities do not expect to be requited in dollars for their work; they chiefly demand opportunity to do it, and the means of keeping themselves and families comfortably alive while they are at work, with some provision in the way of pension or annuity insurance to relieve them of worries about the days of superannuation.

These things the universities must do, and the people must help the universities do them.

As for the common schools there is just one remedy: that is sufficient pay for the teachers. The fate of the nation, then, so far as it depends on education, seems to depend on money. This seems sordid. But it is not the sordidness of actually trying to buy a good fate. It is simply the use of sufficient money to make possible a service necessary to insure a right fate, a service which most of the persons from whom it is asked are willing to render if they are merely kept comfortably alive and in efficient condition while rendering it. Is this asking too much?

VERNON KELLOGG.

THE FORGOTTEN FOLK

BY JOHN CORBIN

IN their widely heralded debate, Governor Allen asked Samuel Gompers a direct and simple question—a question which has been uppermost of late in the minds of many, and which had indeed been announced as the subject of debate. When a conflict between labor and capital halts the production or distribution of the necessaries of life, thus threatening the public peace or impairing the public health, "has the public any rights in such a controversy—or is it a private war between capital and labor?" Mr. Gompers hesitated and evaded, but from various parts of the hall the challenge rang out that he answer. At last he said, "An innocent child can ask more questions than his father——" With that his burly partisans broke into a roar of approving laughter. For the moment the Old Fox of the Federation triumphed. He could not, however maintain the air of his triumph. Thereafter his remarks came haltingly—were at best disjointed, at worst keen personal digs and broad insinuations. Eventually, in a surprising burst of frankness, he spoke apologetically of the fact that his remarks had become "desultory." And all the time he bore in his hand the plain, blunt question, which Governor Allen had written out for him.

The question referred, of course, to the fact that when the soft coal miners quit work during the bitterest cold of the winter of 1919-1920, Governor Allen, to the extreme disgust of organized labor, broke the strike, in so far as it affected Kansas, by calling out a force of young men who mined coal to warm the shivering public and save the lives of hospital patients. It referred also to the new Industrial Relations Court, likewise anathema to labor, by which Kansas hopes to avert all conflicts that threaten to shut down basic industries and tie up public utilities. But there were some in the audience who saw in the situation

a still deeper question. Just what is "the public" whose rights were supposedly in debate? Labor and capital, capital and labor—since the industrial revolution gave every element in life new values and relations, these have been the substance of all thinking, economic and social. We know very well what they are. But only on rare occasions, after they have created conditions that are intolerable, have we remarked, with a vague impatience, that after all the public has *some* rights. . . . When peace was restored, though only for the moment, we quickly forgot about that. Statesmen and labor leaders, professors of economics and heads of bureaus in Washington, went right along thinking and writing only of labor and capital, capital and labor.

Is the public a thing that includes both labor and capital—the nation, in short? Or is it some *tertium quid,* vaguely conceived and as yet undefined? Mr. Gompers himself is apparently in doubt, and his doubt has rather the air of haunting him. A week after his breakdown into the "desultory," he gave out a written statement which purported to answer Governor Allen's question. There is no public, he said, which is wholly separate and apart from employers and employees. The "real public" includes all union men and women and is in fact "fully one-fourth union," while "Governor Allen's public" is, as it seemed to Mr. Gompers, "for the most part an employing and non-union public." Thus what is called "public welfare" is only "an abstraction." As the result of a week's cogitation, we were back on the familiar ground—labor and capital, capital and labor. . . . Thus, refreshed like Antaeus with a fall to his mother earth, Mr. Gompers came out roundly with the ancient doctrine. The strike is "the only means by which the laborer can compel consideration of his just demands." "The public has no rights which are superior to the toiler's right to defend himself against oppression." If all this means anything it means, first, that there is no such thing as the public and, second, that when it is set upon by labor—pummeled and mauled, frozen and starved—it has no rights.

If any one of us found a schoolboy attempting to solve a problem of three factors by reckoning with only two of them, we should give him up as a hopeless numskull; yet this is precisely what we have all been doing with the great

problem in which we live and move and have our being —such as our being nowadays is. Governor Allen, it is true, has stood forth boldly as champion of the so-called public, and in doing so has gained a nationwide reputation.

But while declaring certain obvious rights, he has not defined the third factor nor attempted to fix its interrelationships with the other two. Nor have our publicists attempted the inquiry; even Mr. Gompers' doubly dramatic breakdown elicited from them only hoary platitudes and the vaguest and most helpless generalizations. Like the Old Fox himself they became desultory.

Something of vagueness, of self contradiction, inheres in this term, " the public." Labor and capital are definite and salient factors, mutually exclusive and dramatically arrayed. They seize the eye, arrest the attention, stimulate the constructive reason. The so-called public is not properly a factor at all. As Mr. Gompers pointed out, it includes both labor and capital. That is an idea which he doubtless gleaned from the well-meaning advocates of industrial harmony, who never weary of enlarging upon it with the air of bestowing a thought of sovereign worth. They exhort labor to modify its destructive violence, arguing that, as it is itself a part of " the public," it suffers from its own wastefulness. Labor laughs in its sleeve, no doubt, for it knows—none better—that only through organized striving, incessant warfare, has it raised itself, in the course of a century, out of defenseless oppression into a position of commanding might, before which today the whole world trembles. Likewise these good folk counsel capital to placate labor with liberal doles—because capital also profits in the general weal. At this the hard-headed capitalist smiles sardonically. By holding labor in check—fighting bitterly when he can and conceding graciously what he must—he has massed the wealth of the nation compactly until, through his ever expanding corporations, he wields a princely power. He knows too well that the moment he relaxes his readiness to fight labor the regime of capitalism is ended. Meantime the great majority of the people, who are neither hand laborers nor capitalists, receive no soothing word, no precious thought. Through the century and a half of the Industrial Revolution, they have remained an inchoate mass, a nebulous and whirling

chaos which is torn unresisting while new worlds of might are born.

This fallacy of confusing a part with the whole crops up wherever people think and write—or write without thinking—of our economic and social problems. Examples might be cited indefinitely: a few must suffice. In an article written during the first year of the war, the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation upbraided our nation as "a great undisciplined, unruly, envious and bickering family" and made a stirring call for "the co-operation of citizen with citizen, class with class." That was the only means by which our people could "act with singleness or loftiness of purpose, whether in a great emergency or in the continuous daily development of their national welfare"—and help win the war. It was an inspiring call, and Judge Gary sounded it in the name of "clear thinking"—to the lack of which he attributed our failure to act "with singleness and loftiness of purpose." But in what followed it was amply evident that, if thinking clearly, he was thinking of only two classes. "A banker may not be fit to operate a blacksmith shop, nor a blacksmith fit to manage a bank." What he wanted was to have Capital freed from the "bickering" of Labor, and to this end he offered Labor, in lieu of arbitrary advances gained by wasteful strikes, "greater safety, shorter hours, more continuous employment and a share in the increased profits"—the usual doles. No shadow of a thought, clear or muddled, was given to those laboring folk who are not organized and who never strike.

Our most liberal and disinterested organs of opinion have an outlook as narrow and confined. In an article written after the war *The Villager* said: "For the next stretch of the road anyway, labor is to be the leader of the tandem industrial team; capital has been moved back to the shafts." As to the salaried brain worker, we are told nothing. Is he the middle horse in a tandem team of three, a passenger in the cart—or only dirt in the roadway? The transformation of leader to wheelhorse, it appears, is to result in "a brake on industrial initiative"—a slowing down of production; but the fact that this would still further impoverish men living on fixed salaries is apparently not worth considering.

Whenever "the public" is officially represented in

efforts at industrial harmony the situation becomes salient, dramatic. The most recent instance was the first Industrial Conference of October, 1919. As constituted by President Wilson, it contained the usual three groups. Labor was represented by the high officials of the American Federation and of the great Railway brotherhoods, under the leadership of Samuel Gompers. Capital was represented by the national Chamber of Commerce and the national Investment Bankers' Association. As the result of some unimaginable mental acrobatics, three representatives from national farmers' organizations were also included as capitalists. The "public" group represented no organization, exhibiting the usual nationwide straddle. At one end were Judge Gary, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Bernard M. Baruch—the last a sensationally successful Wall Street operator. At the other end were John Spargo and Charles Edward Russell, leaders of the Socialist Party and lifelong champions of Karl Marx. Somewhere between were Charles W. Eliot, long president of one of our richest educational corporations, and Bert M. Jewell, President of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor. This motley assemblage had much ado to agree among themselves; and they had the still stiffer task of calling down the dove of peace upon the other two groups.

The inevitable happened—*c'est son metier!* Much was said of "collective bargaining"—but the conference proved unable even to define it. Judge Gary was derided in his capacity as a representative of the public and ultimately quit the conference in disgust. At the first opportunity the labor group fell upon the capitalists in the old familiar manner, evading every clear issue and endeavoring to twist the Conference, which was to have brought the industrial millennium, into an engine for winning a single strike—the steel strike, otherwise hopelessly lost. Failing in this, Samuel Gompers walked out with his cohorts, threatening to join up with the farmers—except of course the three "capitalists" present—and work universal destruction. "The time will come when they will be glad enough to bargain collectively with labor!" And so the dove of peace moulted one more feather.

One element of the true public was unrepresented in the Conference: the men who do not labor with their hands

and do not control capital—the highly trained, hard-working employees of business houses, of industrial, financial and educational corporations. But though unrepresented, it cannot be said that they were conspicuous by their absence! You may search the world in vain for any gathering in which their rights are presented, for any clear definition of them as a class, or for any statement of their present wrongs and their legitimate aims. Capital is organized, class-conscious—and so manages to care for its own. Labor is organized, class-conscious; it takes its own abundantly. But the great range of folk in between have no organization, no sense of their collective interests, of their relation to the state as a whole. And so they are forgotten. If anyone bears them in mind it is the socialists; but they do not regard them as men and brothers. For reasons of their own they call them bourgeois, and mark them down for a still more thorough destruction.

The Socialists are not far from having their way. During the war, hand laborers have seen to it that their wages have risen in proportion to the rise of prices. Some of them are still buying diamonds and furs, talking-machines, pianos, automobiles. "Labor has been a movement," as *The Villager* remarks, "and you do not solve movements; you make way for them." Capital is likewise a movement, sweeping across the continent and everywhere creating wealth and a more abundant life. In spite of increased labor cost, income tax and excess profit tax, the rich are still the rich. The war has obliterated untold billions of the world's wealth; yet never in times of fat prosperity have luxuries been more eagerly consumed. But not by the salaried brain worker! He is still wearing the clothes he bought in 1914. His wife is doing housework, and his children, if he has any, are giving up the hope of advanced schooling and college. As far as the war has been paid for, it is the forgotten man mainly who has paid for it—paid for it in money, in free and vigorous living, in efficiency as a member of the nation. Even before the war, statistics showed that the brain workers were not increasing in proportion to the other classes. Today they must certainly be declining markedly, in numbers as in distinction and power.

Yet the forgotten man is the mind of the nation, if a nation in which such things happen can be said to have a

mind. He is the underpaid clerk and cashier, the underpaid buyer and salesman, the underpaid manager, laboratory worker, lawyer, doctor, clergyman, professor.

When the belly and the members are at war, the whole body suffers. There is only one force that can control the strife. It is the brain. But what if the brain become anemic, atrophied?

It would be interesting to know why the American mind has so persistently—so obstinately, as it seems—refused to define, to visualize, this *tertium quid*. One conjecture suggests itself. Deep in the mental life of our people is the dogma that in America there are no classes; deep in the heart of our democracy is an abhorrence of social ticketing. We can talk of labor and capital—even think of them, and in some respects think profoundly, constructively—without invoking the idea of invidious discrimination.

But the only name we have for the intermediate folk is the middle class, and that is abhorrent to all—especially to the middle class! Does the subconscious mind practice a Freudian evasion? Is the middle class forgotten because it wills to forget itself? Labor and capital live in separate spheres. No question of social distinction arises; their struggle is purely economic. The brain worker rubs elbows everywhere. The clerk knows that he is inferior to the highly skilled and prosperous mechanic out in the factory, yet cherishes his white collar though it ruin him, for it means that his standing is that of an educated man.

The professional gentleman, whose whole soul tells him that he is superior to the mere wielder of moneybags, feels none the less a very definite awe before him. Labor is a great economic and political power. Wealth is our only nobility. But what distinction have the Forgotten Folk with which to feed their inward pride?

It is not merely in America that the brain-working class lies in abeyance. The phenomenon is familiar in every modern country. It is only here, however, that there is a national fiction, an ingrained tradition, that men are born equal and that the fostering of class interest is immoral. All this, at least, has been.

Of late certain forces have gained head in the world that cannot be evaded by subliminal dodging, that resist

even the dogmas of the Declaration of Independence.

Two incidents mark the epoch. A college professor who objected that the plumber was charging more than he himself was paid received this airy rejoinder: "Yes, but I'm not a professor!" That was taken as a jest, however sorry; for the distinguished educator knew that some time and somehow he would be provided for—and besides, are not all Americans equal? But when the unions of railway hands held up supplies this same professor donned overalls and helped to break the strike. The health of his wife and the lives of his children were threatened, together with his tradition of national order and efficiency, solidarity and service. It took the strike in basic industries, on national arteries, to rouse the middle class. As long as labor and capital confined their "bickering" to scattered industries, the war was thought to be "private"; the "public," which has always been recognized as holding the balance of power, preserved an attitude of detachment, scarcely aware that it had a stake in the outcome and always ready to throw its sympathy to the supposed under dog of labor. An arrogant and exacting plumber, casually encountered, was a joke. But a national strike meant business. Of late years there are few labor wars that remain "private." The basic industries and the systems of transportation are rapidly tending toward organization on a nationwide scale, both as regards labor and as regards capital. Many a strike threatens the very life blood of the nation. In the few years since peace began to rage among us, the sheer might of economic pressure has forced "the public," throughout the civilized world, to a sense of its rights—and its power. The general strike in Winnipeg, the transportation strike in England, the coal strike as it affected Kansas, the general strike in Denmark, the "outlaw" railway strike and the dock strike in the port of New York, each in its own way and quite independently, called forth a new and portentous force to oppose it. The right to strike selfishly, recklessly, which labor has always asserted and which Mr. Gompers proclaims, has evoked a giant enemy before which in every contest labor has crumbled. The Forgotten Folk are remembering themselves —are on the verge of becoming class-conscious. When the national welfare is at stake, there is no such thing as

a "scab." One sentence runs through a million minds: As long as the hand worker asserts the right to strike in basic industries and public utilities, the brain worker will assert the equal right to break that strike.

Let no one beguile himself with the fancy that this war is won. As yet we have had only a few skirmishes at the outposts. At the latest convention of the American Federation of Labor, at Montreal, a large majority voted in favor of government ownership and democratic control of railways, mines, and whatever they choose to put their hands to. It is "the principle of the Plumb Plan" applied to all possible basic industries and public utilities—in a word Syndicalism, or at best Guild Socialism. This was not the work of vague visionaries and irresponsible agitators. It was largely the work of upstanding craftsmen and mechanics, men of American birth and traditions, highly paid, proudly class-conscious and with millions in their Federation treasuries. They are far more deeply versed in the literature of economic and social advance than a vast majority of us others who, though we have minds educated and trained, have been too steeped in economic ignorance and political dogma to realize what is up in the world and doing. The federated American laborers know—none better—that government ownership and "democratic" control mean waste of capital and inefficient service. Why does not this deter them? Because Syndicalism has honeycombed the Federation, with its promise of a larger life and a more exalted power for the worker.

We are entering the climax of an epoch. Early in the nineteenth century the era of small and local units in business gave birth to small and local trade and crafts unions. As business tended to consolidate on a national basis, the scattered trade and crafts unions likewise drew together in a national Federation of Labor; but the component units were still a multiplicity of trade and craft unions—skilled workers. Today the Syndicalists, "boring from within" the Federation, are building up a new type of organization, potentially of far greater power. The basic unit of organized labor is to be not the craft but the industry as a whole—unskilled workers included with the skilled. Labor in the steel trade, the coal mines, the railways—in every basic industry and public utility—is to be organized

as a nation-wide unit, obedient to command. The ultimate aim, as syndicalist leaders have proclaimed, is a nation-wide struggle for mastery between all labor and all capital. At Montreal, Mr. Gompers resisted the radicals to the last ditch. At heart he and his dwindling faction believe in the skilled worker and distrust the unskilled; in political theory they are individualists, not socialists; in economic theory they are capitalists, not syndicalists, national guildsmen or Plumb Planners. But the mass of the once conservative Federation has turned decisively against them.

That is why, in all his public utterances, the naturally clear mind of Samuel Gompers seems muddled. He is a patriotic and far-seeing American. He knows the middle class, its rights and its potential strength, far better than "the public" knows it, and being sincerely devoted to the cause of labor he undoubtedly fears its awakening. His repeated praise of industrial peace, of enhanced production, is no doubt quite genuine. If he declares the eternal sanctity of the strike and denounces all effort to submit industrial differences to an appropriate court, it is mainly because to do otherwise is to outrage the majority of his followers who are preparing for the ultimate duel, and thus to forfeit his lifelong leadership in the Federation. The situation is complicated but the upshot is obvious—that the hand of labor is against both capital and "the public." What else can this mean but continued and ever widening war?

As this warfare progresses, a definite middle class is emerging from the inchoate public—becoming slowly but steadily class-conscious. With each succeeding strike it is consolidating its forces. England has already a nationwide Middle-Class Union, and there will soon be one here. Not only labor but "the public" stand at the crossways, confronting a momentous decision. In the inevitable process of achieving class consciousness, what will happen to the middle-class mind, the middle-class soul? Will it preserve its traditional sense of national order and efficiency, of social solidarity and service? Or will it become self-centered—merely one more faction in the national bickering?

There is a dangerous element in the situation. The middle-class has, and presently it will cherish, a wrong as deep as the wrong which, over a century ago, gave origin and impetus to the labor unions. While labor and

capital float high on the tide of war-made prosperity, the salaried folk are submerged. Their grievances in the matter of rent, clothing and food are familiar—the tragedy of "the new poor." This wrong affords the definite incentive to organized resistance. But underlying it is a moral wrong which, consciously or unconsciously, is raising the irresistible groundswell of rebellion. Untold millions of Americans are totally unable to educate their children as they themselves were educated, unable to equip them for the work of their kind in the world. Other millions have been prevented by poverty from having children at all. For the present this deeper cause is scarcely realized; no voice of protest is raised. But when the financial cause is reenforced and inspired by a full sense of the moral issue, the patriotic issue, we shall have material for strife of the bitterest.

These are the more obvious facts in the problem of the Forgotten Folk; in its subtler relations it ramifies every bypath of the complicated modern state. If met and solved in the spirit of free institutions, the solution should bring new health and vigor to all members of the economic body. As the middle class suffers, the mind of the nation becomes anemic and shrivels; as the middle class flourishes so does the nation as a whole. But with the opportunity is a great danger. . . .

One fact is paramount Above the belly and the members is the brain—and that, after all, is the seat of intelligence and of whatever human nature can boast in altruism.

JOHN CORBIN.

A MEDITERRANEAN DIARY

BY HARRIET BARD SQUIERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter was written to her sister by the widow of the Hon. Herbert G. Squiers, who was for many years in our diplomatic service. He was First Secretary of the American Legation in China and later was the first American Minister to Cuba and to Panama. The World War called Mrs. Squiers to service. She joined the active nursing force of the Hospice de St. Vincent de Paul, at Montmirail sur Marne. During the last part of the war she was Infirmière Major there, and served on through the Spring offensive of* 1918, *sticking to the hospital and running it with casual volunteer help when even the French équipe had been ordered to abandon it before the German advance. She was shelled and bombed continually, but her experience in the Boxer Rebellion at Pekin, where she had to crawl about on her hands and knees to avoid being hit by the Boxer bullets which came in through the windows, had hardened her to that sort of thing. After the Armistice she was attached to a French hospital at Strasburg before being mustered out. She received a number of citations for bravery and devotion, besides the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française and the Croix de Guerre. Last Autumn she took service in an American hospital unit which was going to Syria, and the letter which follows, written in the form of a diary, is an account of her journey out and of her organization of a "Foyer" in General Gouraud's army. This diary, because of its exceptional interest and vividness, was secured for publication through the courtesy of Mrs. Squiers' family, and unknown to her.*

"Camp de la Paix," Alexandretta.

MY DEAR F.—:

I have been living in a whirlwind since I left Paris in March. Life has been like a cinema. I have sent you postals from every place, but have had no time to write. This letter is really a diary. It seems a year since we sailed from Marseilles, I have done and seen so much. We arrived at Alexandria on the 22d—such a wonderful trip, the sea like glass all the way, with marvellous sunsets, the people on board not very interesting. General G— and staff were the exception. The General was in Strasburg with me. He was en route to Beyrout, to be with General Gouraud. Nearly

every one left the ship to go to Cairo, as she took three days to unload her cargo, and we had time before the train left to look about the town. Alexandria is not interesting, except for local coloring, and seemed to me like China and all other Eastern towns. The train trip was interesting, passing native villages and caravans of camels. We saw the Nile only just before reaching Cairo, where we arrived about nine o'clock. We went to Shepheard's Hotel, and got to bed as quickly as possible, realizing that we had only three days to see all the interesting things and places. In the morning, from my little porch, I had my first glimpse of the town. Such a conglomeration of people!—every nation of the world. As for the town, the foreign part, one might fancy one was in Nice or on the Riviera. The old town of Cairo is a maze of streets still full of charm, and M— and I started with our guide to see it. We passed through streets which twisted beneath overhanging balconies covered with wooden trellises of exquisite workmanship. We could hardly walk in the midst of a dense crowd of men and beasts, women veiled in black, men in long robes and white draperies, little donkeys with collars of blue beads, rows of camels carrying loads of lucerne, and above the little white houses one could see the tall minarets, from which you knew that you were in the adorable East. We went into all the shops; the only tempting things were the rugs, excepting some perfume. But oh! what filth and dirt!—quite Oriental. Again I recalled China. We then returned to the hotel, had a good luncheon, and ordered a carriage for the pyramids. We stopped at the Government House, as I had heard that Commander Allenby, Lord Allenby's brother, was there, a great friend of H—'s and mine. He was not there, but Lord Allenby came out and talked to M— and me.

We arrived at the pyramids at sunset. At a certain point we changed from the carriage, M— to ride a camel and I a donkey. I wondered if what we saw was a hill of sand; one could hardly tell. It seemed like a great rosy cloud, and from out of this cloud rose the Pyramids and the Sphinx, with its fixed eyes and smile, and, all about, the endless desert. It was marvellous—nothing to be seen but those three huge things standing upright and still. I cannot tell you how it impressed me. We returned to the hotel near the Pyramids for tea, which was painfully incongruous—music playing, fox trots, etc. I heard the call

of the Sphinx and the desert, and shut my eyes and ears, and longed to go back. Alas! too late; we had to return to Cairo.

Next day we went to Sakarrah and Memphis by motor, to see the colossal statue of Rameses II and the many interesting things. We left the car in Memphis and went on donkeys to the tomb of Apis. Who should we meet in the Tombs but Clemenceau! I spent the afternoon visiting the wonderful mosques and citadel, tombs of the Mamelukes and the old Coptic Crypt where the Virgin Mary rested with Jesus in the Flight into Egypt. We then went to the ruins of Babylon, and then to see the spot where Moses was hidden in the bulrushes. We returned, dead tired, to Cairo, for dinner and the ten o'clock train to Alexandria, as our steamer sailed the next afternoon, and we dared not stop longer. Oh! the beautiful Nile! I shall never be happy until I can go in a dahabeah up that wonderful river, where the women in their black robes come to fill their long-necked jars, and carry them on their veiled heads,—the shepherds bringing their goats, sheep, and water buffaloes, all mixed together to drink. The birds are lovely—all colors; the blue kingfishers and a bird that looks bronze, green, purple, and bright yellow. The one beautiful songster is the skylark. I never saw such wonderful poppies; when the sunshine strikes them they are like colored flames against the deep blue of the sky. The country is radiant with them. One cannot but love Egypt. I shall never forget the little I have seen of it.

* * *

We arrived in Alexandria, lunched, then boarded our ship, jolly glad to rest. We reached Port Said the following morning, and spent the day there. It was nothing new to me. We left Port Said in the evening, and stopped at Jaffa, As it was for only a short time, I did not go ashore, as I knew I should see it again. We arrived at Beyrout on the 28th, Palm Sunday. The town is very dirty, but the country is beautiful. Monday we lunched with General Gouraud. M— sat at his right and I at his left. He was charming. After lunch he made me play poilu songs, and he seemed to enjoy them. M— then arranged for us to go to Jerusalem, as we could not come here till the camp had moved higher in the hills. At 7 o'clock Monday night we were off in the little steamer *Manon* for Haifa, to take the train for Jerusalem. Maybe we didn't have to rush!—just time

to pack a little handbag. On the steamer were a lot of the Beyrout American College students, also going to Jerusalem. We had great fun singing. I played all the evening, and we sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes." On arriving in the morning at Haifa, we found our train and were off to the Holy City. The train was crowded, and I found myself going into a compartment with an English General and his wife, Sir W— G—. I politely begged their pardon and was backing out, but the General would not hear of it. So down I sat, and enjoyed every minute, for he pointed out the sites of all the battles and the troops' difficulties when entering Jerusalem. One never could imagine them unless one saw the country. A strange thing happened. Before leaving Paris, B— said, "Mother, be careful. I dreamed you were on a train with a general. The train was wrecked and you were killed." Well, if we had arrived the day before, and had taken the train, I probably should have been killed, as the train was wrecked and many were killed. I felt nervous when I saw the general, remembering B—'s dream, and was glad when we reached our journey's end in safety. We arrived after dark, and were whirled off in a carriage to the Grand New Hotel.

The next day was Holy Thursday. It did not seem possible that I was in Jerusalem, the dream of my life. Here is the old Testament and the New, all nations, Moslem, Jewish, Greek, Latins, Armenians and Protestants. We went to the service on Holy Thursday in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and were locked in from one o'clock till five. The service was beautiful, the music most lovely. An English priest was with us, and showed us all around the church. On one side Greeks, on the other Armenians and Catholics. Before the altar, wonderful jeweled lamps were hanging, and the jewels on the Virgin Mary, in glass cases, were worth a fortune. I went into the Holy Sepulchre and said my prayers. I could not realize that I was praying at Christ's tomb.

In the evening we had a remarkable service in the church where the Virgin Mary is buried, just outside of the Garden of Gethsemane. We then went to the Garden of Gethsemane, and saw it by moonlight, the white light flooding the Mount of Olives and the Garden. To think that we were walking over the very ground on which Our Lord had walked! The Greek Church is near the Garden of Geth-

semane. The Patriarch had been taken prisoner, and the key retained by the Turks, so the Protestants were having their service outside the church in the moonlight, and one heard in the silence "Abide with Me." It was all wonderful to me —so many different ways to the same God! Some said that it took all religious feeling away from them; to me it was inspiring. Good Friday was an unforgettable day. It was also a great Mohammedan feast. I went to church and to the Way of the Cross, through the street of the Via Dolorosa. I then joined M——. We took a carriage and went to see the great Mohammedan procession. Such crowds, the hills covered by every nation in their vivid costumes; such coloring, and such a picture! Over the hills one hears the drums and the weird chanting as the procession approaches slowly. You see, carried on the back of one of the Arabs, one of the leaders brandishing a sword in the air to the rhythm of the music, and the crowds clapping their hands, and the weird, weird chant. It took them hours to pass. When M—— and I returned we were quite ready for dinner. We had changed our hotel and gone to the Convent Nôtre Dame de France, which had a charming situation. One could see the Mount of Olives and the Holy Sepulchre. I did not go out in the evening. I had too much to think of.

* * *

Saturday we went to Bethlehem and spent the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Mount of Olives. In the evening I looked from my window, and in the sky hung an enormous cross. It is on the dome of the Sepulchre, and is illuminated only on Easter Eve. On Easter morning I got up at half-past five for mass. I bought many rosaries, had them blessed, and at the Communion service at Christ's Tomb I laid them on the Tomb. One I bought for General Gouraud, who is a devout Catholic. Never will I forget the service. While we were having our service, Greeks were having theirs, Armenians theirs. All the church was lighted, and you never saw anything more gorgeous than all the lighted jeweled lamps. There were two monks with angelic voices. M—— and I had to leave for Beyrout on the ten o'clock train, as we were due here the beginning of the week. The morning we left, they had the great fight between the Jews and the Mohammedans. While the High Mass was going on there was fighting in

the streets. Again I have not told you half the things I want to—all about the wonderful mosque of Omar, and many other things.

It was with sadness that M—— and I left Jerusalem. We had to go to Haifa to catch a boat to Beyrout. We arrived late, and went to a "Hospice Allemand," having been told by the English officers in Jerusalem that it was the best, and run by French sisters. The "French sisters" proved to be Germans. As it was filled with English, we stopped. The country was lovely, but the place was full of Boches. M—— and I started on the following day for Jaffa to catch the boat. We had to wait three days. I lived through it, as it was so interesting. I went to Simon the Leper's House,—at least, to the place where it once was,—and to the House of Tabitha. I lived in the days of the Bible. We arrived in Beyrout on the 11th of April, and had to wait till the 17th to come here. General Gouraud and everyone gave us a rare time. We lunched and dined with him, and he could not do too much for us. We were invited to have tea with an Emir. He had a fascinating house outside of Beyrout, right on the sea. We had all kinds of queer things for tea.

We said *adios* to Beyrout on the 17th. It took us three days on the boat, as we stopped all along the coast. We wanted so much to get off and see Tripoli, but we had a terrible rain storm. Fortunately it was over when we reached Latakieh. F—— will know all about it from the Odyssey. It is a lovely spot. We all had coffee with the commanding officers. Afterward we went for a walk through the native village. John wrote some of the Revelation in the Convent. One street consisted of nothing but beautiful Roman arches.

. . . . . .

There are now only three of us, and I am alone in the camp. I have made it, I think, a success. M— and Mrs. K—— have gone to establish another *Foyer du Soldat* in Rilis. We arrived in Alexandretta on the 20th, and came to camp on the 21st. I must tell you the most remarkable coincidence. The night before coming up here, we were invited to dine on General Gouraud's yacht. The General had sent Monsieur de Caix on a special mission to General Obey (our general). We all lunched at the

general's, and then went in the evening to dine. As it was dark, I could not see the boat from the outside, but the minute I boarded her I thought, "How familiar this yacht looks! I am sure it is our old yacht, the *Norseman*." And it was! The French Government bought her from Lord L——; they changed her name to *Albatross*.

The next morning M—— and I were up bright and early, and off to camp to arrange the tents before the others came on the following day. The sky and sea were so blue that it was hard to tell one from the other; the birds were singing, and the fields were filled with daisies, poppies, wild carrots, and all sorts of wild flowers. Up on the top of the highest hill were dotted white tents. These hills are glorious, covered with flowers, and so green. A little distance from the camp, our tents were waiting for us. Naturally, there was great excitement among the poilus and officers. M—— and I started in at once, and by night had the beds up and things started. Such fun! After a few days, M— and K— were sent to Adana, and I was left with the three maids.

While they were gone, I worked like a dog to have everything arranged before M—— returned. I wish you could see the officers' room, and the *sous-officiers'*. I made them really attractive. I went down to Alexandretta, found some one who could speak Arabic, and spent my day in the native part of the town. I found some black panels covered with flowers, and bought enough to panel the sides of the tents; found mats, such as we had in China, bought big drinking jars and long pillows, and got enough blue to cover the divans and make a curtain for the entrance of the tent. Then back to camp, and next day how I worked! I had the tables and benches painted black, and also the jars. When the panels were up, and the divans covered with the yellow and blue and filled with cushions, I had the room filled with flowers and the jars filled with branches of genet, the writing tables made ready, and books and papers provided. The *sous* room was the same, except that the covering was blue and white.

It would have made you weep to see the gratitude of the officers and men at the little touch of home. M—— and K—— were delighted. It has made the *Foyer* celebrated, and everyone in Beyrout knows of it.

Every night, from the first, I was out with my poilus,

having a concert under the moon and stars, and giving them cigarettes. You should have heard them sing. My poilus are having a barrack built, and if I cannot find a piano, General Gouraud will send me his. Every afternoon we had tea for the officers at five; at six, coffee for the poilus. I can tell you, they are happy. M— has started a remarkable work; one cannot realize, unless one is here to see, how necessary it is to introduce a little joy into the lives of these dear poilus and officers, so far away from their homes and loved ones, and in a country where there is nothing to amuse them, and where it is impossible to get any creature comforts. The General gave them a cinema and phonograph, and we keep them gay. We have no fruits and few vegetables; the natives are too lazy to grow them. I have a little flower garden in front of the officers' tent; if I were staying, I should plant vegetables, for the earth is so rich that anything will grow. I fancy the French will do so, as soon as things are more settled. The brigands are everywhere in the hills; every night they have their signals, and it takes me back to the Western Hills after the siege, among the brigands, with an American guard. I long to walk in the hills, but no one is allowed. Their homes are the color of the soil and cannot be seen, but they see you easily, and you never come back. I have a guard of *spahis* on one hill near the tent, and one of poilus on a hill quite a little distance off. We have trenches all around which were dug by the Turks, and jolly good ones.

We sent a lot of our men to take a town about fifty kilometers from here. I was so sad to see them marching away, boys of nineteen and twenty, and after five years of war. It is terrible. Thank God they are back, only one killed; and they took the town. We have the Senegalese troops also, and *spahis*. The *spahis* are a picture in their red capes, white turbans and brown, with their dark faces beneath, and framed by the glorious country. When coffee and cigarette-time arrives, they come like masses of black clouds. As they all look alike to me, they get more than their share of cigarettes. They stick out first one black hand and then the other, and as the *spahis* never touch pinard, I give them lemonade.

Now I must tell you the tragedy. Night before last we had almost a cyclone. At twelve o'clock the maids and I had to fly to the house of the *Pigeons Voyageurs* for

safety. All the tents were blown down, also the poilus', and the officers' papers were blown to sea. Well, I just damned that vile wind and thought, "Build not treasures on this uncertain planet." Also, I almost wept; so did all of us. Never mind! In two days I shall have them up again and in order. The Captain of the Senegalese gave me a squad of his soldiers to help me unearth the wreck. In a short time all was brought here in my poilus' barracks, where I am until the tents are up again. I felt like the refugees, seeing my belongings being carried in. The captain in charge of the camp came while the Senegalese were working. They are wonderful. In one of the battles, their captain told me, his sergeant stood always in front of him. He ordered him to "Go behind!" but the Sergeant answered, "No, my captain, for if a ball comes, it kills me and not you." He also said to me, "Never be afraid, madame, if the brigands come, we shall save you." One of them had a big knife in his belt. I asked him what he did with it. He answered, "Brigands say no like Frenchee. I kill one, two, three." They are splendid, ink-black men, straight as arrows, and powerful. I know them well, as I cared for many in the hospital.

I shall have a picture taken of the camp and of my soldiers, and shall send it to you. You should see me with the pigeons! I feed them twice a day. They are on my head, arms, and shoulders. As this is called "my camp" I can do anything I want. I hope M—— won't return till I am all in order again. If she sees the tents gone she will think the brigands have taken me. We are to have three generals, and, in a few days, fifteen thousand troops. They will be spread all around this part of the country. It is so interesting, and, as I said, a splendid work.

I shall have to stay here until M—— finds some one to take my place. After all is organized, it will not be difficult. When I say that I am going, you should hear them! The General says he will have me chained. . . .

A SHEAF OF NATURE NOTES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

NATURE'S WIRELESS

THE Spirit of the Hive, which Maeterlinck makes so much of, seems to give us the key to the psychic life of all the lower orders. What one knows, all of that kind seem to know at the same instant. It seems as if they draw it in with the air they breathe. It is something like community of mind, or unity of mind. Of course it is not an intellectual process, but an emotional process; not a thought, as with us, but an impulse.

So far as we know there is nothing like a council or advisory board in the hive. There are no decrees or orders. The swarm is a unit. The members act in concert without direction or rule. If anything happens to the queen, if she is lost or killed, every bee in the hive seems to know it at the same instant, and the whole swarm becomes greatly agitated. The division of labor in the hive is spontaneous, the bees function and coöperate as do the organs in our own bodies, each playing its part without scheme or direction.

This community of mind is seen in such an instance as that of the migrating lemmings from the Scandinavian peninsula. Vast hordes of these little creatures are at times seized with an impulse to migrate or to commit suicide, for it amounts to that. They leave their *habitat* in Norway and without being deflected by any obstacle, march straight towards the sea, swimming lakes and rivers that lie in their way. When the coast is reached, they enter the water and continue on their course. Ship captains

report sailing for hours through waters literally alive with them. This suicidal act of the lemmings strikes one as a kind of insanity. It is one of the most puzzling phenomena I know of in animal life. But the migration of all animals on a large scale shows the same unity of purpose. The whole tribe shares in a single impulse. The animal migration of the caribou in the North is an illustration. In the flocking birds this unity of mind is especially noticeable. The vast armies of passenger pigeons which we of an older generation saw in our youth, moved like human armies under orders. They formed a unit. They came in countless hordes like an army of invasion, and they departed in the same way. Their orders were written upon the air; their leaders were as intangible as the shadows of their wings. The same is true of all our flocking birds; a flock of snow buntings, or of starlings, or of blackbirds, will act as one body, performing their evolutions in the air with astonishing precision.

In Florida, in the spring when the mating instinct is strong, I have seen a flock of white curlews waltzing about the sky, going through various intricate movements, with the precision of dancers in a ball-room quadrille. No sign, no signal, no guidance whatever. Let a body of men try it under the same conditions, and behold the confusion, and the tumbling over one another! At one moment the birds would wheel so as to bring their backs in shadow, and then would flash out the white of their breasts and under parts. It was like the opening and shutting of a giant hand, or the alternate rapid darkening and brightening of the sail of a tacking ice-boat. This is the spirit of the flock. When a hawk pursues a bird, the birds tack and turn as if linked together. When one robin dashes off in hot pursuit of another, behold how their movements exactly coincide! The hawk-hunted bird often escapes by reaching the cover of a tree or a bush, but not by dodging its pursuer, as a rabbit or a squirrel will dodge a dog. Schools of fish act with the same machine-like unity.

In the South I have seen a large area of water, acres in extent, uniformly agitated by a school of mullets apparently feeding upon some infusoria on the surface, and then instantly, as if upon a given signal, the fish would dive and the rippling cease. It showed a unity of action as of ten thousand spindles controlled by electricity.

How quickly the emotion of fear is communicated among the wild animals! How wild and alarmed the deer become after the opening of the first day of the shooting season. Those who have not seen or heard a hunter seem to feel the impending danger.

The great flocks of migrating butterflies (the monarch) illustrate the same law. In the fall they are all seized with this impulse to go South and thousands of them march in one body. At night they roost in the trees. I have seen photographs of them in which they appeared like a new kind of colored foliage covering the trees. In the return flight in the spring, the same massing again occurs. Recently the Imperial Valley in California was invaded by a vast army of worms moving from east to west. In countries that have been cursed with a plague of grasshoppers witnesses of the spectacle describe them as moving in the same way. They stopped or delayed railway trains and automobiles—their crushed bodies making the rails and highways as slippery as grease would have made them. Ten million or ten billion behaving as one.

This community of mind stands the lower orders in great stead. It makes up to them in a measure for the want of reason and judgment. In what we call telepathy we get hints of the same thing among ourselves. Telepathy is probably a survival from our earlier animal state.

II

MAETERLINCK ON THE BEE

Maeterlinck in his *Life of the Bee* resists the conclusion of Sir John Lubbock that flies are more intelligent than honey bees:

"If you place in a bottle half a dozen bees," says Sir John, "and the same number of flies, and lay the bottle down horizontally with its base to the window, you will find that the bees will persist till they die of exhaustion or hunger in their endeavors to discover an issue through the glass; while the flies, in less than two minutes, will all have sallied forth through the neck on the opposite side."

The flies are more intelligent than the bees because their problems of life are much more complicated; they are fraught with many more dangers; their enemies lurk on all sides; while the bees have very few natural enemies.

There are no bee catchers in the sense that there are scores of fly catchers. I know of no bird that preys upon the worker bees. The kingbird is sometimes called the "bee martin" because he occasionally snaps up the drones. All our insectivorous birds prey upon the flies; the swallows sweep them up in the air, the swifts scoop them in, while, besides the so-called fly-catchers, the cedar birds, the thrushes, the vireos, and all other soft-billed birds, subsist more or less upon them. Try to catch a big blow-fly upon the window-pane and see how difficult the trick is, while with a honey bee it is no trick at all. Or try to swat the ordinary house-fly with your hand. See how he squares himself and plants himself as your threatening hand approaches! He is ready for a trial of speed. He seems to know that your hand is slower than he is, and he is right in most cases. Now try a honey bee. The case is reversed. The bee has never been stalked; it shows no fear; and to crush it is as easy as to crush a beetle.

The wit and cunning of all animals are developed by their struggle for existence. The harder the struggle, the more their intelligence. Our skunk and porcupine are very stupid because they do not have to take thought about their own safety; Nature has done that for them.

To bolster up his case, Maeterlinck urges that "the capacity for folly so great in itself argues intelligence," which amounts to saying that the more fool you are, the more you know.

Buffon did not share Maeterlinck's high opinion of the intelligence of the bee; he thought the dog, the monkey, and the majority of other animals, possess far more; an opinion which I share. Indeed, of free intelligence the bee possesses very little. He is the slave of an overmastering instinct, as our new nature poet, McCarthy, says,

> She makes of labor an eternal lust.

Bees do wonderful things, but do them blindly. They work as well (or better) in the darkness as in the light. The Spirit of the Hive knows and directs all. The unit is the swarm, and not the individual bee.

The bee does not know fear; she does not know love. She will defend the swarm with her life, but her fellows she heeds not.

It is very doubtful if the individual bees of the same

hive recognize one another at all outside the hive. Every bee-hunter knows how the bees from the same tree will clip and strike at one another around his box, when they are first attracted to it. After they are seriously engaged in carrying away his honey, they pay no attention to one another or to bees from other swarms. That bees tell one another of the store of honey they have found is absurd. The unity of the swarm attends to that.

Maeterlinck tells of a little Italian bee that he once experimented upon during an afternoon, the results showing that this bee had told the news of her find to eighteen bees! Its "vocabulary" stood it in good stead!

Maeterlinck's conception of the Spirit of the Hive was an inspiration, and furnishes us with the key to all that happens in the hive. The secret of all of its economies are in the phrase. Having hit upon this solution, he should have had the courage to stand by it. But he did not. He is continually forgetting it and applying to his problem the explanations we apply in our dealings with one another. He talks of the power of the bees to give "expression to their thoughts and feelings;" of their "vocabulary," phonetic and tactile; he says that the "extraordinary also has a name and place in their language;" that they are able to "communicate to each other news of an event occurring outside the hive;" all of which renders his Spirit of the Hive superfluous. He quotes from a French apiarist who says that the explorer of the dawn—the early bee,—like the early bird that catches the worm, returns to the hive with the news that "the lime trees are blooming today on the banks of the canal;" "the grass by the roadside is gay with white clover;" "the sage and the lotus are about to open;" "the mignonette and the lilies are overflowing with pollen." "Whereupon the bees must organize quickly and arrange to divide the work." They probably call a council of the wise ones and after due discussion and formalities proceed to send out their working expeditions. "Five thousand of the sturdiest will sally forth to the lime trees, while three thousand juniors go and refresh the white clover." "They make daily calculations as to the means of obtaining the greatest possible wealth of saccharine liquid."

When Maeterlinck speaks of "the hidden genius of the hive issuing its commands," or recognizes the existence among the bees of spiritual communications that go beyond

a mere "yes" or "no," he is true to his own conception.

The division of labor among hive bees is of course spontaneous, like all their other economies—not a matter of thought, but of instinct.

Maeterlinck and other students of the honey bee make the mistake of humanizing the bee, thus making them communicate with one another as we communicate. Bees have a language, they say; they tell one another this and that; if one finds honey or good pasturage, she tells her sisters, and so on. This is all wide of the mark. There is nothing analogous to verbal communication among the insects. The unity of the swarm, or the Spirit of the Hive, does it all. Bees communicate and coöperate with one another as the cells of the body communicate and cooperate in building up the various organs. The spirit of the body coördinates all the different organs and tissues, making a unit of the body.

If some outside creature, such as a mouse or a snail, penetrates into the hive, and dies there, the bees encase it in wax, or bury it where it lies, so that it cannot contaminate the hive, and a foreign object in the body, such as a bullet in the lungs, or in the muscles, becomes encysted in an analogous manner, and is thus rendered harmless.

Kill a bee in or near the hive and the smell of its crushed body will infuriate the other bees. But crush a bee in the fields or by the bee-hunter's box which is swarming with bees, and the units from the same hive heed it not.

Bees have no fear. They have no love or attachment for one another as animals have. If one of their number is wounded or disabled, they ruthlessly expel it from the hive. In fact, they belong to another world of beings that is absolutely oblivious of the world of which we form a part. They murder or expel the drones, after they have done their work of fertilizing the queen, in the most cruel and summary manner. Their apparent attachment to the queen, and their loyalty to her, are not personal. They do not love her. It is the Spirit of the Hive, or the cult of the swarm solicitous about itself. There are no brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, among the bees; there are only co-workers, working not for the present, but for the future. When we enter the kingdom of the bee, we must leave all our human standards behind. These little people have no red blood, no organs of sense, as we have, they breathe and hear through their legs, their antennae.

The drones do not know the queen as such in the hive. Their instincts lead them to search for her in the air during her nuptial flight, and they know her only there. The drones have thirteen thousand eyes, while the workers have only six thousand. This double measure of the power of vision is evidently to make sure that the males discover the queen in her course through the air.

The guards that take their stand at the gate, the bees that become fans at the entrance to ventilate the hive, the nurses, the bees that bring the bee bread, the bees that pack it into the cells, the bees that go forth to find a home for the new swarm, the sweepers and cleaners of the hive, the workers that bring *propolis* to seal up the cracks and crevices —all act in obedience to the voiceless Spirit of the Hive.

After we have discounted Maeterlinck so far as the facts will bear us out in doing, it remains to be said that he is the philosopher of the insect world. If Fabre is the Homer, as he himself has said, Maeterlinck is the Plato of that realm. How wisely he speaks of the Insect World in his latest volume, *Mountain Paths:*

"The insect does not belong to our world. The other animals, the plants even, notwithstanding their dumb life and the great secrets which they cherish, do not seem wholly foreign to us. In spite of all, we feel a certain earthly brotherhood with them. They often surprise and amaze our intelligence, but do not utterly upset it. There is something, on the other hand, about the insect that does not belong to the habits, the ethics, the psychology of our globe. One would be inclined to say that the insect comes from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insane, more atrocious, more infernal than our own. One would think that it was born of some comet that had lost its course and died demented in space."

Speaking of the intelligence of bees reminds me of a well-known woodsman and camp-fire man who recently extolled in print the intelligence of hornets, saying that they have the ability to differentiate friends from foes. "They know us and we talk to them and they are made to feel as welcome as any of our guests." "When a stranger visits the camp, they attract the attention of one they know *who recognizes their signal by thought or gesture and leaves immediately, returning only when the stranger has departed.*" (The italics are mine.) He says the same hornets

apparently come to them year after year, greeting them on their arrival, and should they be accompanied by strangers, they treat them with the same deference as " when they visit us after we have been in camp some time."

Did one ever hear before of such well-bred and well-mannered bees? What would Maeterlinck say to all that? Its absurdity becomes apparent when we remember that hornets live but a single season, that none of them lives over the winter, save the queen, and that she never leaves the nest in summer after she has got her family of workers around her.

III

ODD OR EVEN

One of our seven wise men once said to me, " Have you observed that in the inorganic world things go by even numbers? And in the organic world by odd?" I immediately went down to the edge of a bushy and swampy meadow below our camp and brought him a four-petalled flower of galium, and a plant-stalk with four leaves in a whorl. In another locality I might have brought him dwarf cornel, or the Housotonia, or wood sorrel, or the evening primrose. Yet even numbers are certainly more suggestive of mechanics than of life, while odd numbers seem to go more with the freedom and irregularity of growing things.

One may make pretty positive assertions about non-living things. Crystals, so far as I know, are all even-sided, some are six and some eight-sided; snowflakes are of an infinite variety of pattern but the number six rules them. In the world of living things we cannot be so sure of ourselves. Life introduces something indeterminate and incommensurable. It makes use of both odd and even, though undoubtedly odd numbers generally prevail. Leaves that are in lobes usually have three or five lobes. But the stems of the mints are four square, and the cells of the honey bee are six-sided. We have five fingers and five toes, though only four limbs. Locomotion is mechanical and even numbers serve better than odd. Hence the six-legged insects. In the inorganic world things attain a stable equilibrium, but in the living world the equilibrium is never stable. Things are not stereotyped, hence the danger of dogmatizing about living things. Growing Nature will not be driven into a corner.

Well may Emerson ask—

> Why Nature loves the number five,
> And why the star form she repeats?

The number five rules in all the largest floral families, as in the Crowfoot family, the Rose family (which embraces all our fruit trees), the Geranium family, the Flax family, the Campanula family, the Convolvulus family, the Nightshade family. Then there is a large number of flowers, the parts of which go in threes, one of the best known of which is the trillium. In animal life the star fish is the only form I recall based on the number five.

IV

WHY AND HOW

One may always expect in living nature variations and modifications. It is useless to ask "Why". Nature is silent when interrogated in this way. Ask her "How", and you get some results. If we ask, for instance, why the stinger of the honey bee is barbed, and those of the hornet and wasp and bumble bee, and of other wild bees, are smooth like a needle, so that they can sting and sting again, and live to sting another day, while the honey bee stings once at the cost of its life; or why only one species of fish can fly; or why one kind of eel has a powerful electric battery; or why the porcupine has an armor of quills while his brother rodent, the woodchuck, has only fur and hair, and so on, we make no addition to our knowledge.

But if we ask, for instance, how so timid and defenseless an animal as the rabbit manages to survive and multiply, we extend our knowledge of natural history. The rabbit prospers by reason of its wakefulness—by never closing its eyes, and by its speed; also by making its home where it can command all approaches, and so flee in any direction. Or if we ask how our ruffed grouse survives and prospers in a climate where its cousin, the quail, perishes, we learn that it eats the buds of certain trees, while the quail is a ground feeder and is often cut off by a deep fall of snow.

If we ask why the chipmunk hibernates, we get no answer; but if we ask how he does it, we find out that he stores up food in his den, hence must take a lunch between his naps. The woodchuck hibernates, also, but he stores up fuel in the shape of fat in his own body. The porcupine is

above ground and active all winter. He survives by gnawing the bark of certain trees, probably the hemlock. We have two species of native mice that look much alike, the white-footed mouse, and the jumping, or kangaroo mouse. The white-foot is active the season through, over and under the snow; the jumper hibernates all winter, and apparently accomplishes the feat by the power he has of barely keeping the spark of life burning. Its fires are banked, so to speak; its temperature is very low, and it breathes only at long intervals.

If, then, we ask with Emerson, "*why* Nature loves the number five," and "*why* the star form she repeats," we shall be put to it for an answer. We can only say that with living things odd numbers are more likely to prevail, and with non-living, even numbers.

Some seeds have wings and some have not. To ask why, is a blind question, but if we ask *how* the wingless seeds get sown, we may add to our knowledge.

In our own practical lives, in which experimentation plays such a part, we are often compelled to ask why this result, and not that? Why this thing behaves this way, and that thing that way? We are looking for reasons or causes. The farmer asks why his planting in this field was a failure, while it was a success in the next field, and so on. An analysis of his soil or of his fertilizer and culture will give him the answer.

V

AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM

That Darwin was a great natural philosopher and a good and wise man admits of no question, but to us, at this distance, it seems strange enough that he should have thought that he had hit upon the key to the origin of species in the slow and insensible changes which he fancied species underwent during the course of the geologic ages, and should thus have used that phrase as the title of his book. Had he called his work the Variability of Species, or the Modification of Species, it would not have been such a misnomer. Sudden mutations give us new varieties, but not new species. In fact, of the origin of species we know absolutely nothing, no more than we do about the origin of life itself.

Of the development of species we know some of the factors that play a part, as the influence of environment, the

struggle for existence, and the competitions of life. But do we not have to assume an inherent tendency to development, an original impulse as the key to evolution? Accidental conditions and circumstances modify, but do not originate species. The fortuitous plays a part in retarding or hastening a species, and in its extinction, but not in its origin. The record of the rocks reveals to us the relation of species, and their succession in geologic time, but gives no hint of their origin.

Agassiz believed that every species of animal and plant was the result of a direct and separate act of the Creator. But the nationalist sees the creative energy imminent in matter. Does not one have to believe in something like this to account for the world as we see it? And to account for us also?—a universal mind or intelligence

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Agassiz was too direct and literal; he referred to the Infinite Mystery in terms of our own wills and acts. When we think of a Creator, and of a thing created as two, we are in trouble at once. They are one, as fire and light are one, as soul and body are one. Darwin said he could not look upon the world as the result of chance, and yet his theory of the origin of species ushers us into a chance world. But when he said, speaking of the infinite variety of living forms about us, that they "have all been produced by laws acting around us," he spoke as a great philosopher. But these laws are not fortuitous, or the result of the blind grouping of irrational forces.

VI

A LIVE WORLD

It was "the divine Kepler," as Professor Shaler calls him, who looked upon the earth as animated in the fashion of an animal. "To him this world is so endowed with activities that it is to be accounted alive." But his critics looked upon this fancy of Kepler's as proof of a disordered mind.

Now I read in a work of George Darwin's (son of the great naturalist), on the Tides, that the earth in many ways behaves more like a living organism than like a rigid insensate sphere. Its surface throbs and palpitates and quivers and yields to pressure as only living organisms do. The

tides can hardly be regarded as evidences of its breathing, as Kepler thought they could, but they are proof of how closely it is held in the clasp of the heavenly forces. It is like an apple on the vast siderial tree, that has mellowed and ripened with age. Our moon is no doubt as dead as matter can be. It is hard to fancy its surface yielding to our tread as does that of the earth. Then we know that the absence of air and water on it is proof that it cannot be endowed with what we call life. George Darwin tells us that when we walk on the ground we warp and bend the surface very much as we might bend or dent the epidermis of a colossal pachyderm. He and his brother devised an instrument by which the slight fluctuations of the ground, as we move over it, could be measured. The instrument was so delicate that it revealed the difference of effect produced by the same pressure at seven feet and at six feet from the instrument! More than that, the instrument revealed the throbbing and agitations which the ground is undergoing at all times. They found that minute earthquakes, or microseisms, as the Italians call them, are occurring constantly.

Another instrument has been invented called the microphone, which translates this earth's movements into sound—its tremors and agitations become audible. This microphone when placed in a cave twenty feet below the surface, and carefully protected by means of a carpet from any accidental disturbance in its immediate vicinity, revealed what is called "natural telluric phenomena; such as roarings, explosions, occurring isolated or in volleys, and metallic or bell-like sounds." "The noises sometimes become intolerably loud," especially on one occasion in the middle of the night, half an hour before a sensible earthquake."

Our apparently impassive and slumbering old planet evidently has dreams we know little of.

From Professor Shaler's *Nature and Man in America* I get an impression which again deepens my feeling of something half human about our lucky planet, at least something progressive and unequal, like life itself. Shaler finds that organic development in the northern hemisphere is more advanced by a whole geologic period, than in the southern; with Europe at the head and Australia the greatest laggard. The animal life of Australia is much like that of Europe in the Jurassic period, while both Asia and

Africa possess forms, such as elephants, and tigers, and lions, which abounded in Europe in Tertiary times. Hence the Northern hemisphere is more like the head of the beast, and the Southern more like the viscera. The northern races easily dominate the southern. The flowering of civilization is in the north. It is very certain that man originated north of the equator. I think that one need not expect that the achievements of man in Australia, or in South America, will rival the achievements of man nearer the magnetic pole of the earth.

VII

DARWINISM AND THE WAR

That Darwinism was indirectly one of the causes of the world war seems to me quite obvious. Unwittingly the great and gentle naturalist has more to answer for than he ever dreamed of. His biological doctrine of the struggle for existence, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, fairly intoxicated the Germans from the first. These theories fell in well with their militarism and their natural cruelty and greediness. Their philosophers took them up eagerly. Weissmann fairly made a god of natural selection, as did other German thinkers. And when they were ready for war, the Germans at once applied the law of the jungle to human affairs. The great law of evolution, the triumph of the strong, the supremacy of the fit, became the foundation of their political and national ideals. They looked for no higher proof of the divinity of this law as applied to races and nations, than the fact that the organic world had reached its present stage of development through the operation of this law. Darwin had given currency to these ideals. He had denied that there was any inherent tendency to development, that we lived in a world of chance, and that power only comes to him who exerts power—half truths, all of them.

The Germans as a people have never been born again in to the light of our higher civilization. They are morally blind and politically treacherous. Their biological condition is that of the lower orders, and the Darwinian law of progress came to them as an inspiration. Darwin's mind, in its absence of the higher vision, was a German mind. In his plodding patience, his devotion to details, and in many other ways, his mind was

German. But in his candor, his truthfulness, his humility, his simplicity, he was anything but German. Undoubtedly his teachings bore fruit of a political and semi-political character in the Teutonic mind. The Teutons incorporated the law of the jungle in their ethical code. Had not they the same right to expansion and to the usurpation of the territory and to the treasures of their neighbors that every weed in the fields and even the vermin of the soil and the air have? If they had the sanction of natural law, that was enough; they were quite oblivious to the fact that with man's moral nature had come in a new biological law which Darwin was not called upon to reckon with, but which has tremendous authority and survival value—the law of right, justice, mercy, honor, love.

We do not look for the Golden Rule among swine and cattle, or among wolves and sharks; we look for it among men; we look for honor, for heroism, for self-sacrifice, among men. None of these things are involved in the Darwinian hypothesis. There is no such thing as right or wrong in the orders below man. These are purely human distinctions. It is not wrong for the wolf to eat the lamb, nor the lamb to eat the grass, but an aggressive war is wrong to the depths of the farthest star. Germany's assault upon the peace and prosperity of the world was a crime against the very heavens.

Darwin occupied himself only with the natural evolution of organic forms, and not with the evolution of human communities. He treated man as an animal, and fitted him into the zoological scheme. He removed him from the realm of the miraculous into the plane of the natural. For all purposes of biological discussion, man is an animal but that is not saying he is only an animal, and still under the law of animal evolution. The European man is supposed to have passed the stage of savagery, in which the only rule of right is the rule of might. To have made Darwinism an excuse for a war of aggression, is to have debased a sound natural philosophy to a selfish and ignoble end.

Germany lifted the law to the human realm and staked her all upon it, and failed. The moral sense of the world—the sense of justice, of fair play, was against her, and inevitably she went down. Her leaders were morally blind. When the rest of the world talked of moral standards, the German leaders said, "We think you are fools." But

these standards brought England into the war—the sacredness of treaties. It brought the United States in. We saw a common enemy in Germany, an enemy of mankind. We sent millions of men to France for an ideal—for justice and fair play. To see our standards of right and justice ignored and trampled upon in this way was intolerable. The thought of the world being swayed by Prussianism was unbearable. I said to myself from the first, "The Allies have got to win—there is no alternative." And what astonishes me is that certain prominent Englishmen, such as Lord Morley, John Bright, and others, did not see it. Would they have sat still and watched Germany destroy France and plant herself upon the Channel and make ready to destroy England? The very frame-work of our moral civilization would have been destroyed. Darwin little dreamed to what his natural selection theory was to lead.

JOHN BURROUGHS

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CREDIT

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE world is God's university. We are here to learn. I suppose some such principle underlies every religion in the world. Their difference lies only in the view they take of the way in which the big school was set up, the temper of the head master and the grading of the classes. But as to the fact of our learning and of our being here to learn, there is no difference whatever.

If we go to the other extreme among views of life, let us say to pure Darwinism, exactly the same thought is fundamental. We, in common with all living things, are perpetually learning, ceaselessly meeting and trying to solve new problems. In the Darwinian view, our ability to solve these problems is success and is rewarded by survival. Darwin grades the different forms of life by their structure. I conceive that it would be just as easy to grade them by the problems they have solved, since structure is simply the successful solution of a problem organized in a permanent form. But the point is, the progressive solution of problems, in other words, successful learning, is the backbone of Darwinism.

It is true that Darwin did not recognize a purpose, a thought-out curriculum in the big school. The whole thing including the presence of the pupils, had come about somehow or other, in a haphazard way, much as Topsy conceived herself to have arrived on the scene. It was probably better that Darwin should thus look with single eye at the facts, until they were clearly seen without the possible bias that a preconceived view of their purpose might have given. But one finds in the later, deeper and more philosophical thought of Bergson, if not a clear view of a purpose definitely thought out in advance, at least the conviction of a steadily progressive development, a set tendency to go

forward. In Bergson's view, we are not so much adventurers in a static world as integral parts in a great stream of life. We must keep up with the current. We must ceaselessly exert ourselves to keep up with the current. So we get the idea of progressive lessons, of successive problems, in a new garb, yet in essence the same.

In both these views, the great teacher is Nature; for Darwin, a Nature rather static; for Bergson, a Nature dynamic, having the character of force, of spirit. And, without being in the narrow sense a disciple of either, one can easily see that, for vastly prolonged epochs, the facing of the problems of Nature, or practical natural history, if you wish, was the major subject in our world university. I wish to make the point that Money is now a subject of at least equal importance, at least equal educative value; and that the every-day commercial transactions which busy so large a part of mankind are in reality admirably devised and skilfully graded courses, teaching us, day by day, fundamental moral lessons, training into us an understanding of and obedience to great spiritual laws.

It is, if you like, a question of the parable of the talents. That parable expresses degrees of moral responsibility in terms of money entrusted to a group of men. And so inherently true was the symbolism that in all our western tongues it has converted the name of a weight of metal into the name of a spiritual power. We never think of a talent as so much silver; we think of it as a moral and intellectual force. Here is the clear recognition that money transactions, including banking and the payment of interest, may be used to illustrate the growth of virtue and spiritual power. I wish to make the point that the handling of money is one of the great means for increase in virtue and the acquisition of spiritual power; that, taking the world as a whole, this is exactly the function that money performs.

It is a profoundly interesting illustration of the continuity of things, that there is really no hard and fast line between the two big subjects of our learning, Nature and Money; just as there is at no point a hard and fast line between the alphabet and the second Soliloquy or the Phaedo or the Gospel of John. The stages of progression from Nature to Money are outlined in all the text-books, but I do not remember to have seen the completeness of the line of continuity definitely and consciously brought out.

Practical natural history was the first great lesson: weather, seasons, beasts, birds, plants. And man made a success by taking practical advantage of the fact that animals and plants grow and multiply. He harnessed himself to this tendency of growth and came into possession of flocks and herds, and then of fields and orchards and vineyards. Land, as the means of growing vegetables, and animals, because they increase naturally, came to be recognized as "wealth;" practical natural history had been mastered thus far. And just at this point, Nature began to pass into Money.

Let me say, in passing, that there is no point, certainly no point of wealth, at which we cease to be learners from Nature. Leaving out for the moment the whole question of beauty and wisdom, of the art and science which rest on Nature, every one of us must remain in touch, let us say, with the wise laws of digestion and nutrition, with the superb integrity of gravitation. There is, in our human life, no getting beyond these.

But we were speaking of the point at which Nature begins to pass into Money. It is of high interest that some of the greatest works of all literature contain, like the fly imprisoned in Baltic amber, resin of primeval pines, the record of just this epoch of transition. Genesis and Job, the Iliad and the Upanishads are literary summits. In notable passages in each of them there are memories of the time when wealth was counted in flocks.

"I give the Master a thousand cattle!" says King Pravahana to the sage Yajnavalkya, in one of the great Upanishads. And it is written of the patriarch Jacob that "he carried away all his cattle, and all the goods which he had gotten, the cattle of his getting, which he had gotten in Padan-aram, for to go to Isaac his father, in the land of Canaan;" those same cattle, the natural increase of which supplied Shylock his descendant with a sound argument for the reasonableness of interest upon a loan. And, after all his trials heroically endured, "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses." Finally, in the sixth book of the Iliad, there is a suggestion of the next standard of value: Glaucus exchanged his armor with Diomede son of Tydeus, "giving gold for bronze, the value

of a hundred oxen for the value of nine oxen."

An editor has suggested that, in this Homeric passage, we are already in presence of copper ingots, stamped with the figure of an ox, the earliest *pecunia,* or money, from *pecus,* which is Latin for cattle. One is struck, by the way, with the ratio of copper to gold, only eleven to one, if we suppose the two sets of armor to have been of equal weight.

So the world entered the period of metal money, and it was said at Rome of a debtor, that he was "in another man's brass." It is true that the new form of money, being inorganic, no longer fell within the region of natural increase, like flocks and herds. But it had advantages. To begin with, one no longer needed an extensive pasture to keep one's small change in. Then metal was sufficiently limited in extent and hard to obtain; it was easily divisible into equal quantities; it was exempt from change and death. So it had advantages and disadvantages.

The text-books all make a distinction between wealth and money. But they do not always lay stress on the fundamental difference. It seems to be this: Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk did in effect amass wealth, but neither of them had any possible use for money. But when we come to the mutineers of the *Bounty,* established on Pitcairn Island, a new situation arises. They began by gathering wealth, thus establishing a certain permanency amid the flux of Nature, and getting ahead of the stream of things. For what, after all, are the chief forms of wealth? A house with its rooms makes permanent good weather; a store of food makes a perpetual harvest time; and so on. But the mutineers soon found that, besides wealth, they needed money. And they supplied their need by gathering shells on a distant beach. Shells, by the way, are still current coin in remote regions of the British Empire; one has received them in small change, the mottled, tortoise-shell colored cowries of the Indian Ocean, in rural villages of Bengal.

The point is, that one man may have wealth, but it takes two to establish money. For coins or cowries are equally "counters," designed to keep accounts straight between two persons. And the fundamental moral fact about money is that it does in fact keep accounts straight between each one of us and his neighbor.

Most of us are capable of making efforts in excess of our

own actual needs. And, one may say in passing, into every such effort moral and mental elements enter, as well as physical. For there must be some guiding thought, some element of consciousness, in every productive effort, some perception of natural law, and calculated compliance therewith. And there must also be exertion of the will, a victory over moral sloth.

Through these efforts, with their moral, mental and bodily factors, we do in fact accumulate a surplus, which we then proceed to exchange among ourselves. And we use " counters " to count the measure of each man's effort, so that exchange may be fair and rest on equity. But what is really exchanged, is so much moral, mental and bodily energy, contributed by one, against so much moral, mental and bodily effort contributed by another.

And underneath this exchange is the implicit recognition of the equivalence of effort, and therefore the likeness of moral and mental, as well as bodily nature, between man and man; our exchange of money is the assertion, from moment to moment, of our common moral and mental nature. That exchange takes place only between human beings, and is, therefore, the assertion of our common human nature, of the fundamental moral unity which binds all human life together.

The intrinsic value of the " counters " is a mere matter of convenience, and not in the least degree a necessity. In fact, almost without noticing it, we are passing away altogether from the use of metallic " counters," just as an earlier age left behind the too cumbersome exchange of counted cattle. Take a few facts of one's own experience, to illustrate this.

When I was in India, one received one's salary and paid one's debts for the most part with silver rupees; as Treasury officer, one had charge of huge sea-chests of them, packed, by the thousand, in string net bags, and one counted them with the aid of a shovel and a big pair of scales. In London, until one came to crisp five-pound notes, everything was paid in that antique, complex coinage of gold, silver and copper. But here, in the United States, as in Continental countries, paper has, for most practical purposes, put gold out of circulation. In point of fact, I do not remember, in twenty years, that I have either received or made a payment in gold.

But the matter has gone infinitely farther than that. For, in at least nine out of every ten transactions, one is paid and pays, not with bank notes, but with checks. Thus the matter is reduced to its really essential element: the keeping of accounts between each one of us and his neighbor. Written statements of our accounts—and checks are no more than this—and simple arithmetic suffice for the whole business. And the use of these written statements has already gone so far that exchanges to the value of a billion and a half dollars are carried through every business day of the year. But we should keep in mind the primal fact: what is really exchanged is so much moral, mental and bodily effort—distinctively human effort—and all the rest is merely the convenient way of counting. Human effort, which always contains all three elements, is what is really exchanged, what is really desired, what is really the basis of all value.

It is true that this age of ours greatly needs to realize that bodily effort is the least important, the least valuable and productive of the three; that without moral and mental effort, bodily effort is absolutely sterile. But in time we shall realize this. What I wish to bring out is, that it is already perfectly plain and obvious that "Money" is really a way of counting the moral, mental and bodily efforts which we are making, in order to bring about a fair interchange of effort between man and man; it is the all-powerful means of establishing and preserving morally honest dealing between human beings; it is, therefore, a major subject in God's university.

And in that university the courses are always graded; we are set to work, first, with simple, objective, tangible things; and, as we master these, finer and finer subject-matter is provided. Take a simple, concrete case: the way we light our houses, thus conquering Nature by using Nature, and creating perpetual daylight. In older days, pine-torches were used, and one can still see beacon grates, in which wood was burned, to furnish light. Then came oil, with seal blubber at the one end, and cocoanut or olive oil at the other. Solid and liquid were superseded by gas, and now we use electricity, a finer force, something beyond the first three states of matter. Solid, liquid, gas, electricity: an upward ascent, symbolic of the whole university course.

We saw exactly the same progression in the case of Money: from cattle to coin, from coin to bank notes, from

bank notes to checks, by which we keep account of the value of human efforts to be exchanged among ourselves, without the aid of any material equivalent. My own work has recently familiarized me with a like progression, from the material to the immaterial and spiritual, in the field of Credit; and of this I should like to speak in some detail.

Let me begin by trying to make clear a fundamental difference between two classes of things, the values of which are counted in money, a difference which appears to me to go much deeper than that between capital and labor.

There are, first, the various forms of material wealth: houses, stored food, ores dug out of the ground, smelted metals, clothes, jewels and so on. It would be interesting to show the moral and mental, as well as the physical, effort that has gone into the making of each of these elements of wealth. But my present point is, that that effort has already gone into them. It is, if you wish, human effort in the latent form, latent energy; or one may call it static. But there is another and much more vital form of wealth: the energy stored up in the human will, the mind, the muscles, which is still to be expended. And, to a great degree, this latter form of energy gives its largest value to the former. For a house is valuable because one expects to live and work in it in the future. A farm is valuable, not so much for what it bore last harvest, but for what, through future human energy to be expended upon it, it is to bear in harvests to come. Ingots are valuable, as the material of future work. And so on, through the whole list. The element of energy still to be expended, the element of futurity and hope, is the vital thing. And this, in contra-distinction to what has been already done and reaped, one may call dynamic wealth, kinetic wealth, in contrast to what is static or latent.

When one engages a person to do a certain work, one is buying this dynamic wealth; one is buying future effort. And, it may be said once more, fruitful moral and mental power are so much more productive, so much rarer and harder to get than physical power, that their price is rightly much higher. The simple fact is that, without moral and mental force, physical force has no value whatever. No one dreams of hiring an idiot, however big his muscles may be. Mental effort is indispensable, to guide the simplest bodily effort that is to be fruitful. But moral effort, the power by which the stronger will organizes and correlates other

wills, is the most fruitful, the most valuable of them all.

It was John Stuart Mill, I think, who, speaking of the indemnity paid by France fifty years ago, first pointed out that the greater part of the world's wealth is re-created every year. In the summer of 1871, the milliards to be paid by France still lay, for the most part, in the future; the effort to earn them was yet to be made. The moral element came first: the honest determination to pay, and to pay quickly; then came the mental quickness and accuracy of the most intelligent nation in the world; last came the physical effort. But the point is, that, in the summer of 1871, those milliards were dynamic, not static; they had the form of unexpended moral and mental and bodily efforts; they contained the element of futurity, of hope: elements purely spiritual.

It is just this distinction between static and dynamic wealth which I should like to bring out, in the field of Credit; to show that we are passing—nay, to a great degree have already passed—from the static to the dynamic element, in determining even the ordinary commercial credits, which form the great bulk of everyday transactions. And it is because this transition seems to me to have so great moral significance, that I have chosen the title: The Spiritual Significance of Credit.

We have seen that the real substance of credit is a payment to be made in the future: it is a question of a man's future action, and of our confidence that he will act in a certain way. We are buying "futures" in human effort, human intelligence, human integrity. The practical question is: How are we to estimate them? What is to be the basis of our calculation?

In the first stage, each merchant sought his own basis of calculation and formed his own judgments. But, just as the private carrying of letters was in time superseded by the general service of the post office, so the private valuation of credit inevitably made way for more concerted action. Mercantile agencies, as they were called, came into being, with the sole purpose of providing more concerted action.

In the United States, this change took place in the period of depression following the panic of 1837. Its avowed object, says one of the historians of credit, Mr. William A. Prendergast, was, to uphold, extend and render safe and profitable to all concerned, the great system of credit which

had grown up with the increase of commerce. The first mercantile agency was established in New York, during the year 1841. Some fifteen years later, Mr. Robert Graham Dun became a member and, about the year 1860, what had originally been The Mercantile Agency came to be known as Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co.

Recording the second creative effort in the same field, our historian tells us that, in 1848, Mr. John M. Bradstreet, a lawyer in Cincinnati, had charge of a certain insolvent estate. His work in connection with it was evidently an extensive one, during which he became familiar with the standing of bankers and others, in and around Cincinnati. He was also brought into close relations with prominent New York interests, and this combination of circumstances suggested to him the advisability of making arrangements with his New York connections, to furnish them with information concerning their Western customers. He was successful in carrying out his plans and, in 1849, Bradstreet's Improved Mercantile Agency was opened. In 1876, the style was changed to The Bradstreet Company.

It would be difficult to overestimate the benefit conferred on American commerce by the constructive work of these two older agencies: to calculate, in tens, or hundreds of millions, the volume of business which they have enabled to be done during almost ninety years since the organization of credit information was begun in the United States.

I have in mind, however, a point of somewhat different character. It is this: These older agencies, as well as others which, in different countries, have traveled the same path, for the most part estimate the credit of a merchant in terms of what we have agreed to call static wealth. The merchant is rated at so many thousand or so many hundred thousand dollars, according to the capital invested in his business, real estate that he may own, the value of his merchandise. These are static values. The question is, whether it be possible to base credit, not on static, but on dynamic wealth; not on the material values which he has already accumulated but on something higher and finer: the value of the moral, mental and other efforts which are stored up in the man himself, in his character, his capacity, in his mind and will.

Not only is this possible: it has already been done. And the interesting point is, that the constructive spirits who

made the change were probably unconscious, or only in part conscious, of what they were accomplishing, and of its far-reaching moral significance. Like so many advances, this change seems to have had its root in intuitive action, long anteceding complete comprehension.

The transformation began at Detroit, about 1878, with a body calling itself the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exchange. At first, the idea was simply that merchants should exchange information regarding their customers, each giving to all the others the benefit of his own experience. The interchange of ledger experience, was the phrase used. The same kind of thing was tried in other cities; and, ten years later, these purely co-operative organizations were succeeded by The Mercantile Exchange, organized in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

A Canadian, Mr. Robert J. Lyle, was the father of this new experiment: new, because it combined the independence of the older mercantile agencies with the new principle of interchange of current experience among merchants. It was evidently an organic center, to which flowed, from each merchant, the record of his experience with his customers; and from which flowed, to each merchant, the essence of the experience of all the merchants with each customer. Mr. Lyle adopted a name which expressed this circulation of credit information, when he called his organization The Credit Clearing House.

The bringing of credit information in this way to a center is, of course, made possible by victories of intelligence in other fields, and primarily by better means of communication. Thus the daily acts of a million men, as they affect their credit, are brought, day by day, to a central point, to form a basis of judgment.

The clearing house idea came into existence in London, about 1760, when the London banks grew weary of sending messengers from each to all others, day by day, to settle accounts between them. There was, first, the risk of carrying so many parcels of money. Then there was, let us say, the wear of shoe leather, in these endless journeyings. So they found a convenient room, where the bank messengers met, adjusting accounts and settling balances.

But the real novelty of his undertaking was probably hidden, at least in the beginning, even from Mr. Lyle, though it is quite clear now, in the retrospect. The great

and fundamental change was the estimation of credit according to dynamic rather than static wealth.

The older agencies had given to each merchant a rating, primarily based on the amount of capital invested in his business: that is, on material possessions. The new mercantile exchange, in the sequel called The Credit Clearing House, estimated a merchant's credit, not so much by what he had, as by what he did: not on his material possessions, but on his character, as shown by his acts; on his mental and moral qualities, as shown by the way in which he met his obligations: therefore, on purely spiritual values.

Credit is always a profession of faith; the older name, trust, sufficiently shows that. But on what is our trust to be based? On what are we to rest our confident hope of future payment?

There is, on the one hand, the accumulation of possessions which the man has already made, his static wealth. There is, on the other hand, the sum of powers in the man himself: his integrity, his energy, his good judgment, the dynamic wealth stored up in his character and his abilities. It is an antithesis between past and future.

But if we accept character, honesty of purpose, the ability to make fruitful efforts, as the finer and surer basis of credit, the question then arises: How are we rightly to estimate these delicate and often hidden things?

The answer is two thousand years old: The tree is known by its fruit. The way in which a man is likely to meet his obligations in the future should be judged, not by his possessions, nor by his repute, but by the way in which he has met his obligations in the past, and is meeting them in the present.

And even here his past acts, his past integrity, are of value not for what they record of his past, but for what they reveal as to his future. The real basis of his credit is not so much what he has already done, as what he can be trusted to do in the future: his dynamic wealth, the sum of energies and qualities stored up in him, to be progressively unfolded. It is a question, not of history, but of prophecy.

All this goes somewhat farther, perhaps, than what has yet been consciously accepted in a general sense. Much, as has been said, has without doubt been done under intuitive impulse, without a complete recognition of its ultimate significance; just as, when the first check was drawn, there

was no clear perception that this act marked the moment of transition from money based on metal to a sheer enumeration of units of human effort, the spiritual character of which is still disguised, because they are estimated in terms of bits of metal; just as these bits of metal were at first disguised, when they were counted, not so many penny-worths, but so many cattle-worths, so much pecunia.

Yet I think the great change has really taken place. And the proof seems to be this: that, under the modern system of estimating credits, many merchants with a poor rating according to their capital, or even with no rating at all, are recommended as first-class credit risks on the basis of character, the way they meet their obligations; while others who have a high rating are, just because of some flaw of character revealed by their acts, not recommended at all. This would seem to show that, in the estimation of the degree of " trust " that should be extended to a man, we are passing from possessions to character, from material to moral and spiritual values.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE CASE FOR THE HUMANIST

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON

THE historic quarrel between the humanist and the modernist has entered upon another phase in the recent contentions of "experts" in the field of education. Dr. Eliot and Mr. Abraham Flexner have undertaken an offensive campaign against the forces of tradition, while the burden of defence has rested chiefly upon the shoulders of Professor Paul Shorey. The first two of these gentlemen has succeeded in making a revolutionary attack upon the bulwarks of traditional forms and methods, with a view to sweeping away all studies that cannot endure the test of clearly demonstrable usefulness.

Professor Shorey, in reply, denies flatly that there is an antithesis between discipline and content, that Latin and algebra are necessarily badly taught, that one subject is as good as another, or that the so-called "realistic" subject is sure to be beneficial or useful when handled by the ordinary uninspired teacher.

As we view this bitter quarrel between educators, we would do well to look more closely at our own failures in the profession of teaching. We ought therefore, in all humility, to recognize that when any system is under fire, as our present system has been and still is, there must be something seriously wrong with the manner in which it functions. We ought, in a word, to admit without more argument that our colleges do not really educate, that a combination of formal teaching and an over-development of student activities has very nearly killed any genuine spirit of learning, that intellectual and spiritual standards had up to the time of our entrance into the World War pretty well collapsed. Thousands of young men and young women were each year being sent out from college halls with minds untrained to hard work,

unable to handle ideas adequately or intelligently, and incapable of perceiving or revealing beauty. A hardened scholasticism on one side of the classroom desk, which reveals itself in a conventionalized curriculum and formal methods of instruction, and indifference and wrong conceptions of the meaning of education on the other side of the desk have been the chief causes of the failure. Too much wealth, too much athletics, too little seriousness of purpose, have been the faults of the students; but the presumption must always be that when the pupil refuses to learn, the teacher is somewhere at fault. Then may we not say that too little vitality infused into the teaching, too great absorption in special problems of research and too little genuine interest in the human problems before them, too formalized an instruction both in lecture and recitation, and too little endeavor to stimulate and arouse by skilful teaching are the faults of our college teachers?

We would then utter our *mea culpa* to our accusers, at the same time that we stand upright in valiant defense of our educational standards. And if we would preserve these standards, we need now to pass in review our whole teaching lives and really again *humanize* the whole apparatus. Before, however, we consider any constructive programme, there should be restated those general principles which the humanist holds as the necessary articles of his educational creed. They are, briefly, the establishment of a general body of doctrine (not dogmatically but liberally and generously) and a discipline which shall tend to serve as a bridge between the student's life in the immediate present and the rich storehouse of ideas and events which have accumulated during the progress of civilized life. By contact with this life and with other forms of thinking than his own, he may, if he is rightly directed, come to know the present placed against this background of the past, and so in a measure correct his views of current thought; for, we believe, society has no greater enemy than the man who has cut loose from these standards and judgments. To such we owe our quick improvement panaceas, our revolutionary ideas of whatever sort, including the educational, which are threatening our present society with destruction. We need to temper our light-hearted fondness for social experiment with a wholesome respect for the long and painful struggle the world has made toward creating values that it would

lightly set aside for the new and the untried. In the light of old triumphs and defeats we may gain a new focus upon the disaster we are now facing, and perhaps we may discover to our immense advantage that modern notions are not so modern after all; that they have been conceived and tried in other forms by other ages, not always with results so happy for those who would make them prevail.

More important, however, than this superior social vision afforded by closing the gap between our age and others that have gone before is the enrichment of one's mind and the deepening of all one's spiritual forces through direct and intimate contact with the great men of other ages who have offered their message in their time to the world. The freedom of the company of the purest and finest spirits who have shed their light upon their time would be a liberalizing force not to be matched by any amount of systematic lecturing upon literary and historical origins. The inquiring student may at least, in the four short years of undergraduate life, be touched by a cursory companionship with minds and souls superior to his own, and he may receive encouragement to pry further into the treasury which the wise men of other times than his have generously opened to whoever will accept their gifts. Through this same service to eager youth has many a young man been set upon the road to intellectual and spiritual salvation, as can be testified to by the many teachers who have made this happy connection between minds living and dead. This is the true reward of teaching, and there can be few greater than this.

And now, as we turn to sketch the outlines of a constructive programme that shall correspond to the thoroughly considered curriculum of the realistic school, we need to take stock of whatever we possess of worth to the life of the modern student. Would our appeal to his historical reason and his artistic imagination endure a practical test beside the study lists of the school of realism?

This programme, if it would prove its superiority not only over the practical and the vocational but also over other schemes of liberal studies, must present both a discipline and a body of knowledge capable of satisfying the insistent demands of the young man or the young woman for direct help in meeting the problems of the lives they must lead in the great world after their departure from college halls.

This help may best be afforded partly through a thoroughgoing revision of schedules in favor of a more uniform scheme of studies, and partly through a transformation of present methods of instruction by means of more vital personal contact between teacher and pupil. Both are of supreme importance if we would meet the inroads of the new educational theories, and each of them accordingly requires a brief treatment in turn.

The discipline which the traditional educator insists upon ought, if it is to have any vital force, to rest fundamentally upon ideas, and these ideas are to have a binding force upon all who submit to it. By seeking a common standard of training we shall bring our students together in common interests and a common knowledge. And this common knowledge is not far to seek. It is the history, the literature, the institutions of England, from whom we intellectually derive, and as a vital and necessary background for these studies, as thorough a survey as can be obtained of Greek and Roman culture.

With this as the heart of our training we may then trace the long struggle of man to form the institutions which, in spite of obvious and acute injustices, have somehow endured the stress of time. Let us know and strive to comprehend an epoch—Greece, Rome, Mediæval Europe, England, France, America—in all its phases; its history, its literature, its philosophy, its art, its science; and let us learn as we can how other peoples have faced the problems of national or racial life and what success was theirs in their toilsome progress toward the light.

To illustrate: After a more or less detailed survey of the art and literature of ancient Athens, the student might attempt some mastery of the ethical and political philosophy of Plato and Aristotle in its bearing both on the later history of Europe and as a corrective of some of our current political and philosophical thinking. Or, again, a study of the life and institutions of Rome—Roman character, Roman law, and Roman achievements in literature and statecraft—would lend itself wonderfully to the development of one's powers to live in ideas. So also the mind and temper and the discipline of France, of Italy, and above all of England as she has contributed to the body of our thinking.

As we pursue these studies of other times and peoples, the same question which Mr. Flexner has scornfully flung

at us we should accept, and endeavor to offer a reasonable answer. That is: To what extent shall the study of Latin be retained in the new curriculum? Our first reply would be that it should be retained to an extent great enough to make it of value as a disciplinary force (there is none finer, and Mr. Flexner's contention that a case cannot be made out for it may be merely ignored), and as the medium for the communication of a literature rich in the qualities most needed as a proper balance for our own inchoate literature. Latin is, in fact, too deeply woven into the woof of our cultural selves to be ripped away without serious damage to the whole fabric. Greek, we would regretfully confess, has lost its hold upon modern scholastic curricula. Though facilities for its study should be afforded, because the world cannot lose its heritage from the ancient world, emphasis must necessarily be placed upon reading the great works of the Classics in the best available translations. However much of either Latin or Greek may be read during the undergradute course,—and the student should be encouraged to give as much time to the study of these tongues as he may feel inclined to put upon them,—every one who comes under our discipline should be required to read in translation the masterpieces of literature which the Classic world has bestowed upon us. Ideas cannot die, and the heritage that is ours, even though acquired through what is inevitably an inadequate medium, must not be thrown away through scholarly prejudice in favor of an impracticable thing. Superficial such a method may be, but at least it has the merit of partially humanizing every student who passes through our hands.

Where also shall science find a place in this new curriculum of ours? A very central and important place, we may say. We would accept science as a formulation and application of the laws of nature which we may employ according as our characters have received one sort of discipline or another. We must recognize, however, that science itself possesses no moral content, and that for this reason we should endeavor to heal the breach between science and philosophy which has so long been open. Science needs to be taught as a great field of human knowledge, a knowledge of whose laws is essential to the equipment of every cultivated man; but science humanized, science in its relation to the persistent effort of man to learn

the secrets of nature and to apply them in the service of humanity, is of far greater value to us. A sense of the limitation of the purely scientific point of view would be a matter of real value to acquire.

As has been indicated above, this reform in the subject-matter of the curriculum can have little positive result without some radical change in the manner of presenting it. Not only must the deadening influence of the lecture system in its present extreme form be destroyed and the excessive emphasis upon grades and final examinations removed, but the classroom work must in nearly every respect be remade. Mind must be laid to mind, to stimulate the young men or young women to search their souls for the stuff that is in them, to know themselves, to seek definitions of fundamental terms and answers to questions that persist in knocking at the doors of their minds and will not be denied. For this reason departmental pride must be abandoned by the teaching force and a coöperation between departments obtained that may carry the inquiring student on from subject to subject, establishing the essential unity of human knowledge and bridging the gap between courses. One friend has suggested that the instruction should be, wherever possible, peripatetic. Certainly it ought ever to be dynamic and personal, creating a genuine *rapport* between teacher and pupil. This of course implies the rare teacher, and the rare teacher must be sought wherever he may be found, and paid a wage commensurate with his ability.

And so, submitting to this programme of instruction and this quality of teaching, the student arrives at the last years of undergraduate life. What is, then, left for him to choose for his very own different from the choice of his fellows? There is left a certain limited specialization preparatory to his career. Would he be a lawyer, he may acquaint himself with economics and the history of jurisprudence and international law, with some familiarity with the common law of England. For medicine, he may elect chemistry and biology and psychology. In science, in literature, in history, in mathematics, he may feel free to choose whatever will help him most in the years following, which he is to devote to professional study. Even for business, which is the chosen field of the majority of our college graduates, he may find studies in economics

and sociology and law which should bring his mind down to practical affairs. But always the student, whatever his career, will be made at least partially humane by a few brief years' association with the finest thinking and the most beautiful expression of the great tradition of culture. Even the one who would seek to enter into the service of his fellows by a life of self-denial and personal sacrifice, ought to find inspiration in such an institution as we have just described. For it is service in every form that should be the final consummation of living under the guidance of these teachings, but a service tempered by knowledge, and emotion made true and steady by reason and the developed judgment. As leaders of men the graduates of this institution should go forth to give their wills to make the world better. And the message of this new Alma Mater to her children will be Plato's message of the State to its picked and trained leaders:

> We have brought you into the world to be rulers of men, kings of yourselves and of the other citizens, and have educated you far better and more perfectly than they have been educated, and you are better able to share in the public duty. Wherefore each of you, when his turn comes, must go out into the world and play his part in life the better for having better seen than others what is the Beautiful, the True, and the Good.

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON.

CONCERNING ADAM AND EVE

BY ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD

THE children were listening round-eyed to Valentina, their fourteen-year-old Mexican nurse.

"An' there was no mens at all in the worl' then; an' God he say, 'I mek me some mens to say prayers to me!' So he dig up a lot of nice, clean dirt, an' he go down to the arroyo an' get a bucket of water; an' he mix the dirt an' the water, an' he mek him some mens, jus' lak you mek mud pies. He put the mens in the oven to bek, an' the firs' one di'n get brown enough, an' that the white man; an' the secon', he bek jus' right, an' he the Mexican. But God, he forgot to tek the las' one out till he all burn' black, an' *he* the *nigger!*" She paused dramatically.

"And *then* what did God do?" asked the little boy, who wanted a complete cosmogony. But Valentina had seen me, and she was too shy to go on.

"Who told you that story, Valentina?" I asked.

"Nobody," she answered. "I jus' mek it for myself."

* * *

So, ever since there began to be human beings on the earth, boys and girls and men and women have made for themselves stories of how their species began, and why it loves and hates and suffers and dies. In these stories, grotesque and absurd though many of them are, we find the first awkward, childish stirrings of curiosity concerning the why, the whence, and the whither of the universe; curiosity which has given the world all the religion, all the philosophy, and all the scientific knowledge it has today.

In the eighth or ninth century before Christ, an unnamed Hebrew who possessed the story-telling gift of the Oriental in matchless degree, wrote out a great collection of the legends of his people, handed down by word of mouth through many generations. His skill in word-painting has

made famous to all Jewry and Christendom, and to the Moslem world as well, the names of Noah and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth, upon whom God, with friendly hand, shut the door of the Ark; of Abraham and Sarah, who entertained God in their tent, and laughed at Him when He promised them a son in their old age; of Jacob, robbing Esau of his birthright, serving seven years for love of Rachel, and wrestling with a flesh-and-blood God on Peniel.

A cynic has said, "God made man in his own image, and man has done as much for God." This Hebrew scribe of wonderful genius made God a very human divinity, a man of heroic size, kindly when given his own way, angry when thwarted, merciful when his rage had spent itself. And he told, in the first scroll of his collection, the most famous story of the creation of man by an anthropomorphic God, and of that man's disobedience and fall, that the human imagination has ever conceived—the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, which was copied into the second and third chapters of Genesis by the Hebrew prophets of the fifth century B. C., when they compiled that religious history of their people which Christians call the Old Testament.

It is worth one's while to reread that story, familiar though its main points may be, and then to read it again, more carefully; for until Charles Darwin in 1859 forced the thinking world to consider his theory of evolution, two-thirds of mankind accepted it as a divinely inspired account of the origin of man, in spite of the fact that it contradicted the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. The reason of the contradiction has been brought to light by the investigations of Biblical scholars during the past sixty years; it is that the compiler of Genesis was piecing together two documents, one of them the record of the brilliant story-teller, the other written by an austere priest a century later. The priest, learned in Babylonian philosophy, and touched with the vision of a God who is Spirit, wrote the grave and sublime account of creation that is contained in the first chapter; to it the compiler, seduced by the charm of the story-teller, added, unconscious of its incongruity, the naïve tale of Adam and Eve and their anthropomorphic God.

That tale must have been evolved, as all folk lore is

evolved, from the first childish efforts of a primitive people to explain the mystery of life and death. Man exists; when he dies, his body turns to dust; therefore a being greater than he must have made him out of earth in the beginning. That being, lord of heaven and earth, men call God. A man and a woman are mysteriously and passionately drawn to one another, with longing that is satisfied only when they become one flesh; that must be because the two of them once were one body, and the woman, being the smaller and weaker, must have been made from the flesh and bone of the man. Man toils and sins, suffers and dies; surely a good God could not have planned this: a man must have disobeyed God, and deserved punishment. Woman is subject to man, and bears his children in agony; was her sin then greater than his?

The tradition of a first man made of clay and given life by the breath of God is found in folk lore all over the world; and the belief in the making of woman from man's rib is widely spread in Polynesia. The Lengua Indians of Paraguay say that man and woman were joined together at first, but they found their joint existence so awkward that they asked their creator to separate them. When he granted their request, he gave them the power to propagate their species. There is a similar Persian legend; and Plato, in his *Symposium,* gives a fantastic account of an original man-woman, with two heads, four arms and four legs, whom Jove cleft down the middle, making two sexes.

Philo, a great Jewish theologian of the time of Christ, embodied this idea of Plato's in his commentaries on Genesis. Eve, he said, represents the sensuous or perceptive half of man's nature; Adam, the reasoning half; and the serpent symbolizes sensual pleasure, which is the source of all sin. The serpent does not dare attack Adam directly, but approaches him through Eve, for it is sense which yields to the lure of pleasure, and in its turn takes captive reason, and destroys its immortal virtue. Origen and Clement conveyed this interpretation into Christian theology, although they were conscious that it did not dovetail at all neatly with the doctrine of the excellence of the married state. The question raised by Augustine as to whether Eve's soul was derived from Adam, or was directly infused by God when he made her from Adam's rib, was at the heart of one of the great controversies in the early church.

The second part of the Hebrew story, the account of the Fall, shows signs of being a composite of two earlier tales. Sir James George Frazer, who knows more folk lore than any other man, living or dead, thinks he can trace in it two famous and widespread stories, the Story of the Perverted Message, and the Story of the Cast Skin. The former is told among native tribes all over Africa, and its purport invariably is that God sent a messenger to tell man that he was not to die; if he seemed to die, it would only be for three days, just as the moon seemed to die for three days, and after that time he would come to life again. But the messenger, in some of the stories stupidly, in others with malice prepense, told man instead that he would surely die, just as the moon dies. Man believed the messenger, and therefore he dies. A number of the stories say that two messengers were sent, one to tell man that he would live forever, the other to tell him that he would die; and the messenger of good tidings was slow of foot, so that the word of death came to man first, and he refused to believe the word of life when it came.

The Story of the Cast Skin is found frequently in Africa and in the Pacific Islands. It is based on the belief that snakes have immortal youth at the cost of shedding their old skins yearly. Men and women used to have this privilege, too; but there was once an old woman who had an infant grandchild, and when she came back to him young and beautiful, after bathing in the river and shedding her old skin, he cried and would not let her touch him. So she went back to the river and fished out her old skin, which had caught on a root, and put it on again. Ever since then mankind has lost the power of renewing its youth.

Some of the African and Melanesian tribes combine the two stories. For instance, one version is that the Good Spirit, loving men, wanted to make them live forever. So he said to his brother, " Go to men and take them the secret of immortality. Tell them to cast their skins every year. So will they be protected from death, for their life will be constantly renewed." But his brother gave the message of hope to the serpents, and commanded men to die. Since then all men have been mortal, and all serpents immortal.

If Sir James Frazer is right, the original version of

the Hebrew story of the Fall was that God sent the serpent with a message to Adam and Eve, urging them to eat of the Tree of Life and live forever, but not to touch the Tree of Death, "for in the moment that ye eat thereof ye shall surely die." (The idea of a fruit that will produce immortality, and the personification of both wisdom and evil by the serpent, are found in many countries.) But the serpent, "who was more subtile than any beast of the field", decided that he would eat of the Tree of Life himself, and to dispense with rivals, he went to Eve and said:

"Eat not of the Tree of Life, but eat of the Tree of Death, and live forever."

So Eve ate of the Tree of Death, and gave Adam of its fruit; whereupon they and all men became mortal. But the wily serpent ate of the Tree of Life, and he and his kind became immortal.

If that was the original version, all the more honour to the nameless Hebrew scribe for changing it into its present form!

The Semitic imagination which created the tragedy of the Garden of Eden was not content to let its exquisite simplicity go unadorned. Adam's head, according to Rabbinical lore, was made of earth (*Adamah* is the Hebrew word for earth) from the Holy Land, his trunk of earth from Babylonia, while his limbs were modeled of soil brought from more distant lands. He was as glorious as an angel to look upon, his body stretched from earth to heaven, and his skin was like a bright garment; but when he sinned his stature was diminished, and his skin shone no more. His first wife was Lilith, who flew away from him and became a demon. Lilith kills all children sinfully begotten, even of a lawful wife; she seduces unmarried men, and bears them demon children. On his right side Adam had thirteen ribs instead of twelve, and out of that extra rib and of flesh from his heart, Eve was made.

It is from the Rabbahs that Milton gets the idea that Eve urged Adam to eat of the fruit of death because she was jealous of a possible successor.

A Rabbi of the Christian Church, St. Augustine, is responsible for the complementary Miltonic theory that Adam ate the fruit because he loved Eve too dearly not to share her fate:

"If death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life.
Our state cannot be severed: we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

Mark Twain's Adam, after several hundred years of matrimony, was still satisfied with his choice of Eve. "It is better," he said, "to live outside the garden with her than inside of it without her."

The doctrine of Original Sin, which has laid on Adam the burden of all the sin and death in the world, is the creation of Paul. Curiously enough, there is not a single explicit reference in either the Old Testament (exclusive of Genesis 3) or the New to the story of the Fall, outside of the Pauline Epistles. In commenting upon Adam's sin, the Jewish Haggadists emphasize the efficacy of repentance; and against Paul's "For as in Adam all die," they protest, "No man dies without a sin of his own," quoting Ezekiel, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked upon him."

No other doctors disagree so emphatically as doctors of divinity. Perhaps the best way to take the story of Adam and Eve is to take it as a story; to read human nature into it as you will, but not to be dogmatically sure of the divine nature it reveals, since its God walks in the garden in the cool of the day, flies into a passion at disobedience, curses bitterly his comparatively innocent creations, and then, repenting of his fury, makes them garments of skin to replace their lost glory of innocence. It needs only that final touch of the armed guards stationed at the gate of Paradise, keeping poor mortals, hungry for immortality, from the Tree of Life, to establish the presumption that the God of the Garden of Eden is a god made in the image of man.

ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH GOVERNMENT?

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

II.

In my preceding article I presented to the reader some considerations in regard to the almost universal prevalence of discontent with the state of Government. I took up the special case of Government in the United States, and, for the purpose of drawing a distinction between rhapsodism and realism in Government, I instituted a series of comparisons between what goes on aboard a ship of commerce and on board the Ship of State.

Accepting the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence and the Preamble to the Constitution as the equivalent of a commercial ship's charter, I showed that the Ship of State had but the vaguest instructions as to what its port of destination was; that Liberty, Happiness, Justice, and Equality are susceptible of such an infinite variety of Interpretation that, in the absence of very specific instructions, the captain of the Ship of State would be at a loss to set the course for his vessel.

Where are these instructions to be found? If they are to be found anywhere it must be in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution. That is where I now propose to look for them.

I may preface my search by recalling to the reader's attention that it is the mate of the Ship of Commerce who must keep in contact with the realities of the weather, must note the falling barometer, the threatening clouds. If the captain sets the course, it is the mate who must see that the man at the wheel keeps the ship's head on that course, must so trim his yards that the course can be made, and must maintain the working routine upon which the safe naviga-

tion of the ship, and the order and comfort of the crew depend.

Aboard the Ship of State the functions of the captain are performed by the Supreme Court, and those of the mate are performed by the complicated machinery set up under the Constitution, and by the officials appointed or elected to keep it in motion. To these officials—executive, judicial, and legislative—are assigned the duty of seeing that the machinery is employed only for purposes which are constitutional, and is operated only by methods which are constitutional. The constitutionality of purpose and of method is determined by the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, which, at the time I write, is composed of nine judges.

It is upon what is stated in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution that these judges are to decide, when any specific matter is brought before them, whether any law duly enacted in the United States, whether it be Federal, State, or Municipal, may stand, or must fall, and whether any act done or suffered by any citizen of the United States, or by any other person therein residing, is done or suffered in violation of the constitutional rights of the parties.

For our present purpose it is not necessary to enter upon a minute examination of the Constitution. It will suffice if some of its general characteristics are considered, and one or two specific points discussed.

The first general characteristic of the Constitution which impresses itself upon the notice of the observer is the immense amount of interpretation which has been needed to clarify its meaning. Dr. Hannis Taylor, in his monumental work on *The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution,* quotes no less than thirty-one cases in which the meaning of the Preamble has been the subject of legal disputes. To the lay mind no part of the Constitution appears to be more explicit, or more clearly phrased, than the first paragraph of Section X of Article I, which reads:

> No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money, emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts; pass any Bill of Attainder, ex post facto Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts, or grant any Title of Nobility;

but Dr. Taylor quotes more than two hundred and fifty

cases in which the meaning of this single paragraph has been the subject of legal dispute.

The Constitution of the United States, from the first word of the Preamble to the last word of the Eighteenth Amendment, could be printed in clear type within the compass of twenty pages of an ordinary volume; it would require more than twenty-thousand pages of the same size to take the record of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, in which the meaning of the Constitution is construed.

Another striking characteristic of the Constitution is that the power of the Supreme Court to declare any law unconstitutional carries with it the power to determine the general policy of the nation in matters of the utmost importance and of the most far-reaching consequences.

Those who remember the heated controversy which, twenty years ago, raged around the question of whether the United States could constitutionally retain sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico without making them either States or Territories of the Union, will remember that the issue was decided in the affirmative by a five to four decision of the Supreme Court, in a case having to do with the levying of duty on goods imported into the United States from the Islands.

It is clear that if the decision had been in the negative the alternative presented to the nation would have been between giving up the Islands and incorporating them in the political system of the United States. It is well within the range of possibility that, faced with such a choice, public sentiment would have demanded that the Islands be given up. So, this grave question of whether the United States should retain in its purity the doctrine of government of the people, for the people, by the people, or should dilute it with the principle of imperialism, was settled, once for all, by the opinion of one judge, that is to say, by the opinion of one person out of a population of eighty millions, and that person not elected by the people or by any group of them, but appointed by an executive officer of the government. It would be difficult to find in history—outside the annals of despotism—any instance in which a decision so momentous has been left to the infallibility of the odd man.

No matter dealt with by the Constitution is of more vital concern to the nation than that referred to in the first sixteen

words of Section IV of Article IV, which reads: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government . . ."

Nothing stands out with greater clearness from a study of the present condition of Government in the United States than the fact that the States of this Union are not governed under a Republican form, but under a Democratic form which is constantly moulding itself more closely to the shape of the thoroughly discredited and deliberately discarded direct Democracy of the ancient Greeks.

The fundamental differences between a Republican and a Democratic form of Government have been obscured chiefly by the general employment, by political writers and orators, of the words "Republican" and "Democratic" in this connection as though they were synonymous.

The United States are still, ostensibly at least, a Republic; but the American people, we have been assured, entered the War to make the world safe for Democracy—not for Republicanism. If this statement really represented the fact of the case the future would hold in store for us a grievous disappointment: the world *can* be made safe for Republicanism; it *cannot* be made safe for Democracy.

There lies, of course, around this point a very inviting field of definitional dialectic. I resist the temptation to enter it, because Government has already been more than sufficiently bedevilled by dialectics. I will, instead, draw the distinction between Republicanism and Democracy in such terms as will best serve to exhibit the profound and irreconcilable differences which exist between them as systems of Government.

The distinguishing feature of *Republicanism* is that legislators shall be representatives; the distinguishing feature of *Democracy* is that legislators shall be delegates.

A legislative *representative* is a man whose duty it is to devote his own knowledge, his own abilities, his own judgment to the conduct of public affairs; a *delegate* is a man sent to the capitol by the majority of the voters to register their will.

In voting for or against a measure, a *representative* is guided by his own opinion, reached after legislative debate; a *delegate* is guided by the opinions of other people, reached before legislative debate.

Assuming equal knowledge and intelligence in each, a

representative best discharges his duties by being independent; a *delegate* by being subservient.

Legislation passed by *representatives* is an expression of judgment; legislation passed by *delegates* is an expression of will.

The issue really centers around two points—election pledges made in advance in respect of pending measures, and the pressure exerted, after election, upon the candidate whose promises have secured him a majority at the polls.

Concerning these points, Lord Macaulay wrote as follows, in 1832, on the eve of an election in which he was one of the candidates for Leeds:

> The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. I trust that the great and intelligent body of people who have obtained the elective franchise will see that seats in the House of Commons ought not to be given, like rooms in an almshouse, to urgency of solicitation; and that a man who surrenders his vote to caresses and supplications forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note. I hope to see the day when an Englishman will think it as great an affront to be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of juryman. My conduct is before the electors of Leeds. My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve that conduct, if they concur in those opinions, they ought, not for my sake, but for their own, to choose me as their member. To be so chosen, I should indeed consider as a high and enviable honour; but I should think it no honour to be returned to Parliament by persons who, thinking me destitute of the requisite qualifications, had yet been wrought upon by cajolery and importunity to poll for me in spite of their better judgment.
>
> I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly stated my *opinions*. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give *no pledges*. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. I will state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which have induced me to form this determination. The great beauty of the representative system is, that it unites the advantages of popular control with the advantages arising from a division of labour. Just as a physician understands medicine better than an ordinary man, just as a shoemaker makes shoes better than an ordinary man, so a person whose life is passed in transacting affairs of State becomes a better statesman than an ordinary man.
>
> In politics, as well as every other department of life, the public

ought to have the means of checking those who serve it. If a man finds that he derives no benefit from the prescription of his physician, he calls in another. If his shoes do not fit him he changes his shoemaker. But when he has called in a physician of whom he hears a good report, and whose general practice he believes to be judicious, it would be absurd in him to tie down that physician to order particular pills and particular draughts. While he continues to be the customer of a shoemaker, it would be absurd in him to sit by and mete every motion of that shoemaker's hand. And in the same manner, it would, I think, be absurd in him to require positive pledges, and to exact daily and hourly obedience, from his representative.

All this will seem very naïve to a generation which accepts rear-platform oratory by political candidates, the unabashed intrigue of paid and registered lobbyists, and the massed attack on legislators by night-letter. Macaulay's words, however, present in the most concise phraseology the principles upon which alone representative government can be operated successfully, if it is assumed that its chief concern is the prudent, honest, and efficient administration of public affairs.

The question of whether or not the founders of this nation intended to set up a Republican, as opposed to a Democratic, form of Government, was discussed with force and eloquence in a public address delivered in 1911 by the Hon. Emmet O'Neal, Governor of Alabama. He said, in part:

> . . . . there must be a lawmaking body composed either of the people themselves, acting directly in their organic capacity or through chosen representatives. Fully recognizing that fact, the wise men who framed the Constitution of the United States, after mature reflection, thorough investigation, and debate, unanimously discarded the system of direct legislation and established a representative Republic as contradistinguished from a social or pure democracy. The warning lessons of history had taught them that the so-called republics of ancient and modern times, through the absence of the representative principle, had ever been found, as Madison declared, 'spectacles of turbulence and contention, incompatible with personal security or the rights of property.' They agreed with the sentiment voiced by Wilson when he declared that the doctrine of representation in government, which was altogether unknown to the ancients, was essential to every system that can possess the qualities of freedom, wisdom, and energy. They had renounced the divine right of kings, but were unwilling to establish the divine right of majorities. Direct action by the people they deprecated.

Governor O'Neal had in mind, it is true, the threat held over the system of representative government by the agitation in favor of the initiative and the referendum; but I

cannot think, that if they were drafted for service in American politics, they would do more than give definite form and constitutional sanction to that system of " direct " legislation which has already been developed in the country through the pressure of organized opinion—and usually of organized minority opinion—upon the independence of legislators.

Finally, as to the Federal Constitution, my readers will not be unaware that a considerable literature has grown up around the difference between constitutional theory and actual practice in regard to the matters covered by Section I of Article II—the College of Electors, and the inability of the President to discharge his duties; by the First Amendment—freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of peaceable assembly; by the Fourth Amendment—security against search and seizure, except on warrant based upon probable cause and supported by oath; by Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment—the number of representatives in Congress to be apportioned according to the number of persons in each State *actually allowed to vote;* and by the Fifteenth Amendment—the right of citizens to vote is not to be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

I wish to emphasize the fact that in what I have said about the Constitution there is no suggestion that it does not hold up to the whole world the mirror of noble political ideals. What I have attempted to show is that, regarded as a document in which are embodied the sailing-directions of the Ship of State, it lacks perfection in the measure that it lacks clearness; that of two interpretations of its meaning, as opposite as the poles, one or the other may be set up as a rule absolute in regard to national policy by the opinion of a single judge; and that in respect of some matters about which it is most perspicuous, its directions are not being followed with scrupulous fidelity.

Let me now take up the view of those who laud the wisdom which guided the framers of the Constitution away from the pitfall of attempting to bind posterity with the chains of an inflexible political formalism. This view is, in effect, that the Constitution lays down the rules governing the grand strategy of political navigation, and that the tactics, as being affected by conditions of time and locality—by the political weather, as it were—are left to the decision

of Congress and to that of various State Legislatures.

It is obvious, to pursue our analogy of the Ship, that no exercise of strategic genius on the part of the captain will bring the ship to port if the sailing tactics are so poor that the vessel is flung upon a lee shore, stranded in shoal water, or capsized in a squall; that matters of crowding on sail in order to make speed in a fair wind, of furling sail in order to take speed off the ship in foggy weather, of heaving the ship to in a violent gale, of taking frequent soundings when approaching a sand-encumbered estuary, are vital to a seamanlike handling of the vessel.

On the sea of politics these tasks are committed to legislatures. It is the duty of a legislator, then, to see that the Ship of State is not flung on the lee shore of incompetent and extravagant administration, or stranded on the shoals of party faction, or capsized in the squalls of civic disorder; that laws urgently necessary to meet clear and immediate needs are quickly enacted, that laws concerning which there exists wide diversity of judgment amongst those capable of judging should be passed only after careful and unprejudiced enquiry and anxious deliberation.

I will not insult the reader's intelligence by adducing particular instances to show that the processes of American legislation lack the qualities I have indicated; any attentive reader of the daily press could easily compile a bulky volume made up of nothing but such instances.

It is sufficient to state, what is a matter of common knowledge, that every year hundreds of laws are passed by Congress and by the State Legislatures without adequate debate; that much proposed legislation is defeated through factious obstruction; that legislators vie with each other in their efforts to purchase popularity with the majority of the voters by squandering the public moneys chiefly supplied by the minority; that investigation of the evils which inevitably flow from bad legislation is offered to the people as a substitute for that good legislation which, had it been enacted, would have prevented or greatly mitigated the evils to be enquired into, and that many of these investigations are notoriously insincere and inefficient.

The least discreditable means employed by legislators to retain their offices is so to choke the legislative machine with new measures that few of them can be properly scrutinized before they are made law or are rejected. It has

been authoritatively stated that during the nine months ending in September, 1916, more than 24,000 bills were introduced into Congress; and recent press reports tell us that at the end of the recent session of the New York State Legislature more than a thousand bills were sent to Governor Smith for signature or veto. The strategic advantage which legislators enjoy as a result of this scandalous parody of law-making is that they can always prove to the satisfaction of their voters that they were active in introducing measures designed to give effect to their pre-election promises, that the partisan vote of the opposition defeated these wise and salutary proposals, and that the lesson the voter should learn from these circumstances is to extend to the efforts of his member that firm confidence and enthusiastic support which will enable him, at the next session, to turn defeat into victory.

It is this kind of thing which clogs the legislative machine with bills which their sponsors know will be thrown out by a committee, or defeated on the floor, or vetoed by the President or the Governor, as the case may be.

To conclude my analogy of the Ships: though the Ship of Commerce be staunchly built, well furnished with gear and instruments, amply supplied with good charts and with minute sailing-directions, bad seamanship can wreck her; though the Ship of State be constructed after the most approved model, though it be equipped with the most perfect mechanical devices, though its sailing-directions include every moral precept, every ethical principle, every practical maxim to be found in the lexicon of good intentions, it can be wrecked by the ignorance, by the folly, or by the corruption of its officers and its crew.

The quality of government, then, depends finally upon the human equation. A trite conclusion! But it is precisely because he recognizes the triteness of this conclusion that the student of government is amazed by the conditions he observes around him.

If our major premise is that wise, honest, and efficient government can only proceed from the wisdom, the honesty, and the efficiency of the people, then, our present methods of training citizens and of conducting government are the embodiment of unreason. They can be made to assume the aspect of reason only if our major premise is that a government resting upon universal suffrage can exhibit qualities

entirely different from those which belong to the people who make the government what it is.

No intelligent man or woman will deliberately accept the latter premise; and yet our whole procedure in education and in government can be explained only on the assumption that most people hug the delusion that from a public which is politically uninstructed and unintelligent you can get an administration of public affairs that will yield those results which depend entirely upon knowledge and understanding.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

THE DEPLETED FORESTS OF FRANCE

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

COMPETENT critics affirm that the forests of France played in the World War a rôle as important as her artillery. Had it not been for the defensive screen that they afforded during the early invasion, the French army, inferior in numbers, could not have repulsed the enemy at the Marne. In the east, the timber belt, stretching as a buffer-mask from Belfort to Verdun, aided in saving Lunéville, Nancy, and Toul. Farther to the northwest, the forests of Argonne and Ardennes formed a barrier equal to several army corps. Scarcely less valuable, during the initial clashes, were the wooded hills that extended from east of Verdun toward the coast, protecting the frontier bastions of Longwy, Montmédy, Sedan, Mézières, Maubeuge, and Mons. Better still, when Von Kluck, impatient to dine in Paris, sought by a bold stroke to cut off the capital from the bulk of the French army, it was the forests of Villers-Cotterets and Compiègne that enabled General Maunoury to beat him back by an unexpected assault upon his flank. In the crucial days of July, 1918, these woods served a similar purpose, making it possible for Marshal Foch to execute his brilliant strategic manoeuvres. Hence, J. Demorlaine, writing in the *Revue des Eaux et Forêts,* concludes that it was the French forests from the Vosges to the sea that frequently rendered harmless the enemy's offensive. Of the same opinion is Professor J. W. Toumey, who in *American Forestry* declares that, had the French possessed no forests at the outbreak of the war, their country would today be laid waste. Two thousand years ago, Cicero proclaimed the military value of forests.

Industrially, also, the woods of France proved indispensable during the war. At first timber was imported, but by 1916, the British Army found that it must rely upon procuring its supplies from the Continent. Moreover, when

the United States entered the conflict, the demand for wood products so increased that France was obliged to open her forests to the Allies.

Ere long, native lumbermen were augmented by Canadian forestry companies transferred from England, and then by American and Canadian loggers and millmen. This force, huge as it was, had to be increased as the war demanded more and more wood for ship-building, docks, barracks, trenches, crossties, bridges, telegraph poles, aeroplanes, and fuel. Month after month, accordingly, the felling gained momentum, sacrificing the best of the highly-developed French forests. In the Vosges and Burgundy, in Sologne and Auvergne, in the Alps and the Pyrenees, and especially in the *landes* of Gascony, the fine timber growths —husbandings of half a century—were drawn upon. At the same time, thousands of acres of wooded tracts in the war zone were being blown into splinters by shellfire. Other thousands in the territory occupied by the enemy were either felled for use or given over to systematic destruction.

The total loss to France through the war aggregates twenty-five billion feet of saw timber, to say nothing of the millions of cords of firewood consumed. Ordinarily this loss might be repaired by the growths of twelve or fifteen years; but, owing to the diminution of a third in the forest yield as a result of excessive felling and the destruction of young trees, no such recuperation will be possible. Moreover, the need for restoring the devastated departments will for a period increase tenfold the annual pre-war requirements. Even in normal times the French imported more than half of their industrial lumber. Thus the greatest magician in fable could not with his wand conjure up on the home territory of France enough saw timber for her requirements. Since to continue cutting trees before their maturity would but aggravate the difficulty, another solution must be found. The treaty of Versailles, it is true, requires Germany to furnish to France considerable lumber by way of indemnity, but this source of supply is uncertain. Nor can the vast Russian forests be depended upon at present. France could purchase lumber in America and Scandinavia, were it not for the prohibitive rate of exchange. As a temporary measure while increasing home production, she will be obliged to turn to her colonies. A dual programme of this sort was recently presented in the *Revue de*

Paris by Paul Descombes, who declares that France must double permanently her national forest production, and also obtain elsewhere ten million cubic meters of lumber annually.

To double native production, M. Descombes thinks that, besides replanting and restoring, France should increase by at least ten million acres her former timber area. This comprised twenty-three million acres, or eighteen per cent of the country, not including Alsace and Lorraine,—additions which now make a total of 23,450,000 acres owned by the State, the communes, and individuals in the proportion of twelve, twenty, and sixty-eight per cent respectively. The suggested increase of ten million acres would insure to the country twenty-six per cent of forest.

For regenerating French forests, nothing better has been suggested than the plans submitted in 1910 by the official Commission for Inundations. This programme called for: (1) the reforestation of ten million acres at eighty francs per acre (800,000,000 francs); (2) twenty annuities of a million francs as an encouragement to forest culture (20,000,000 francs); (3) purchases and improvements by the State (480,000,000 francs); (4) completion of the work of reforestation already undertaken by the State in mountainous "perimeters" (115,000,000 francs); (5) intensive culture of existing forest "perimeters" (300,000,000 francs); and (6) checking erosion in the mountains (15,000,000 francs). Thus, if France were to plant rapid-growing coniferous species, she could in twenty years, at a total estimated cost of 1,700,000,000 francs, so extend and improve her forests as to become self-supporting at the end of three-quarters of a century. This would require each department to afforest annually less than a fourth as many acres as did the participating departments in the *landes* of Gascony under the Second Empire. It is true that, owing to the increased cost of labor, the total expenditure would probably exceed by at least a third the estimates of 1910; but lumber purchased in foreign countries would also cost as much more henceforth. Even supposing the work of reforestation to require two billion francs, the country should not hesitate.

The construction of French railways cost more than eight times as much. Moreover, had the problem of reforestation been solved seventy years ago, the

seven billion paid for foreign lumber since 1850 would have been saved.

It is clear that France for the present should seek lumber in her colonies, which possess admirable forest resources awaiting exploitation. Certain of these possessions, especially Indo-China, Guiana, Madagascar, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and the French Congo, besides furnishing such products as rubber, cocoanuts, palm-oil, gum, tan-bark, and corkwood, are rich in timber. Investigations made shortly before the outbreak of hostilities and during the war revealed the fact that approximately two-thirds of colonial saw timber could be substituted for the kinds of lumber hitherto imported by France. The colonies excel in the production of ebony, cabinet woods, and mahogany. To be sure, capital and labor will be scarce; but with a progressive reduction in freight rates, and the extension of partial manufacture in the region of supply, the French can allow to their home forests time for recuperation. If, by advancing the necessary funds, the State develops the colonial forest service, handsome returns to French industry and commerce will follow.

Although, as already noted, the strategic and industrial value of forests amply justifies their culture, yet, even apart from these national considerations, reforestation is important. It will prove an excellent investment for the individual. This view is taken by L. Breton-Bonnard in his illuminating book, *Reboisement par les Résineux*. Here the author writes: "Reforestation, though relatively inexpensive, is exceedingly remunerative—an investment demanding but one original expenditure. It is an operation, however, of long duration, requiring careful adaptation of the species to soil, climate, and altitude."

Experience has shown that resinous trees: the pine, the fir, the spruce, and the larch, are most profitable, since they need little or no cultivation, grow rapidly even on poor soil, and never fail. It is with them that France should afforest her dry wastes, sand dunes, and mountains. Such trees further prepare the soil in which they grow for the leafy species as well.

M. Breton-Bonnard's conception of the utility and beneficence of reforestation may be summed up thus:

> We must make our sterile lands yield as quickly as possible millions for old-age pensions and the stimulation of industry. To take rough,

arid tracts and convert their poverty into vigorous life, . . . is to perform an economic and social work that will increase the private and national wealth of France. To do this means furnishing later to the State unexpected revenues of various sorts, diminishing from year to year our importations of wood. To do this means augmenting our exportations of wood and at the same time supplying our railroads and merchant marine with freight. The proper extension of our forests will insure supplies for our numerous wood-working industries, and will render our rural districts healthier, more agreeable, more productive, and more populous.

Already the French have demonstrated that this eulogy of forest culture is far from utopian. Afforestation of the dunes and *landes* of Gascony affords an instance of the value of such efforts. The *landes* are a triangular-shaped region, situated on the southwest coast of France, between the Gironde and Adour rivers, a hundred and twenty miles in length, seventy at most in width, and comprising nearly five million acres, or one-fourth of the pre-war forest area of France. Formerly the sand dunes next to the Atlantic, owing to their unstable character, so endangered the adjoining marshlands to the east that by 1786 more than a million acres of the latter had been abandoned. In that year, however, an engineer, Nicolas Brémontier, obtained a small subsidy for the reforestation of the dunes. The experiment was carried out with maritime pines, and, proving a success, was applied with even better results by Chambrelent to the marshlands. The swamps and their attendant fevers gradually disappeared, thanks to drainage and to the marvellous powers of absorption of the resinous trees, some of which annually imbibe and exhale into the atmosphere as much as four hundred times their weight. Accordingly, in 1857, a law was enacted providing for completion of the enterprise. Even before 1914 this forest of maritime pines, which had cost no more than fifty million francs, was yielding timber of that value each season. From this region there is shipped to Great Britain alone more than eight hundred thousand tons of pit props every year, to say nothing of large quantities of resin and turpentine. Until 1914, an annual average of six hundred shiploads of forest products left the ports of Bordeaux and Arcachon for Germany, Italy, Russia, and other countries. Accordingly, a majority of the inhabitants of the departments of Landes and Gironde find remunerative employment in the exploitation of regions once barren.

Similar results on a smaller scale have been attained in

the marsh lands of Sologne, lying south of Orleans, between the valleys of the Loire and Cher. This region, once densely wooded, as we know from the *Gargantua* of Rabelais, had been deforested, principally in the eighteenth century, and had become a miasmic, useless waste. Happily, however, toward the middle of the last century, a committee of influential citizens, aided by the State, undertook the work of reclamation. After constructing twenty-five miles of canal, and three hundred and fifty miles of road, the committee proceeded to plant with maritime and Scotch pine some 200,000 acres. "A setback," says Professor Fernow in his *History of Forestry,* "occurred in 1879, frost killing many of the younger maritime plantations. This led, in future plantings, to a substitution of the hardier Scotch pine." Here again, as in the *landes,* the achievements have been highly gratifying, the waste tracts, originally valued at four dollars per acre, yielding that much each year after half a century.

Similarly gratifying has proved the reforestation of the arid limestone wastes in the province of Champagne, to the south of Rheims. The 250,000 acres which were reclaimed here from 1830 to 1914 again attest that forests will bring to the poorest of land lasting prosperity. Unfortunately the wooded tracts of this region suffered terribly from the war and will for years need careful culture.

In the mountainous regions, also, the work of reclamation and "pacification" must go on incessantly. Of European countries, France contains proportionately the largest area exposed to torrential action. Her dangerous mountain streams in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Cévennes number no fewer than fifteen hundred, or two-thirds of the torrents of Europe. Their waters expose to erosion an aggregate of a million acres. This evil in its acute form dates from the ruthless forest exploitations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially during the Revolutionary period from 1791 to 1800, when the wise restrictions imposed by Colbert had been disregarded, and irreparable harm was done. The brooks, turned into torrents, began to inundate the plains and valleys, either tearing away fertile lands or silting them over with debris washed down from the mountains. Ere long, 800,000 acres of once tillable land in sixteen departments had been rendered unproductive, impoverishing a large portion of the inhabitants and compelling them to emi-

grate. Thus, during the period from 1846 to 1911, the French mountain districts suffered a diminution of five million in population, whereas for the same years the population of Switzerland increased by fifty per cent. Colbert used to fear that France would some day perish for want of wood, or, as Michelet expressed it, " With the last tree will disappear the last man."

Thanks, however, to the untiring devotion of the French Forest Department, whose methods of treating torrents have created a new science, the peril is now under control. At first, in 1860, the territories were divided into " perimeters," a term applied to the region devastated by a stream and its tributaries. The " perimeters " in most urgent need of treatment were expropriated by the State, the others being left to private initiative, with promise of state assistance. But, since the inhabitants, preferring to use the land for pasture, objected to bearing their share of responsibility, the State in 1882 assumed all expense, setting aside for this work about a million dollars annually. Up to 1914, it had purchased and, for the most part, reforested, some 500,000 acres. More than half the torrents are now " pacified," the achievements of French foresters in this domain having evoked international admiration.

Nowhere has the work of reclamation progressed more satisfactorily than in the Pyrenees. A. Campagne, in his interesting book, *The Forests of the Pyrenees,* gives a brief history of this region, which comprises six French departments, and describes the forests under Roman occupation, their extent and diminution during the Middle Ages, the ruinous fellings in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, despite the stern regulations of Colbert, and the ameliorations of the past sixty years. Characteristic of ancient conditions is the account by the collaborator of Colbert, Louis de Froidour, who with his staff of reform commissioners inspected the Pyrenees in the mid-seventeenth century. The commissioners found disorder and waste, the inhabitants living in wretchedness, exploiting both royal and communal forests at a ruinous rate, clearing pasture and farm land by fire. This devastation was checked temporarily by an Ordinance in 1669, but in the second half of the eighteenth century, it was resumed, and no longer merely in the mountains. Indeed, it was only under the First Empire that wholesale felling was checked.

A period of order and recuperation followed. An Ordinance of 1827, maintaining the essential features of that of 1669, gave to the Forest Department better organization. It created a personnel (conservators, inspectors, chief guards, *brigadiers,* and guards) and offered guarantees of competence. The School of Forestry at Nancy, destined to take in 1899 the name *Ecole nationale des Eaux et Forêts,* had been created in 1824. Its pupils and those of the *Ecole des Barres,* founded in 1875 in the department of Loiret, disseminated throughout France the science of forestry as developed by their professors. "The present organization," says M. Breton-Bonnard, "developed from the Forest Code of 1823 and from the Ordinance of 1827—both being modeled after the Ordinance of 1669—may justly be regarded as having originated in the brain of Colbert." Its efficiency is evidenced by the splendid condition of the French forests on the eve of the World War. It remains for us to consider their relation, as determined by that catastrophe, to the economic life of the country.

France lost during the war 1,250,000 acres of forest through destruction, and more than sixty per cent of her remaining merchantable timber cut for military uses. Such a drain, at a time when her demands for lumber have immensely increased, must involve economic distress, not only to "big business," but to local industries, and those dependent upon them. Before the war, 700,000 persons were employed as wood-workers, aside from farmers and peasants who gave part of their time to the woods and mills, or participated at home in wood industries. Of such industries, the more important are the manufacture of vehicles and farm implements, barrels, boxes, casks, furniture, musical instruments, paper, and wooden shoes. This last activity alone enlists the services of fifty thousand toilers.

Our Chief Forester, Henry S. Graves, writes in *American Forestry:*

> Probably the first effect of the depletion of French forest supplies will be a shifting of many wood-using industries to certain large industrial centres. The necessity for importing raw materials will tend to centralize plants at points convenient for transportation. There will be a tendency to substitute machine-made articles for those made by hand. There will be fewer and larger factories for making wagons, furniture, wooden shoes, barrels, boxes, and the like. Numerous small factories will probably go out of business. Communities thrifty because of the presence of these industries will suffer or be obliged to

find some substitute. The home industries dependent upon wood will in many places disappear, perhaps permanently, as the skilled carvers, turners, and cabinet makers pass on.

The wood-workers, having become wandering laborers in other employments, will emigrate to the cities. Some, no doubt, will swell the ranks of the tramps and pickpockets. Many will be missed from farm work, which alternates with forest employment. The dislocation of local industry, upsetting the established economic equilibrium, will be found to affect the industrial and social life of rural France.

To remedy such conditions, measures must be taken at once. Reforestation will diminish and eventually stop the importation of lumber. It will protect local industries and tend to prevent destructive inundations like those of 1910 and the past winter. Writing in the *Matin* so recently as the eighth of January, 1920, André Ménabréa, President of the Syndicat d'Initiative of Paris, points out that the latest floods on French rivers are due to devastations caused by the war.

> Wherever the woods have been cut in accordance with certain rules, the floods have remained within their expected limits; where the trees have been destroyed, however, the rain has coursed down the slopes as on the tiles of a roof instead of being slowly absorbed through several weeks. Paris must expect a periodic return of inundations until the forests have again grown up. Indeed, the existence of Paris will be precarious without such forests to preserve it from invasions and inundations. The forests have proved the only impregnable citadel of her defence.

It is evident, then, that the masses need to have impressed upon them the utility of forestry. Such is the aim of two organizations, the *Société des Amis des Arbres* and the *Association pour l'Aménagement des Montagnes,* functioning through two hundred and fifty branches.

Two-thirds of the waste lands of France, if reforested, would gradually grow into a property worth twenty billion francs. At the same time, reforestation would secure the country against floods and increase its beauty, health and population.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

AN ACTOR'S VIEW OF THE MOVIE "MENACE"

BY OTIS SKINNER

FROM an eminence of high idealism Walter Prichard Eaton, in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, calls the faithful to the defence of the American Theatre.

Mr. Eaton has been for many years a champion of the native drama and an ardent advocate of its highest expression. He foresees a stultifying of its growth in the encroachment of motion pictures in theatres built for performances of the spoken drama, unless something is done and done quickly. For him—

> 'Tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely.

While there is justifiable reason for Mr. Eaton's forebodings, it seems to me that we need not wholly despair for the future of our stage. It is an institution of such immense commercial value that traffic in cheap meretricious goods forms no inconsiderable part of its bulk, yet the record of each year's product shows a list of many well-written and well-acted plays.

In the reply of Jesse L. Lasky there is a commentary almost as sad as Mr. Eaton's. He says: "It is because the motion picture has filled a place that the stage cannot, that the drama is dying while the motion picture is growing greater."

Although one might be tempted to cry, "A plague on both your houses!" the quarrel as it stands is a very pretty one. I do not find any conclusion reached beyond Mr. Eaton's firm belief in the salvation that shall come to our stage in the establishment of repertory companies, on the one hand, and Mr. Lasky's rejoicing over the prodigious success of the motion picture on the other. Mr. Eaton has

no patience with the movie, while Mr. Lasky presents it as " the most interesting part of our American life."

The crux of the controversy seems to be the invasion of the regular theatres by the films.

Mr. Lasky probably does not base his declaration that the drama is dying on the financial health of the hundreds of theatres throughout the country where it is continually presented, for he undoubtedly knows that for the past three years the success of such theatres has been without precedent. My own tours during this period have taken me far afield and placed me in touch with local managers who have reported the unparalled prosperity of their houses.

Mr. Eaton cries out on the decadent interest that supports the movies, and Mr. Lasky sits at the bedside of the dying drama and counts its diminishing pulse. As both gentlemen speak with the authority of their experiences, observations, and judgments, I shall not take issue with their main deductions in the space of so brief an article as this. Nor may I do more than glance at the social and commercial mutability that fills Pittsfield's one theatre with film shows, and reduces the city's literary depot to one book store, although the excessive high rates of railroads for travelling companies, and the far-circulating magazines, may be offered as satisfactory reasons for these two conditions. When Pittsfield's theatre was in its anti-movie heyday, the real " stars " who visited it in the course of a season could have been counted on the fingers of one's two hands; and there is justice in Mr. Lasky's contention that most of the New York successes were spread over one-night stands in Number Two, Three, and Four companies. Many theatre-goers in the smaller cities became wise to this state of affairs and began to conceive a distrust of road companies. They resented the fact that the original company had been sent directly from New York to Boston, while a cheaper troupe was considered good enough for Pittsfield. So, when prosperity became greater, as it has become greater for most people of this country, the small-town resident formed the habit of reserving his theatre-going for frequent trips to Boston or New York, where he could see plays produced with an illusion impossible in his home town playhouse, and amid surroundings that appealed to his holiday mood. The great factor, however, in the diminution of travelling companies, representative or indifferent, is the prohibitive

cost of labor and the high rates of the railroads. And this makes Mr. Eaton's appeal for the repertory company a most vital one, and I shall hail that happy day—if it comes! But I cannot here plead its cause.

One point in this debate has been wholly missed—though it may not have been the desire of either writer to discuss it: The spoken drama is not a picture play; nor the picture play a spoken drama. The film can never oust the dramatist's art; nor can the legitimate drama ever annihilate the movie. And, above all, the film play can never take the place of the acted play. Be it made ever so perfect, it is, in its very last word, the operation of a remarkable machine. Its story is told by pictures and titles; its characters are shadows. It might be called a kind of vivid and sublimated illustrated story book, wherein the obligation of a reader is imposed upon the spectator. To follow and understand it, he must read the titles and explanations. Often he must also read the contents of documents such as wills, deeds, contracts, telegrams, letters, newspaper articles, etc., projected on the screen for a clear understanding of the continuity of the tale. It is well nigh impossible to present upon the screen a scene of argument and mental conflict between two characters. The only thing a director may do is to place them face to face and then "cut" to the titles which the audience must read; and these characters should not talk much, either, for lip movement is bad for the effect. It is in the art of suggestion that the director finds his best medium—an attitude, a look, a motion, a bit of pantomime. Sometimes a glove, a gun, an empty chair will tell a story better than action.

When the photoplay began to develop its popularity, much was heard from its promoters of "our new art," and many were the prophecies of its reaching emotional heights unheard of in the theatre. It can scarcely be said to have fulfilled those predictions. In very little has it gone beyond *The Birth Of A Nation,* which is now an old story, save in improved photography, electric lighting, and costly and ingenious studio sets. There are, thank Heaven! a few conventions now relegated to the ash heap. The "vamp" is no longer with us; nor the languorous, wavy-haired, Laura Jean Libbey-like hero; but the lion-hearted man with spurs and leather-banded Stetson still commits slaughter, as of old; the lady with the prismatic past is justified in her

deeds before God and her husband, while the bloom on the custard pie remains glorious and fragrant.

But these dear familiar figures, too, will pass: there is evidence of the dawn of a better day. Certainly there is no lack of earnestness and artistic endeavor on the part of the representative motion-picture producers. In California, where I am writing, I am amazed at the wealth of detail, the infinite care and study given to the production of a picture-play. Artists, architects, draughtsmen, skilled mechanics are all busily working with the director to complete the illusion aimed for. And I may here say that this stupendous work gives me a feeling of sadness for its ephemeral existence, and more than once these lines have recurred to me:

> So fleet the works of men,
> Back to the earth again.
> Ancient and holy things fade like a dream

No audience, seeing a finished picture, can thoroughly appreciate the patient care and labor that have gone into its making. The most painstaking designs of architects,—hangings and carpets from the Orient, furniture that might be museum pieces, veritable masterpieces of painting, books in costly bindings, jewels, costumes—indeed, anything and everything which money may command, are requisitioned for scenes that on the silver screen may last but a minute, even less. *A street in Florence* has an illusion so complete that it is difficult to realize that those rutted cobblestones were placed there only yesterday by studio laborers; and when one walks through "*Kismet's*" *Bazaar in Bagdad,* it is as if a magic carpet had suddenly swept one from California to Arabia.

Producers and artists (both actors and designers) were early lured to "Movieland," and now the film magnates are drafting writers and playwrights of achievement. At present in Hollywood one may find Gouverneur Morris, Clayton Hamilton, Gertrude Atherton, Winchell Smith, Basil King, Thompson Buchanan, Elmer Rice, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Joseph Urban is designing scenery for a picture play. Bayard Veiller has come out to guide the destinies of the Metro; while at the Lasky-Famous Players, the brothers DeMille still hold the fort. The results of such interest may tend to refute Mr.

Eaton's sweeping assertion that "nine-tenths of all movies are bound automatically to be trash."

And yet—when author, playwright, artist, actor and camera man have done their all, they have not produced a play, but a photograph. It may be presented in a thousand places simultaneously, and the star it has featured will be there no more than Caruso will be present in a phonograph. The human presence, the human voice, the human touch, the human sympathy, are lacking. I mention this as a fact, not failing, at the same time, to rejoice that thousands of people who are denied the privilege of both seeing and hearing Ethel Barrymore in the spoken drama, and both seeing and hearing Caruso in opera, have pleasurable solace in the counterfeits of cinema and phonograph.

I think Mr. Eaton underestimates the preferences of his townsfolk when he ascribes to them a keener interest in the "silent drama" because it is "less a tax on the attention." Surely this is not an added pleasure to theatre-going! To me the very joy of the theatre is in the attention forced by a skillfully constructed play acted by players of conviction and artistic power. I have often watched an audience coming from a moving-picture theatre, and rarely have I seen a look of more elation or spirit upon the faces of the crowd than would result from the perusal of a newspaper. Whereas, after an evening at an interesting play, the audience pours forth in animation; and even though the play may have been a tragedy, emotions have been stirred and minds stimulated until the reaction shows on every face. So long as the human relation is preserved between actor and audience, so long will the *acted* drama retain its supremacy in any community.

It would be Quixotic to attempt to suppress the movie: it is here to stay. It is the most popular recreation in the world to-day. Its supporters number millions. Its activities extend from the Polar Circle to the heart of Africa. Since we need not fear that it will supplant the real drama, let us rejoice that its distributors are sending forth a cleaner, saner product. There has been too much pandering to the salacious to be wholesome, and the excuse was, "We appeal to the masses." Things are changing, thanks to censorship and a realization that perhaps the masses have finer emotions than some at first imagined. I find that most "fans" prefer the clean movie. Those film favorites who have stood

for wholesome, decent pictures have been the ones whose vogue has lasted longest, and if I have referred to salacious movies, it is with no wish to whitewash the exhibitors of the outrageous, outspoken, and vicious triangles of the modern writers for the stage; nor to justify the bed-room farce; nor the objectionable burlesque. By and large, I believe that the moving-picture is now setting the purveyors of modern dramatic fare a very worthy example.

Let Mr. Eaton not despair, but rather enjoy the best of both the *silent* and the *spoken* drama, smiling to himself the while as he remembers that, after all, "Words are the only things that live."

OTIS SKINNER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HAMLET?

A NEW PHASE OF AN OLD VIEW

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THE theory of Hamlet which the present essay submits is nothing very new—is, in fact, nothing but a new posture of the classic Coleridgian judgment that Hamlet signifies the inhibition of executive force by intellectual activity. In a question in which debate is old, theories are fragile in the ratio of their novelty. The inadequacy of the old theories, which is implied in the permanence of the problem, drives men to seek relief and respite in the greater and more glaring inadequacy of the new. But disproof or distrust quickly overtakes them, and they return from the new to the old, from the greater dissatisfaction to the less, as Lear, who wanted a hundred knights, returned to Goneril:

> Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
> And thou art twice her love.

The truth is that no single theory can disentangle Hamlet. The difficulties in the case are quite peculiar. Hamlet is insane or feigns insanity through most of the play, and it is clear that insanity or its counterfeit will rob speeches of all or most of their cogency as signs of character. If the remaining material—the material we can absolutely trust—is at the same time stinted and diversified, the problem is scarcely soluble. Moreover; the Shakespearian conception of Hamlet appears to have been, in a quite exceptional degree, *unfenced*. The barrier which kept the characteristic from straying out and the uncharacteristic from slipping in was unusually weak. In a sense, this means an approximation to nature, because character, as we know it in literature, is always a convenient simplification of the facts. A character is a man made intelligible by abridgments and emendations. In Hamlet the abridging and emending process has been scanted, and the character reverts to its inherent diversity and obscurity.

The worst of theories, however, has a value, because it presents the old facts in a new grouping. And an old fact in a new relation is half new. The old theory is safe; the new is savory: and a combination of the new and the old way may, in a fashion, combine savor with safety. I proceed, therefore, without further delay, to my variation of Coleridge, which is reducible to a single sentence: Hamlet did not *lose* his mind, but *found* it, in the shock of catastrophic revelation, and in the excitement—almost the exhilaration—of that discovery, he forgot a crime and ignored a duty.

We look at the state of Denmark through the medium of the terrifying disclosures of the play, and few of us, I imagine, realize what a decent, God-fearing, edifying, and estimable little state the Shakespearian Denmark was in its own eyes and the eyes of its neighbors before the death of Hamlet's father. It was a pious, tedious, decorous, and punctilious court into which the younger Hamlet was born, a court at which Shakespeare himself would have been almost as bored as on that *Mayflower* voyage in which Matthew Arnold imagined his participation. Hamlet's father was a condensation of all the virtues, with a tendency to solemnity and verbiage which the passage to another life failed to chasten, and the imminence of cockcrow could not stem. The queen, the most ductile and pliable of women, rivaled her lord in the correctness of her sentiments. In this sober little world, even the villain of the piece, the king's brother, was bound to be pietist and pharisee, a man so confirmed in sanctimony that sanctimony followed him into crime. The sleepy little court committed its interests to the care of a brainless chancellor, and so lethargic was its routine that a change of monarchs by assassination could not shake the dotard from his place.

In this atmosphere Hamlet was born and reared, and the surprising thing, in view of his later rebellions and originalities, is the extent to which he imbibed and reproduced its life. The placidities and decorums of this seemingly impeccable court found in the young prince the most amiable, receptive, and tractable of pupils. His father was his pattern and ideal, and his mother was exalted among women. He is despatched to the sedate German school at Wittenberg. His friend and mentor at Wittenberg was Horatio, a man of undoubted ability, but so judicious and

wary that he may well have served rather as curb than spur to the active but submissive mind of his young comrade. As chums and playfellows he had picked out Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two prominent members of that class which Jane Welch Carlyle in her letters was wont to call the insipidities. Hamlet's first love affair reveals the unerring swiftness of his intuition for the obvious and the correct. His heart is granted, without reservation or parley, to the first mindless young beauty whom his eye meets in the corridors of his father's palace.

We are told in so many words that he was a model young man. He has presented the English language with two of its stereotyped phrases for the marking of a standardized perfection; he is called "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The utterance of these words by Ophelia is as illuminative as the words themselves. It is plain that the youthful Hamlet lives up meticulously, not only to conventional, but to feminine, to maidenly, standards of propriety and excellence. He is the perfect lady's perfect gentleman.

But we do not need Ophelia's testimony; listen to the young man himself. His mother urges him not to return to college. "I shall in all my best obey you, Madam," he replies with a filial decorum which Samuel Richardson or Hannah More could not have mended. Observe the nature of his objections to suicide.

> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon against self-slaughter.

He condemns the act, not because it is cowardly or simply immoral, but because it is uncanonical, unscriptural. Here is a young man in whom his catechist or confessor may rejoice. With such a person it is obviously hazardous to joke. When Horatio, his fellow-student, calls himself a truant, Hamlet solemnly *defends him against the charge.*

> I would not hear your enemy say so.

Clearly this is a young collegian who never "vext the souls of deans." We see him assiduous at lectures, methodical in his notes. Shakespeare has not forgotten to inform us that he kept a note-book. Within two minutes after his father's ghost has ended the appalling tale of the murder in the garden, the young prince is jotting down by moonlight an invaluable memorandum about the relations of

smiles to villany. Do I mean that Hamlet is a fool? Not at all. Hamlet has a strong mind, but its strength is shown at the outset in the docility and thoroughness of its assent to the propositions of its teachers. His mind as yet is unenfranchised, unawakened, unoriginal, adverse to criticism—living happily enough in a formal and specious court which had no trouble in hiding its sins from an eye incurious—or incredulous—of evil.

This peace of mind is suddenly laid waste by crushing revelations of iniquity in his next of kin. His mother, within two months of his father's death, enters into a degrading marriage which the piety of the son brands as incestuous. His uncle has murdered his father. The first of these shocks reduces him to despair; the second plunges him into a blinding, rending anguish which expresses and relieves itself by the mimicry of distraction. At this point the first act terminates.

When the curtain rises again, we ask ourselves with a shudder to what new depth of horror and distress will this soul have sunk in the progress of its terrible adventure. What we actually see, however, is a surprise, almost a scandal, to us. The Hamlet we rediscover in the second act is actually having a good time. That good time is the paradox, is almost the unravelment and elucidation, of the play. Act II, as we perceive, is rather gay upon the whole, and is imbibed by the audience with the furtive relish with which a contraband bottle of spirits might be consumed by a drinker under a dry régime. Hamlet himself, let us hasten to add, is not happy, is not even strictly cheerful, in his good time. Mr. Shaw in his prefaces is neither happy nor strictly cheerful, yet it is certain that Mr. Shaw has an excellent time in his prefaces, and Hamlet's good time is akin to Mr. Shaw's. It is the delight of the aroused, active, and capable intelligence in the freedom, the swiftness, and, let us instantly confess, the destructive efficiency of its own action. Has he lost his mind? Hamlet has *found* his mind. The intellect which had slept or idled in the demure and decorous consciousness of a being lovely, pure, noble, and moral enough to delight an Ophelia or a Goethe, has risen to self-realization, to independence, to authority. "Listen! the mighty being is awake!" The true Hamlet has come to his own. The earlier Hamlet, a mere puppet

or dummy, comparable to those servants who hold places in the theatre until the true occupants arrive, is swept aside into perpetual abeyance.

What relation has this fact to Hamlet's actual or simulated madness? I reject the notion of insanity, but I do not feel that its acceptance would subvert, or greatly compromise, my theory. Shakespeare undoubtedly held that the enlargement and the derangement of a mind might be simultaneous. The decisive illustration is King Lear. Lear's mind in the storm is unmistakably disordered, but who can be blind to the extension of activity, the influx of power, which make the mind of Lear for the moment the exact counterpart of the physical world which tempest has at once animated and convulsed? But, assuming the madness to be feigned, our immediate business is to show how far the theory of swift and sudden intellectual development adjusts itself to the pretence of madness.

Between his mother's second marriage and the visit of the Ghost, it is pretty clear that the young Hamlet has been solitary in the thronging fullness, and silent in the lavish intercourse, of the new court. He speaks in the first court scene only when he is spoken to, and the speeches are trains of monosyllables except where he regales his mother with a perfectly groomed little monograph on the thesis that sincerity in grief is possible. The transformation in the second act is marvellous. The recluse has become the centre of the court, whom the chancellor visits and revisits, whom college friends from Wittenberg seek out, to whom a band of strolling players, seeking harborage and patronage in the palace, immediately resort, on whose moods and symptoms the King and Queen in an adjoining chamber solicitously wait. Furthermore, the mute has learned the art of speech; he talks, talks with the utmost vivacity, freedom, and hardihood; leads, changes, dominates, the conversation, keeps all the interlocutors in a state of amaze, subjection, and bedevilment. Assume the birth of a mind in the interval, and the mutation is logical enough. Hamlet has, in a sense, acquired new faculties, and he moves alertly and vividly in a world refreshed by the interest of these acquisitions. Clearly, in this change of conduct, a sensitive man would be glad to protect himself from the surprise of his associates. Those who had known his correct and seemly youth would think the second Hamlet crazy. Ah,

there is the evident solution. The charter of insanity is large; why not avail one's self of the magnitude of that charter by feigning to have lost one's wits? The " wild and whirling words " after the Ghost's departure in the first act may well enough have been the natural product of the anguish of that unexampled night. Later on, their worth as an expedient, a subterfuge, a means of gaining the advantage of freedom of speech and action without incurring its responsibilities, would commend itself to a mind to which recklessness was attractive and caution indispensable.

The peculiarity of Hamlet's case lies in the fact that the supreme intellectual crisis, and the supreme moral and emotional crisis, of his life, being products of the same cause, have occurred at the same moment. What will be the result of this coincidence? If the subject is essentially an emotional and moral being, the crisis in the intellect will be subdued, dominated, submerged, by the crisis in the feelings and the conscience. Something of this kind occurs to Lear. But what if the core of the man's being be intellectual? What if he be primarily or finally a thinker? Surely the thinker will command, will utilize, will exploit, as we unfeelingly say, the sufferer and moralist. The emotional and moral stress, though never inactive and occasionally dominant, will on the whole be put back, be put aside, be instinctively relegated to a background from which, in moments of reaction and repentance, it will be ostentatiously drawn forth and restored to passing leadership. A scientist who is a good husband, but at bottom is less husband than scientist, finds his wife stricken with a remarkable and hitherto unstudied form of cancer. The behavior of Hamlet finds a close parallel in the probable experience of that investigator.

I have seen somewhere, in a source which I cannot now recover or identify, the suggestion that Hamlet's malady is not hesitation, but preoccupation. I never read, and cannot reproduce, the grounds on which this thesis was defended. But preoccupation strikes me as a very exact description of the nature of the hindrance to activity in Hamlet's case. The difficulty lies in the *general* fertility, subtlety, and diversity of his thought, not at all in any *particular* fertility, subtlety, and diversity on the subject of the murder of the king. So far from the murder's being a simple duty which the subtlety of Hamlet's mind

unduly complicates, precisely the reverse is the case. The murder is really a complex affair which the straightforwardness of Hamlet's attitude unduly simplifies. Do you tell me that he is a prey to diverse and adverse considerations on this all-important point? Will you name those considerations? You will find, I think, that they reduce themselves to two. First, Hamlet does not wish to send the king's soul to Heaven—an objection whose duration is confined to the single minute which the king spends upon his knees. Second, Hamlet wants to make sure of the Ghost's veracity by the experiment of the play, a difficulty manufactured from the start, and obsolete, by Hamlet's own confession, at the end of the play scene. On the other hand, Hamlet is quite blind to the obvious and urgent complications of the problem—the immorality of revenge (does the Everlasting forbid only *self*-slaughter?), the illegality of revenge (important surely to a future sovereign), the danger of failure, the danger of misconception of Hamlet's motive (Hamlet is heir to the crown), the danger to an invaded state from the assassination of its ruler, the mother's grief, the mother's probable exposure and disgrace. A mind to whom considerations so vital do not even occur can surely not be accused of sophistication or elaboration in its dealings with the murder. Hamlet has no will to think about the murder; he thinks of it by spasms under duress. True, the murder is always coming back to him, but a man to whom a fact must be perpetually recalled is a man with whom the fact does not willingly or naturally stay.

Hamlet, then, is not diverted from the act by thoughts about the act itself; he is distracted by other thoughts. The interests on which his mind fastens are prevailingly general or abstract. We have seen that, while he is still reeling from the concussion of the Ghost's narrative, he sets down upon his tablets a generalization about smiles and villainy. His philosophic detachment is curiously evinced in Act I, Scene IV, where he awaits the Ghost with his companions on the platform. These companions, when they awaited the Ghost in the first scene of the play, had been able to talk of nothing but the apparition; it was only after the phantom had appeared, and terror had lost the edge of novelty, that the conversation shifted to the topics of the day. But Hamlet, for whom expectation is so deeply charged, Hamlet, in a turning-point of life, is asked a casual

question about the reason for a cannon-shot. He is instantly drawn off into a long judicial appraisement of the customs of the Danes, from which he is insensibly decoyed into a treatise on the mixture of good and evil in human nature. The agnostic Horatio must have envied the impressible and credulous Hamlet his detachment. Compare the narrative of the sea-doings in Act IV, Scene II, with its curious parenthetic glance at the certainty of an overruling Providence.

The more the play advances, the more does the abstract reasoner, the disinterested or impersonal observer, emerge into clear view. Hamlet discusses suicide both in the first and third acts, but observe the difference. In Act I the problem is personal and concrete;

O! that *this* too too solid flesh would melt.

In Act III, the marrowless and colorless infinitive,

To be, or not to be: that is the question,

introduces a discussion of the impersonal or theoretic desirability of suicide. In the address to the players, " Speak the speech, I pray you", Hamlet has an urgent practical interest, the verification of the king's guilt. He has not talked two seconds before he has forgotten all about the king's guilt, and has lost himself in a dissertation on the art of acting. Observe his conduct in the graveyard. Hamlet, who, a few months before, had seen his father " quietly inurned " in all probability in that very graveyard, whose grief for that event is still visible in his garb, falls instantly into a train of general reflections the celerity of which not one glance, verbal or mental, at his personal bereavement is suffered to arrest.

The scene abounds in significance. On a skull, in a graveyard, Hamlet can reason about life and death, and in the process can forget a dead father. Note that the general reflections are prompted by an individual skull and graveyard, and that the encounter with these concrete starting-points is casual. The mind is provoked by the eye—the straying eye; the student of laws takes his hint from fortuities. Hamlet, now restless, curious, sociable, needs or at least craves an external impetus; his mind resembles those sluggish households which spring into animation at the knock of a visitor. Even his incentives to act reach him by way of outward accident. He sees a player act Hecuba. O, the sensibility, the responsiveness, of men. And I—.

He sees an army cross a plain to possess itself of a splinter of worthless territory. O, the littleness of human incentives. And I—.

The last point, though interesting, is by the way. Let us get back to the high road. Hamlet's intelligence has been vastly quickened by the shock of two unbearable discoveries. Is there any corresponding proof of a reduction in his capacity to feel? In the court scene of the first act, which occurs between the two shocks, Hamlet's feelings are unquestionably deep. Use that emotion as a test. Do phrases like " It is not, nor it cannot come to good " or " But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two " occur in the succeeding acts? Very, very rarely. The larger part of Hamlet's utterances after Act I may be classed as impersonal criticism of life, rising often into philosophy, sinking readily into persiflage. There remains a good deal of violent and feverish declamation of which vivid examples are producible in the terminal soliloquy of Act II, the closet scene, and the close of the action in the graveyard. The case for emotion in the later Hamlet depends on the weight we assign to this declamation.

First of all, it is full of that noise and vehemence which wise men have never ranked high among the indications of sincerity. On the contrary, a distrust of the genuineness of such matter ranks fairly high among the indications of wisdom. Moreover, we have the quite extraordinary advantage of a criticism of the reality of these declamations from Hamlet himself. With a frankness hardly matchable in literature, he twice virtually confesses that his prowess in diatribe is histrionic (V, I, 271-2, Furness, " I'll rant as well as thou"; see also II, 2, 558-563). It is interesting to observe that the sonorous " I loved Ophelia " occurs just twelve lines in advance of the second of these acknowledgments. In Hamlet, while real emotion undoubtedly exists, the raiment of emotion is often donned by nervous excitability. Follow step by step in Acts II and III the accumulating efforts and excitements that mark the passage of an unexampled day, and in the vehemencies of the closet scene you will find the retaliations of the organism as distinct as the wrath and trouble of the heart.

In the later acts, Hamlet's love for Ophelia rests on the dubious evidence of a single unconfined hyperbole. His love for his father is expressed with infrequency and with

temperance; the eulogy in the closet scene is strategic and forensic. What is his feeling toward his uncle? The outbursts of vilification which occur from time to time seem rather apologies for indifference than proofs of agitation. Hamlet scarcely hates his uncle. Hatred implies a certain flattery of its object which the scorn of Hamlet is reluctant to bestow. Claudius scarcely interests Hamlet. If the subject of the play be a relation between persons at all, the relation between Hamlet and Claudius is that subject. How often does Hamlet speak to his uncle? I expect the reader to break into indignant remonstrance when I assure him that, by actual count and by liberal count, Hamlet addresses Claudius only twenty-one times in the progress of the play. Ten of these twenty-one are in a short dialogue in Act IV which is never acted. On the stage, accordingly, Hamlet speaks barely eleven times to his uncle. The episodic, inattentive, contemptuous murder of Claudius—a murder which is half a slight—is one of the curiosities of literature. The stab is preceded and followed by a revelation of indifference which is itself a stab. It is interesting to ask, moreover, why the scene in which Hamlet stands with half-drawn sword behind the kneeling king, a scene which ought to be the culmination of the play, since it is the play, as usually conceived, in picturesque epitome, should move us so little in the reading, and so much less in the actual performance.

There is one fact in Hamlet's later state of mind which partly explains the blunted edge of grief and indignation. What is shocking to a philanthropist is normal for a misanthrope; Hamlet has passed from one condition to the other. A fire burns down a house. If the conflagration extends to the entire city, it is obvious that the blackened ruins of the house will stand out far less in the length and breadth of multiplied calamity than they would have done if the city had been spared. Reconstruct your world to fit an enormity, and, in a world so reconstructed, the enormity will lose much of its unexpectedness and its disgrace. The conduct of the queen and Claudius has led to a " revision downward," as people once said of the tariff, of Hamlet's early estimate of the worth of life and human nature. He condemns men in bands, in tribes, old men, young girls, courtiers; he has even a lash for humanity. Devastation has its fearful joy; the strange gayety of Hamlet is partly explicable by the exhilaration which he

finds in the sack and pillage of the ideals of the race. An irruption of Montaigne into Pascal, an uprising of La Rochefoucauld in Bossuet, might have induced a kindred effervescence.

My argument is now complete; its content may be thus recapitulated:

First, the gravity, decorum, and pietism of the Danish court.

Second, the seemingly complete impregnation of the young prince with this spirit.

Third, the dormancy or latency in the young prince of a powerful mind which nothing, up to the hour of his mother's second marriage, had freed or quickened.

Fourth, the simultaneous arrival of a profound moral and emotional convulsion and of the liberation of the intellect.

Fifth, the retreat in consciousness of the moral and emotional convulsion before what was, to an essentially intellectual being, the superior interest of the enfranchised and emergent mind.

Sixth, a resultant pre-occupation with the affairs of the mind which made concern with immediate duty uninteresting and laborious.

Seventh, a falling-off in the distinction and significance of the crimes that had shocked Hamlet through the extension and completion of the misanthropy which those crimes had bred.

Do I believe that Shakespeare really meant what I have imputed to Hamlet in the present article? Ah, what Shakespeare meant, what one secretly and genuinely believes! I had rather argue half a day in defense of a theory than face the probe of one such deadly question. A theory is an excellent strap with which to bind facts together for convenience of transport; it is an excellent shelf on which to set them forth in compact array for summary or survey. Speculation on Hamlet is inevitable. Hamlet is a mystery; he is said to illustrate the charm of mystery: but a mystery which is put aside or left alone cannot be said to fulfill its office or exert its charm. Yet at the end of speculation comes the chastening sense of the arrogance of the attempt to explain a mind like Shakespeare's on a point on which that mind has failed or declined to explain itself.

O. W. FIRKINS.

TWO VICTORIAN PORTRAITS

BY MURIEL HARRIS

LORD MORLEY was lunching at Frederic Harrison's house when the conversation turned on toothache. Lord Morley said he had never had toothache in his life. "Then *that's* why you're so great and good" was the prompt rejoinder of the woman sitting next to him.

Lord Morley's great-and-good reputation has always been accepted with singular unanimity—even by those who disagreed with him as only your peers can disagree with you. "Honest John" to the general public, he has also compelled a similar deference from his particular public. At the same time, reputations have to do with more than character. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, got the reputation of the breezy sailor chiefly by reason of his face, which was like a bull-dog's. There is a certain saintliness, a stained-glass-window suggestion, about Lord Morley's face which has corroborated the inward light. Of Frederic Harrison, now one of his few remaining contemporaries, with his masculine, forceful head, no one would say great-and-good. Great, yes. Good, yes. But not great-and-good.

At this time of general reconstruction a comparison of the lives of these two men has a peculiar aptness—perhaps a greater aptness than a similar comparison of other notable octogenarians, such as Lord Bryce, Thomas Hardy, Sir George Trevelyan. For one thing, there have been quite unusual similarities in their lives. Agreeing closely, they have differed as widely. With common sympathies, they are fundamentally apart. More perhaps than any of their contemporaries, they have influenced British thought, and their total influence has yet to be appraised. One made a religion of philosophy; the other harnessed statesmanship to literature. Together they brought into the water-tight compartments of history, statesmanship, literature, the common

factor of humanity, identifying with humanity in general the different phases of humanity in particular.

Both men were born round about a period corresponding in many ways with our own. Frederic Harrison just remembers being taken as a very little boy to Queen Victoria's coronation. Both began life during a period of history still heaving with the ground swell of the Napoleonic wars. Then, as now, spirits had been called up from the vasty deep, which people feared. Shape after shape marked the political remodelling of Europe, and liberty and repression were rapid alternations. Both men grew to manhood amid the ferment of thought that was the outcome of the long war-period. It was a time when philosophic speculation was everywhere trying to reconstruct a shattered world and reconstruct it differently. Frederic Harrison fell under the spell of Auguste Comte; John Morley under that of John Stuart Mill; both took much from the philosophy of the other, just as Mill appreciated Comte, even while, in some directions, falling foul of him.

It is as difficult to decide as is the problem of the hen and the egg whether a philosophy so influences a man as to shape him fundamentally other than he might have been, or whether, in a given philosophy, a man finds the echo of his own inarticulate convictions. Much philosophy consists in voicing what is already there, rather than in producing original material. A determination of the question would provide many a clue to character. Morley, for instance, became the rationalist, the exponent of moderation, of *how* to do a thing rather than of the doing of it. Was this tolerance learnt of the ultra-tolerant Mill, or was it perhaps in part due to a certain sensitiveness, perhaps to a certain deep-rooted loneliness, which shrank from the personal contact of the intolerant? Did Frederic Harrison's own passion for history, whether of Byzantium or of the year of our Lord, 1920, chime so perfectly with Comte's idea of synthetic history, that his conversion was there, almost before it started? Is it possible that Mill fettered and constrained Morley, whereas Comte, with all his formalism, freed and amplified Harrison? Subtracting the common ground of wide experience, scholarliness, intimate knowledge over more than half a century of everybody worth knowing, intense sympathy with France, as opposed to Carlyle's deification of brute force in Frederick, the characters of the two men are

poles asunder. That of Frederic Harrison is ardent, robust, fearless; that of Morley isolated, cautious, and fearful—in the sense of fearing to take a wrong step. I remember them both during a week-end at Frederic Harrison's country house in Kent. Both sat under the wide branches of the yew-tree on the lawn looking at the rose-walk. Harrison talked vigorously, urging, suggesting, putting his points, one leg outstretched, the other drawn up as though to anchor himself against the pull of his own vehemence. Morley sat back, listening, appraising, saying very little. They were talking of Chamberlain and the Protectionist movement, and while they were both ardent free-traders, Morley had a deep admiration for Chamberlain—the admiration perhaps of the man of thought for the man who acted at once—while Harrison thought friendship for the man compromised by the wrong-headedness of his principles. Only a year or two ago at Bath, the same attitude was evident in the two men. Although several years his senior, Frederic Harrison guided Lord Morley when they crossed the street together, and it was the older of the two who made the suggestions, raised the arguments, was the vital member of the discussion. It is something of a paradox that of the two, the less vigorous should have had most of the rough-and-tumble of political life. It was Morley who emerged from his library to take a share in the government of his country; it was Frederic Harrison who refused offers to become even member of Parliament, and whose official life was confined to a London County Councillorship under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery.

The careers of the two men were the direct result of their respective philosophies. Mill was in Parliament himself, where Gladstone called him the saint of rationalism, and, almost against his own inclinations, Lord Morley has felt that knowledge of men is not contained in books alone. His natural tendency towards reserve and isolation possibly influenced him the more towards the public life which should complete his knowledge. Frederic Harrison, on the other hand, has felt, with many other thinkers of his day, that Parliament is least helpful towards the world of ideas. Moreover, his own natural inclinations take him widely among men. His autobiography tells of his friendships with Gladstone, Tennyson, Rosebery and the rest, and to this day, when he is known as the Grand Old Man of

Bath, he finds pleasure in meeting everybody, discussing everything. The chief exponent of the religion of Humanity is himself the most human of men. During the war, when Bath became once more a fashionable centre for politicians, literary men and the like, Mr. Harrison was the centre to whom they all gravitated, foreigners and Englishmen alike—Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Mr. Raemaekers, Prince Cantacuzene. I remember how at one of the Bath tea-parties a rather foolish woman, after listening to his stories, asked him *why* he did not write his memoirs. He did not snub her, but replied mildly that he had —several times. With all the difference in their careers, therefore, Lord Morley and Frederic Harrison had this in common—each of them possessed two great interests. One was absorbed in government and literature; the other was absorbed in Positivism and literature. Perhaps each would say that their two interests were one—certainly in the case of Mr. Harrison there would be truth in this. But to the outsider—the mere reader of the lives of Chatham, Cromwell, Voltaire, of *Compromise* and of *The Meaning of History*—it is probable that literature will best represent them. It is difficult, for instance, for any but the actual friend to realize, except through literature—as opposed to more active work—the spirit moving such a personality as that of Mr. Harrison. His is the secret of eternal youth. Everything is vital to him. Dead bones live under his touch; ashes become flesh and blood. His knowledge of the past is the knowledge of seventy years from which nothing has been lost. But it is his knowledge of the present which differentiates him from his contemporaries, a knowledge enabling him to a just balancing of past and present and giving him an almost uncanny prescience with regard to the future. In 1886 he was advancing powerfully all the reasons now being giving for a self-governing Ireland. In the Franco-German war, when much sympathy was felt in England for the Germans, he foresaw the aggressive policy which culminated in the Great War, and advocated preparation at a time when it laid him open to the charge of having departed from his life-long principles. At one time strongly anti-suffragist, he again disappointed those who cannot see that other times imply other manners, by declaring himself in 1916 in favor of women's suffrage. I think it was that historic sense of his, which never stagnated but was always

renewing itself in the changing events, which enabled him to prophesy with extraordinary correctness the course of the war. In early September, 1914, when we all thought that Paris must fall, he said to me, "Paris will not fall. They will take Namur, but they will not get Paris." Seemingly pessimistic when things were less bad, he held firm all through the terrible drive of 1918, and it was not a matter of guessing, but the most living, pulsating, historical sense of the last half-century which brought him to his conclusions. It is here perhaps that he most differs from Lord Morley, whose training leads him to sober thought and consideration, the weighing of one delicate point against another, of one pungent word against one more pungent. Frederic Harrison's mind is instantly made up, just as his essays are instantly written, almost without verbal correction, in the characteristic hand of which he is proud. To him politics are history and history is politics. There is no cleavage between yesterday and today. His attitude on the Egyptian question, years ago; on the Jamaica committee when he and Morley were opposed to Ruskin, Tennyson, Carlyle; on the Boer War, brought him into the closest touch with Lord Morley. Equally he has frequently disagreed with him on matters of policy, as is perhaps inevitable on the part of the man out of office with the man in office; as is also inevitable with the man who at once knows his own mind and is not afraid to seem rash about it, with the man who is above all honest, but to whom rashness would be sheer torture. Sensitiveness is an ill-defined term. Some people are termed insensitive because they see past the lets and hindrances to the ultimate goal; some people are termed sensitive in proportion to the number of things they couldn't possibly do. It is partly a question of range, partly a question of that personal courage which, having regard all the time to public opinion, yet knows how to distinguish in it the sounder elements from the elements that merely hurt the vanity. Frederic Harrison's sensitiveness is of the long-range variety, and his courage makes him disregard not opinion but opinions. He is not in the least afraid of appearing inconsistent, and those who taunted the staunch opposer of the Boer War and Imperialism with inconsistency when he preached the German peril, can now see the independence of mind which enabled him to distinguish between the two events. His courage and vitality again enabled him to

face the Great War where others of his years could hardly bear it and sought refuge in other channels. A famous Oxford don endeavored to ignore the war altogether, would hear no talk of it; would read no newspapers. Oscar Browning in Rome devoted himself to history and Christian Science. Lord Morley wrote his *Recollections* and, after the beginning of the war, was little heard of. The strain was too great for them all except one, after the strain of a long life and many cares. Without, however, disparaging the one in order to exalt the other, it is impossible not to admire the intense vitality, the keen zest, which enabled the oldest of them all to follow the war in its every detail, to face consequences, to peer into the future undismayed, and that, in spite of heavy personal loss. Here again Frederic Harrison showed that harmony of mind which makes one history, literature, life. The writer of *The Meaning of History,* the apostle of the Comtist theory, never showed himself more at one with himself than during the years of the Great War.

Lady Morley has a protective attitude towards her husband, whether at their home in Wimbledon or in company with other people. And Lord Morley, one is aware, greatly needs this protection. Materially it shields him from noise—and there never was such a noiseless house as his—from overwork, from boredom, for of all men he least likes being bored. Spiritually it shields him from a sort of melancholy, a sort of pessimism—he would quarrel with the word—which is perhaps lack of vitality, and it strengthens him who, sensitive and conscientiously doubting, needs reassurance. The whole basis of his life within himself is in more than one sense a struggle. There is the struggle between literature and politics. There is the personal struggle between the man of letters, to whom, often, his own library most appeals, and the man of duty—also a little of ambition—who feels that the mere student must come into contact with life as it is lived. The man of letters always triumphed over the statesman, and the intellectual honesty of the writer of the lives of Burke and Rousseau —honesty which was deliberately groped for, deliberately weighed and deliberately established—was perhaps Lord Morley's greatest contribution to politics, in that it penetrated to the outer extremes of party. Yet Lord Morley ever held himself aloof. The student is ever displacing the

politician. The most delightful talker, with a charming illuminating smile, there is yet even towards his intimates an almost impenetrable reserve. Frederic Harrison might be said to live publicly in private. Lord Morley certainly lives privately in public. There are perhaps fewer photographs of him than of any statesman living. In his *Recollections* it was everywhere remarked how little clue they gave to the man himself. This austerity—austere is a word he is fond of—has grown with the years. The intellectual, deep arched eyes, the big nose, the small mouth, would have made him two or three centuries back a cardinal or archbishop—with the double opportunities for retirement and for entry into things political. Today there is no real place for him, the statesman of letters. His austerity is of a man of generous, quixotic action who has been bruised by life and who, in self-defence, has nearly shut the little gate of his inmost self, lest perchance some coarse stranger enter there.

Lord Morley is passionately fond of music. When he is listening, his face relaxes and forgets itself. It relaxes similarly when he is talking to young people—especially young people who want to know. Naturally he has a warm impulsive humor, which he has curbed on the principle of toleration. A warm impulsive temper is never really very tolerant at bottom, but here it is balanced by his intellectual justice, by the need of freedom to see clearly, and further, by the secretiveness with which he guards his inner life. Always he is urging judgment, free from personal and popular prejudice. Always he urges an attitude which regards the constructive work of a man as a whole and disregards the pettinesses which accompany the actions even of the greatest. Probably it is no more possible to disregard the pettinesses than any other part of the human outfit—indeed it is a commonplace that when people die, we often miss them more for their little tiresomenesses—which incidentally make them akin to us—than for their great and shining virtues. There is nothing like a little darkness for helping the normal individual to see the light. And Lord Morley, fortunately, is less tolerant in practice than in theory. To men with causes at heart, however tiresome, he has always been ready to give a hearing. In the same way he is impervious to those in whom he detects insincerity or curiosity and makes no bones at all about showing that he is bored.

The Napoleonic Wars ended the aristocratic epoch in England and brought about government by the middle classes. The Great War has ended the reign of the middle classes and is bringing about government by Labor. This is not to say that aristocrat and middle classes still do not govern. But their ideas no longer govern. Frederic Harrison and Lord Morley represent the flower of middle-class government, whether in practice or in theory. With wholehearted disinterestedness, with complete absence of the materialism born of Mid-Victorian prosperity, with never-failing courage, they not only entered their protest against injustice and oppression, but they furthered the construction of an ideal by which man might live. Sanity, rationalism, moderation—perhaps *laisser-aller* in government according to Mill—is Morley's contribution to his epoch; duty, hope, the treasure-house of the past and a goal for the future is that of Frederic Harrison.

MURIEL HARRIS.

THE DRIFTWOOD HARP

BY WINIFRED WELLES

It was a peaceful world we knew,
Small as a green bowl under the blue
Filmy circle of five hills—

We had
Little wisdom to make us sad.
Dreams fared no further than the rim
Of the horizon and there grew dim
With day, and their fire would slide
Back into dark on the home side.

Save for the shudder a lizard breeze
Drew now and then from tall palm trees,
All life and all leafage dreamed.
Deep in the ferns the houses gleamed
With sleepy, tousled roofs, and seemed
Less like graceless shelters and more
The backgrounds for each open door,
Where groping babes grew brown as roots,
And nodding, old men dried like fruits,
And women yawned in the still sun
Over bright weaving that never was done.

In that little land of great content,
No one hour struck, no high event
Clattered or billowed along the way
Tomorrow took from yesterday.
Dawn slanted into the same twilight
Over and over.

There was no white,
Wonderful weariness to keep
Men from their usual, gradual sleep,
No loneliness, no smiting mood,
Nor any hunger, save for food.

Now here I grew, and here grew
My strange driftwood harp too,

Shaped like a fanciful, flying wing,
Of dark wood and bright string,
A beautiful though battered thing,
That never the softest breath stirred
But through its gold bones still was heard
The sorrow of a great, lost bird.

And when I played it I would kneel,
For when I touched it I could feel
Under my hands the sting and start
Of a naked, living, bleeding heart.

There was a mystery in my song,
Its trouble and beauty did not belong
To any thing that I had seen.
There were no words for the near, green
Snarled reality under my eyes,
No monotone for those smooth skies;
But rhythm out of the harp would be
Sucked up and broken over me;
And drenched and breathlessly my cries
Up from the fragments would arise
In love of a longing I named the sea!

But none who heard me understood
Nor seemed to find my singing good.
They told me only a mad fool
Could conjure up this crinkled, cool,
Level mirage and claim it true,
When anyone could see that blue
Was taut and brazen like the sky,
Or a hill, immovable and high
While water certainly stood sweet
Green in a circle at one's feet,
Or narrowed from rocks in white strips.
And as for whims like shells or ships—
They turned away and curled their lips!

Who would have dreamed that the king's son
Would be the first enkindled one
To listen and long, and wave his hand,
And turn his face from his father's land?
Then youth and youth flamed after him
To the dark height and over its rim,
Like star after vanishing star,
Till they wore a path as white as a scar!

Oh long and long the old men yearned
But the young men never returned—
So they cut off my hands and tongue and burned
My harp. The tall, straight strings

Raveled and shriveled to thin black rings,
And the multicolored skeins of fire
That twisted up from the grey pyre,
Were the stained swords that put out my sight
Forever—
I had no light
For the king's son when he came home,
But his stinging words were a glitter of foam
On my bleak silence, his swift wrath
Sped in a golden, arrowy path
Over my waste—
And what I had grieved
And gladdened and died for they all believed
At last.

When the king's son was through
Giving the truth to my dreams, he drew
From his silver robe a carved, blue
Vessel of water, that those who still
Were in doubt could sip to their fill.
Mists of song I had spread for their drouth,
But a little, bitter taste in the mouth
Was their first drink of faith.

They sighed
Over the dust of my harp and tried
To find the strings, but the king's son cried
For my own wounds, and carried me
Over the hill to the healing sea.

WINIFRED WELLES.

A GARGOYLE IN FLANDERS

BY THEDA KENYON

When he who dared to dream of God's white face,
  And carve it into stone,
Had finished, to surround his imagery,
A choir of angels, singing tirelessly,
And raised (as some new maker of high Heaven)
The whole, within this place—
The truer, baser nature of the man
Longed for an earth form—and my life began. . . .

A bitter visaged gargoyle in a court
Looking forever with one jaded eye
Upon man's mad procession, passing by—
Gathering new impressions, day by day,
Storing them all away:
A fragile treasury of dreams and tears,
And gentle-wingèd hopes—and dark-eyed fears:
I whisper them to sunbeams that caress
  My age-cramped, bent-limbed form;
And rambling roses, reaching up to bless
  My grief, through sun and storm. . . .

And far beneath, I watched the Pilgrims pass,
  In penitential row;
Their pale, pure candles pointing to the sky,
  Their meek eyes fixed upon the earth below—
Their incense, veiling all in mystery,
  Offered to that hard-visaged marble God!

Then, when the little group had turned away,
Their sabots clicking on the cobblestones
  In sharp rebuke to sunset silences—
And the cold, lofty God whom they had praised
Stared stonily, unmoved by their now fading mass. . . .

Then, I knew the crash of battle, and the beating of the drum,
  The screams of fallen wounded, and the high-flung Marseillaise,
The prayers of men now dying—as they have died through the years,
  The daring of the desperate, and the hollow word of praise—

And that pale marble face we knew as God's
  Has fallen—crushed white marble—in the court;
The bleak-eyed angels ceased their silent songs
  Long ere the last great Armageddon fought
    Should sink into the splendor of the day—
And I—the lowliest of the company—
Reign undisturbed, in ugly majesty.

Are there no Gods that dare outlive the glow
  Of sacrificial fire?
The sunbeam answers no—
Apollo and his cult passed long ago—
And thus the dim array of lesser Gods must go.

But wait—lo, reaching higher,
  The rambler roses blow,
Their thorns a-tremble as they dare aspire,
  And, blood-red drops on the grey wall, they grow
In crimson splendor like a living pyre—
  They hear the poppies in the fields below,
  Chanting in tireless ecstasy, and so
Though the most transient children of Desire,
They plumb the mysteries we tirelessly admire,
  And in their moment's life, they dare—to know!

For a new company throngs through the place—
  A stranger group, with bodies maimed like mine—
  But their deep eyes are lit with light divine,
Their shattered limbs quiver with new-found grace;
And Holiness now steals within the court,
  Soft-footed as a young girl's twilit prayer—
And wraps the reverent-headed company
  In deep benevolent blessing, kneeling there!

THEDA KENYON.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

NEVER before did rival candidates for the Presidency so shrewdly characterize each other as did Senator Harding and Governor Cox; and never did they so promptly and completely confirm the estimates that had been made of them. "He is sincere," said Governor Cox of Senator Harding, on learning of his nomination. "He is smart," said Senator Harding of Governor Cox in the same circumstances. Those identical estimates were a thousand times repeated and elaborated, in reference to the speeches of acceptance. There were many—outside of his own party—who disagreed with Senator Harding, but there was not one who challenged the absolute sincerity of his utterances. Indeed, not a few went out of their way to pay him that highest of all tributes. That of Mr. Mark Sullivan in the New York *Evening Post* deserves repetition, because of the high authority of its author and of his indubitable impartiality:

> You felt sure he had determined that there should be no false pretences. . . . One felt sure that the country would see the sincerity in his speech; certainly the audience did. . . . His greatest wish seemed to be that the country should understand his attitude clearly. There was not at any point the faintest evidence of straddle or of framing his utterances as an appeal to popularity. . . . There were plenty of points with which the Democrats can take issue, but not anywhere was there a sentence that could be charged with disingenuousness.

The general comment upon Governor Cox's speech was that it was adroit, shrewd, smart; and there was the widest diversity of opinion as to precisely what he meant. Upon the one outstanding issue, however, he was explicit in spite of himself. That was, of course, the League of Nations. Upon that the writer whom we have already quoted declared that Senator Harding was "clear and unequivocal," as indeed he was: for American coöperation with other nations for the maintenance of peace on a basis of justice, to the

fullest degree compatible with American independence and integrity, but resolutely against President Wilson's Covenant save with thoroughly effective reservations. Now Mr. Sullivan says that in Governor Cox's treatment of that same subject "there was no shirking:"

> The point that struck you as you listened was the completeness of Governor Cox's identity with Wilson's position. . . . It seemed as if he were really trying to put himself squarely in Mr. Wilson's shoes.

So then is the issue joined by the two candidates in their own deliberate words. The sincere Senator Harding is for an association of the nations for the maintenance of peace, on terms compatible with American nationality. The smart Governor Cox is for the Smuts-Cecil-Wilson denationalizing Covenant, without the dotting of an *i* or crossing of a *t*. Upon that issue the nation will welcome the "great and solemn referendum" which the President has invoked.

The Bolshevist conquest of Poland has, as we write, been pushed almost to completion, through the indifference, irresolution, and division of counsels on the part of the Allies which we must regard as quite incomprehensible. France, indeed, appears to have had clarity of vision and steadiness of purpose. But she was restrained by the unreadiness of Great Britain and Italy, particularly of the former. Having knowledge of the Bolshevist invasion of Persia with the avowed purpose of fomenting a Mohammedan uprising against British rule in India, the British Government has persisted in refusing to regard the Soviet Government as an enemy, and in negotiating for trade relations with it which would confessedly be tantamount to political recognition. Its best advice to Poland was to seek peace through direct negotiations with Soviet Russia; that is, to make terms with a Government which respects no promise it has given, and which declined to enter into an armistice because it would be unable to control its own troops. That the United States is not, through the bonds of a Covenanted League, made a participant in this shameful policy, is cause for profound thankfulness.

The recent granting of a substantial increase of wages and salaries to railroad employees has been followed with

the awarding to the roads of a large increase in freight and passenger rates. Of the justice and of the imperative need of this there can be no question. Before the war, for years, the roads had been systematically starved, and it was on that account that many of them were so ill-equipped to meet the greatly increased demands of war times. The Government, of course, made good from the pockets of taxpayers the vast deficits which occurred during its period of operation. The roads themselves could not do that, wherefore it was necessary to make provision for an increase of their normal revenue. The higher rates will not provide funds for the great works of betterment which are imperatively needed, but will merely cause revenue to balance the operating expenses. With such a balance, plus a reasonable dividend on stock and interest on bonds assured, however, the roads will be enabled to borrow whatever is needed for new tracks and equipment, as they could not possibly have done without it. Since the roads fully realize that it is now incumbent upon them to justify private ownership by rehabilitating the service which the Government so grossly demoralized, we may expect in the next few months to see some hundreds of millions expended in permanent improvement of the transportation system. As for the increased cost to travellers and shippers, it will hardly be welcomed, but neither will it be seriously demurred to; for the public will realize that it is unavoidable.

Without too effusively emulating the late Mark Tapley, we must regard the outlook in Mexico as distinctly improving. A greater degree of tranquillity prevails than the country has known since the reign of Porfirio Diaz. The recent elections were conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner, and it is probable that to a larger extent than usual the people actually cast ballots and had them fairly counted. The result was, as might have been expected and as was to be desired, in favor of General Obregon and his partisans, and it appears to be generally accepted without protest or demur. The spectacle of Francisco Villa "coming in," promising to "be good," and asking for text-books and schools and teachers instead of for carbines and cartridges, was one of the most dramatic in recent Mexican history, and one of the most significant. American interest, apart from that which is purely humane, is chiefly confined to the

observance of law along the border, and the safeguarding of the lives and property rights of Americans in Mexico; in both of which directions a betterment is to be noted. While abating not one jot nor tittle of our just claims, it will be wise to exercise a certain degree of patience, so long as the Mexican Government evinces a sincere and active purpose to do right. It must be remembered that abuses as gross as those which have grown up under seven years of "watchful waiting" are not to be corrected in a day. If these principles are frankly and practically recognized, it may be that we shall see henceforth a new and better era for Mexico, both in her domestic affairs and in her relations with the United States.

There appears to be a lull in the zeal of some of the inquisitors into the amount and origin of party campaign funds; for reasons which, in some cases, are not difficult to surmise. The Republican managers have announced, and appear to be faithfully carrying out, the policy of seeking small contributions from a great number of persons, and of accepting none from anybody above a fixed and decidedly moderate maximum; an ideal plan, which ought to result in ample funds, and the fulfilment of which would surely place the party's campaign fund above reproach and suspicion.

The Democratic managers, on the other hand, decline to place any limit upon the size of contributions which they will accept, but are ready to take any money that comes along, be it counted by units or by millions. At the same time, Governor Cox refers to "the fabulous contributions to the present Republican campaign fund, sufficient to stagger the sensibilities of the nation"; and even Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, despite his former enviable reputation for common sense, professes to "know for a fact" that in his home county the Republicans are raising a fund which, if carried uniformly throughout the country, would mean a total of $33,000,000.

We should think that in such circumstances Messrs. Cox and Roosevelt would insist upon the inquest into campaign funds being kept in high gear, and would lay before the inquisitors the damning facts of which their minds appear to be the sole repositories.

The fourteenth competition for the America's Cup had the same result as all its predecessors had, and the coveted trophy remains, after threescore years and ten, save one, in American possession. The contest was however, the least satisfactory of all the long series. There was, it is true, none of the more or less acrimonious controversy which arose over the races of 1871 and 1895. Both contestants professed to be perfectly satisfied. But the public and, we believe, yachtsmen generally, were profoundly dissatisfied, not with the result of the contest but with the manner in which it was attained. What the public would like to see, if it is to retain its interest in these matches, and what the sport of yachting needs for the furtherance of its true welfare, is that, instead of drifting matches between fragile freak racing machines, the result of which is decided by luck in getting into currents of the tide or by catching stray flaws of wind, or by mathematical computation of time allowances, there shall be contests between real, practical yachts, in conditions of weather which shall afford tests of genuine seamanship and shall give the boats equal chances independent of luck. Drifting in an oily tideway gives no thrills and tables of logarithms inspire no enthusiasm.

The Party of the Forty-Eight has resolved itself not into quite forty-eight, but certainly into a number of separate and bitterly antagonistic factions, some of them hating and denouncing the others even more than they do the two great parties. This was not in the least surprising, since the original conclave had within itself potent elements of conflict and dissolution. Whether it will discourage the inclination to organize " third parties "—or thirteenth, or thirty-third—may be doubted. The number of such fly-by-night movements in the history of American politics is legion, and it has generally increased in like ratio with their futility. A contrary tendency was observed in the recent German elections, and was, strangely enough, deplored by some American commentators who should have known better. We can think of nothing in party organization that would be of better omen for Germany—it has been an unspeakable blessing for France—than for the dozen or more petty factions to disappear and to gravitate to the right and to the left, so as to form two great parties, Liberal and Conservative. That would assure a stability of government and an

efficiency of constructive statemanship which are not to be expected where the Cabinet has to depend for support upon the unstable equilibrium of a duodecimal coalition.

The plague and typhus are both at our doors. Indeed, they have actually crossed the threshold and gained a footing within. We do not expect any serious epidemic of either. But it would be folly not to recognize the seriousness of the danger, and to realize that appalling disaster is to be averted only by prompt, vigorous and unsparing measures of defence. In the case of typhus, which is the more difficult to handle, the utmost vigilance should obviously be exercised over all immigration, directly or indirectly, from the European lands which it is now scourging. Frankly, it would be better to exclude two healthy immigrants than to admit one who is diseased. As for the plague, the most effective means of combating it is through extermination of rats. It is well, of course, to employ all possible precautions against the landing of rats from shipboard, as is now being done at New York and other ports, though no such precautions can be regarded as infallible. It would be far better to institute and to press remorselessly a nation-wide campaign for the extermination of one of the most pernicious and offensive of all created animals. Some kinds of snakes, owls, hawks, and even crows, render so important services to mankind that the wisdom of destroying them may well be challenged. But the rat is entirely evil. Some time ago the Government estimated the yearly cost of rats in the United States that is, the value of the food and other goods which they destroyed, at $200,000,000. That was probably an under- rather than an over-estimate, seeing that now the official estimate is made that in Porto Rico there are 2,500,000 rats, or two to each person, and that the creatures cost six dollars apiece yearly. If there are proportionately as many rats in the United States, and if they are as destructive and therefore as costly, it follows that our yearly rat bill is something like a billion and a quarter dollars. But even at the low figure of $200,000,000, it is obvious that even if it cost several million dollars to do it, it would be a thrifty and economical job to get rid of the vermin; to say nothing of the immense sanitary value of the achievement.

One of the few remaining historical figures of what we

may call the old order of affairs passed away in the death of the former Empress Eugénie. With a single obvious exception she had the most brilliant and most influential career of all crown-wearing women of the nineteenth century. It was also one of the most tragic of careers, though in that respect it was surpassed by several others; notably by that of that hapless unintended victim of Eugénie's ambition who still lingers in a living death. Although bereft of crown, of husband and of son Eugénie had the consolation of years of peace and quiet, and of the regained respect and sympathy of the public from which she had once been a hunted fugitive.

Turkish obstinacy has had a fitting result, in the penalty of having the best parts of the remnant of the empire turned over to the Ottoman's traditional foe. There is, moreover, something more than poetic justice in Greek possession of Thrace and Asia Minor. Those territories could be awarded to no other Power whose possession of them would be so auspicious of good. To assign them to one of the Great Powers would be to arouse jealousies and enmities. There can be no such objection to Greek ownership; nor could any other Power, great or small, more readily improve those neglected estates and make them once more the rich regions that they were of old. The thrift, the energy, the enterprise, of the modern Greeks are unsurpassed among the nations of Europe and their application to the provinces which the Turk has misused will be full of high promise for them and for the world.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By David Jayne Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In the midst of a political campaign involving a question of basic principles, world-wide in its importance, what the conscientious and thoughtful citizen craves is not mere controversy, not mere neutral discussion of facts and comparison of points of view, but argument on a high level. What we should like to have just now, if possible, is something comparable to the Lincoln-Dougles debates. For it is through really high-minded argument that the fundamental issues are made plain. In a democracy, that man who clearly defines the issues of any great question and thereby enables the people to see how the question is related to their real aims, their deepest desires, their firmest convictions, performs the highest intellectual service.

One of Samuel Butler's profound remarks is to the effect that men are not really convinced by argument, but rather by the mere statement of views. There is at least this much truth in the dictum: that the determination of the real nature of a problem is half the battle, and commonly the more important half. It frequently happens that arguments, far from compelling assent in themselves, are chiefly valuable as explaining and illustrating the "theory of the case." In such an event, the conclusion may lie a long way off; so that an immediate decision, if required, can be made only on grounds of faith, or probability, or "moral certainty." On the other hand, the conclusion may lie very near, so near that no one can escape it, the *facts* speaking for themselves, once the issues are made plain.

To many readers, Dr. Hill's conclusion will seem to have been proved beyond the possibility of further argument. Others, no doubt, will find arguments to urge against it. But no one can righteously quarrel with the author's analysis of the question, or find fault with his discussion on the ground of inadequacy or unfairness. To say, then, that the book is clarifying, enlightening, high-minded, and therefore of a value far transcending that of most political discussions, is only to make a legitimate critical pronouncement.

The real issue, as Dr. Hill sees it, is simply this: "Is our support of what has been proposed in the Covenant of the League of Nations so important to the rest of the world that our most earnest aims as a people and our most sacred sense of national responsibility may be treated with indifference?" If the League is really the hope of the world, if without it the world must sink into anarchy, then, no doubt, it is our duty to accept the covenant, at whatever sacrifice to ourselves,

even without the change of a comma. We could rightly merge our nationality into a super-government or Federation of the World, provided we surely knew that the result would be a vast gain in peace and justice. But we may not do this at the cost of those principles upon which peace and justice finally depend; for if we do, we shall not only waste our energies in an effort doomed to failure because it is compromised from the start, but we shall prove false to our peculiar mission as a nation, with consequent loss, serious beyond computation, to ourselves and to mankind at large.

The greatness of America, its unity, its virility, its potency, and its power to help others by act and by thought, are due to the fact that the nation is founded upon principles of law and upon the guarantees of individual rights under the law. "That is our great contribution to civilization." But this conception of law is just what we are now invited to surrender. For the League is by its very nature and constitution a league not of law, but of power, and already the smaller and weaker nations are wholly disillusioned as to its operations and results.

Exercising a gift of insight into large problems of human conduct that is considerably rarer and far more valuable than the mere ability to draw fine distinctions in controversy. Dr. Hill sums up the philosophy of the matter in a notable passage: "Whatever may be held regarding the authority of 'Natural Rights,' there are certain fundamental claims to just treatment and to strong protection, so clear, so urgent, and so indisputable in their outcry for recognition and security, that the undertone of their pleading runs through all the free expressions of the human mind since thought began to be recorded." Here surely is one of those sayings which more than half convinces by the mere statement—a really great generalization. And it is the key to the whole argument. America embodies this idea in its fundamental law, and the same principle must be the foundation of our foreign policy.

Foreign policy, at present, we have none, because of a deadlock brought about by disregard or misapplication of the principles of our government. What our policy should be is indicated by our history and our beliefs. America, if she is consistent with herself, must favor a further development of the conception of fundamental law in international affairs. "The central purpose of the United States . . . should be the continuance of an Entente of Free Nations aiming at peace through justice. In such an association," declares Dr. Hill, "the United States may well participate, and *the effect of the reservations which the Senate has proposed as a condition of accepting the Treaty of Versailles is, in reality, to transform a military alliance into such an entente.*"

The reservations should be clearly stated and formally adopted. Every other nation that has entered the League has obviously done so with mental exceptions. To declare our own reservations in clear, downright fashion would be the course most in accord with the American theory and practice of diplomacy. Moreover, in doing this we should neither reveal selfish motives nor make a shameful confession of cowardice: we should simply be defining our conception of right and justice as applied to nations.

Dr. Hill's book is not only an acute and well-informed analysis

of what the League means and is, and of what the President and the Senate have intended and done, but also, and especially, a powerful lay sermon on the old truth that it is never right to do evil that good may come.

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In general spirit and point-of-view, Mr. Kahn's book may be characterized as soundly optimistic. It is the expression of a mind neither "stand-pat" nor "radical." If we must have a label for Mr. Kahn, we may call him moderately progressive or moderately conservative, according to our individual notions of what description best fits a sound and sensible optimism.

In reality, Mr. Kahn's basic idea seems to be that the universe and society, while far from perfect, are, so to speak, right in principle, and hence that the way of progress is not to ignore laws of nature and of human nature, but to work with them. We do not, indeed, live in "the best of all possible worlds," or if we do, it is not easy to prove the fact; but we do live in a world that admits of both happiness and progress. A disposition to deny this truth (*pace* the many ambiguous definitions of "progress") is generally the mark of intellectual morbidity.

Mr. Kahn's philosophy is, no doubt, precisely what one would expect of a large-minded and successful man; and by the same token, it is a good philosophy. Of late years, there has grown a strong tendency to suppose that the ideas of the *unsuccessful* man are the more likely to be right; to lay undue stress upon the point-of-view of the "under dog." No doubt, a spirit of fairness underlies this illogical assumption, but it is none the less illogical. The mere fact that a person or a class has got the worst of it in the struggle for existence does not entitle the views of that person or that class to uncritical acceptance. On the contrary, without denying the value to the world of the idealist who is ahead of his time, and without underestimating the contribution of the philosopher who lives in a garret (despite his want of actual contact with life), one may reasonably hold that a really large-minded and honest man, who has succeeded on a great scale, is best fitted to "see life steadily and see it whole."

Human nature in America, as Mr. Kahn very acutely and realistically sees its manifestations in business, in government, and in art, is "not perfect, but perfecting." America is a good place to live in because when one really knows the conditions and the men, one sees that neither are fundamentally bad, and that both are improving without radical change. The law of competition is not an immoral law. On the contrary, competition is a necessary and wholesome law in human development. Civilization could not have been achieved and cannot at present advance without the effort of individual men to rise above their fellows. This effort may become more and more altruistic; already the severity of the struggle for existence is being mitigated; equality before the law, we have, and equality of opportunity is becoming more and more of a reality. But we cannot make progress by sudden leaps. To preach the doctrine that the present *stage* of evolution in business is necessary and permanent is merely to voice the cant of

"capitalism" and "conservatism" or to prove one's inability to think beyond the ideas of the old "Manchester School" of economists. But to discard evolution itself is another matter. In all our progress we must keep to evolutionary lines as determined by general laws so far as we apprehend them.

Such in outline appears to be Mr. Kahn's philosophy. It was because he understood these fundamental ideas, and because, despite mistakes, he consistently applied them, that Theodore Roosevelt (upon whom the author has an appreciative chapter) was a great statesman. Roosevelt, with some exceptions, appealed straight to the sober reason and sound instincts of the American people. This book of Mr. Kahn's unpretentiously makes the same appeal.

The author's point-of-view applies most directly, of course, to business and government and their mutual relations. These are things, believes Mr. Kahn, that we must realistically grasp, before we begin to theorize about them. We must take them as we find them. Society, business, government, are vast systems of inter-relations that have come to be what they are through the operation of causes which we can now neither nullify nor ignore. They are well in their present estate, but they can be improved if only "we do not go too far or too fast." Our scheme of *government regulation* of the railroads, for example, is, conceivably, justifiable: neither unrestricted private control, nor government ownership or operation is necessary or good. It is only the application of this idea of regulation—an application glaringly faulty, for causes which the author points out with brilliant clearness—that gets us into intolerable difficulties. Much the same is true of our system of taxation. The *principle* that those who have most should pay most is sound and just. The application in our income taxes, notably, and in our inheritance taxes, is such as to defeat the principle. We have been going too far and too fast, with the result that we have ignored the very nature of business organization, and have produced effects the opposite of what was designed. A striking result of faulty taxation has been the discouragement of thrift.

Just as in political economy it would be a gross error to maintain that what has been must be, so in art and kindred subjects, it is folly to suppose that the American people must remain just what certain conditions have tended to make them in the past—materialistic and insensitive. Quite as absurd, of course, would be the supposition that they must hastily and at once develop a new and characteristic form of art. Results come not through radical new movements or schemes of uplift, but through evolution and through the co-operation of thought in evolution. As Mr. Kahn makes clear in that interesting part of his book which treats of art in relation to the life of the American people, the best that we can do, and all that we ought to do, is to provide opportunity for free development of taste and talent. And this is enough. There is no reason why the evolution of American art should not be as vigorous and rapid as the growth of American civilization in other respects has been. We are not an exclusively businesslike people. We possess possibilities of other kinds, not fully developed but developing. "I have known them" [American audiences], writes the author, "to make the judicious grieve by mistaking sentimentalism for feeling, rant-

ing for passion, exaggeration for wit, tawdry tinsel for beauty. But while many things which seemed to me little better than rubbish have succeeded, I have never known the truly good to fail."

Thus, in more ways than one, America is a good place to live in.

Our war experience seems to have had the effect of stimulating men of large experience and practical wisdom to write and speak in a spirit of helpfulness and impartial truthfulness. The book under consideration is an uncommonly good example of what may be accomplished through the working of such a spirit. Upon Mr. Kahn's mastery of the special topics with which he deals, there is no need to enlarge.

PATRIOTISM AND POPULAR EDUCATION. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

One's principle feeling, as one begins to read Mr. Jones's vigorous exposition of the Law and the Prophets, is a hope that the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the British Board of Education (to whom the book is addressed in the form of an open letter) has a sense of humor. Without a sense of humor, one could forgive the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher for being somewhat annoyed by Mr. Jones's prophetic discourse—for in this book, Mr. Jones appears quite frankly as a prophet in the best Hebrew sense of the word. No one can read the Old Testament attentively without being impressed with the fact that the prophets, right in principle as they always were, did not help the kings of Israel and Judah to solve intricate political problems, and that the kings were in consequence often annoyed by the embarrassing position in which they were placed before the public. Only a sense of humor, not often possessed by a Hebrew potentate, could have saved him from such annoyance. And so one hopes and prays that the Hon. H. A. L. Fisher has a sense of humor at least equal to that of Mr. Jones—which is asking a good deal. Indications that such is the case ought to be welcomed as a sign that the British educational problem is about to be solved as wisely and satisfactorily as is humanly possible.

The American reader, however, has rather little direct interest in the alleged eccentricities of the New British Education Bill—in the extent to which this bill is tainted with loose thinking and demagogic error. The question that interests us primarily as Americans is, How far do Mr. Jones's criticisms apply to *us?*

Unless one is misled by national egoism, there is not very much in Mr. Jones's analysis of British educational policy that bears directly and helpfully on American problems. Perhaps we do, as Mr. Jones says his countrymen are planning to do, try to educate *too much*—to teach too much to those who cannot learn or cannot really profit by what they learn. But we cannot be fairly accused of forcing Cicero upon the reluctant or unappreciative pupil—the sin of British educators which seems to Mr. Jones to exemplify all that is wrong in education. We have practically got rid of Greek in our high schools and in our smaller colleges, and we are getting rid of Latin with doubtless praiseworthy celerity. There has been of late a great post-haste and rummage in the land over this and kindred matters, and it has had notable results. In no long time it may be necessary for us to teach English grammar (that pedantic relic of medievalism) in college, if

it is to be taught at all; and it may even be said that the teaching of spelling, so far as this subject is technical and barbarously abstract, is no longer being done with harmful thoroughness: for instance, most pupils have so little knowledge of the Latin roots that "*pre*haps" seems to them just as good as *perhaps*—as, according to a broad and enlightened theory, it undoubtedly is. And so Mr. Jones cannot accuse *us,* at any rate, of spoiling good carpenters by teaching them "*Quo usque tandem . . .*" and boring them generally with Cicero's political platitudes and oratorical fireworks. Whether we do or do not spoil potentially good thinkers by teaching them fine sewing and how not to study, is of course another question.

It is somewhat glaringly manifest that here in America we dilute education by the process which Mr. Jones describes as operative, or about to become operative, in Great Britain. When the present writer was a boy, he never could decide how far it paid to dilute lemonade in order to obtain a large quantity of that wholesome and refreshing beverage. You could dilute it to almost any extent, and you could still call it lemonade, and it would still taste somewhat like lemonade. The same holds true of education: you can dilute it a great deal without noticing any great immediate difference in the results—it still *tastes* like education, so to speak, and satisfies the average thirst for knowledge. But certainly, as the writer found out in his lemonade experiments, you can dilute things too much.

It is too bad that the principle of Hahnemann does not hold good in education. Then, the more you diluted the educational dose the greater would be the effect. That would be an ideal solution; but unfortunately it is not a true one: education does not work that way. And so we have to face the problem of undue dilution. At present we are educating a large number of boys and girls superficially and then giving them commensurately small compensation to educate a greater number of other boys and girls still more superficially. It is a profound and simple truth, too often neglected, that the effort to educate everybody is always liable to break down through lack of teachers.

But we cannot remedy this state of affairs so easily as a careless reader of Mr. Jones's discussion might be led to think. In a democracy we insist upon equality of opportunity as one of our first principles. No doubt, through our insistence upon this, we sacrifice efficiency in education as in other matters; yet we think we are wise. And in America we have found it true in a rough general way that if we teach anybody anything, we must be prepared to teach everybody everything.

That is about what we try to do; we do not try to grind every one through the same educational mill. And so the only way in which Mr. Jones's criticism justly applies to us is that, because of competition among our colleges, our Deans and Presidents do, every year, lead into their institutions rather too many reluctant or unprepared students with the rope of persuasion or propaganda about their necks.

But there is another aspect of the matter. Just what *is* "general education"? Mr. Jones defines it, in effect, as the teaching of what everybody ought to know in order to be good and happy, and of what each individual needs to know in order to do good work. This is sound

enough, yet it takes us only a very little way towards the solution of our educational problems.

Upon Mr. Jones's working-out of this thesis may be passed the criticism noted in American popular legend that it is "all right so far as it goes, but it goes too far." When you come to inquire what enters into Mr. Jones's idea of popular education, you find that the principal ingredients seem to be good carpentry, and appreciation of Shakespeare, and the Ten Commandments.

Without querying whether a society that produced good carpentry, appreciated Shakespeare, and obeyed the Ten Commandments, would, if drilled systematically in just these things, be sufficiently progressive, one may inquire whether Mr. Jones's idea is, from a purely educational point-of-view, wholly practical.

There is no more hopeless proposition in education than the teaching of the Ten Commandments. In fact the proposal to teach them resolves itself into reasoning in a circle. How shall we educate people? By making them good. How shall we make them good? By educating them.

The Ten Commandments are brief abstracts of life; they are the last things that one gets really to understand. They must be taught not by the school alone (and only incidentally by the school), but by life itself, by the home, by the church, by the government, by the San Francisco earthquake, by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. If all these things cannot teach us, then we shall simply go to the bad, or to the devil, or what you please. Education as a special interest cannot save us.

Mr. Jones has an inkling of the fact that the church ought to have something to say about the question he is discussing; but his answer to this thought as an objection to his general point of view is merely satirical.

"It may again be urged," writes Mr. Jones, "that this is a matter for the parsons. But surely it is unfair to put this important educational work upon the shoulders of the parsons, overburdened as they already are with their gigantic task of reconciling their different systems of theology amongst themselves, and of making them credible to our intelligence. When they have accomplished this stupendous work, it will be time to ask for their help in rescuing the Commandments from disuse and neglect."

Mr. Jones's satire, here and elsewhere, is keen and enjoyable, for it is satire of the right sort, satire backed by a Biblical and Shakesperian earnestness of feeling. A true satirist ought to be as serious and as literal as Pope and as humorous as Mark Twain; and Mr. Jones occasionally approaches this unattainable ideal—witness his comments upon Mr. H. G. Wells's internationalism.

Upon the general question of patriotism *vs.* internationalism, Mr. Jones, be it said, writes like a real prophet. He adopts the Mazzinian conception: that each nation as a separate and very precious living being should work out its own destiny in harmony with and for the benefit of all other nations. With the sincerity of a deep and richly cultivated nature he protests against the weakening of national character in the interests of a loose and unreal internationalism, and defends the

instinct of true patriotism with its full consequences, including universal military training.

Yet when all is said, though the author has expressed his whole nature and his best convictions throughout this book, his penetration and his intellectual contributions are best illustrated by a certain passage that he has written about the Bible:

"There are some people who do not read the Bible. These are, of all men, the most to be pitied. For that bundle of strange old Hebrew books, for all their grotesque, misleading theology, their frequent contradictions, their childish science, their doubtful history, their monstrous fables and miracles, their occasional passages of shocking immorality—for all these faults and errors, these strange Hebrew books do yet show the way of life, if we will but plant our feet discerningly upon their precepts. Their rules of conduct make the beaten highway of mankind."

Here is one of those minimal truths that men may live by, a truth carved out of old and intractable material, and now set forth with powerful eloquence, cleared of objections and perplexities. And throughout the book there are passages like this, deserving a praise that cannot be accorded to the whole as a statement of first principles or as a treatise upon education.

A Prisoner of Trotzky's. By Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

One's general notion that Russia is the home of real-life melodrama appears to be justified by most that one reads about that country. It is, in fact, somewhat difficult at times to realize that Mr. Kalpaschnikoff's narrative is not simply lurid fiction. But the manifest sincerity and truthfulness of the author rapidly dispel any such illusion; though the fascination of reading about events of medieval strangeness and of becoming acquainted with new types of humanity, alternately theatrical and coarsely or finely human, remains. Moreover, the book is not merely a narrative of personal experience, but a cross-section of Bolshevik Russia as well. Better than any amount of general reflection, the author's prison life taught him what the Russian people really are like, and what the Russian revolution means.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was, in 1917, in the service of the American Red Cross as the assistant of Colonel Andersen, chairman of the mission to Roumania. An attempt on his part to secure the transportation of motor cars and other supplies to a point designated by the Mission, led to a charge that he was intriguing with the Cossacks with a view to turning over to these enemies of the Bolsheviki the materials in his possession. On this trumped-up accusation he was imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a structure which, as a relic of medievalism, is interesting enough in itself to furnish an excuse for a book.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff is not simply airing a grievance. At the same time that he is naturally desirous of justifying his own conduct, he is even more anxious to explain the truth about Russia. The whole policy of the Allies toward Russia, he believes, was fundamentally wrong. America did not give the moral aid which, if given in time,

might have done much to prevent anarchy. A conversation the author had with an old Russian soldier is illuminating on this point. Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was curious to know why the other attached so much importance to the presence of American troops on the Russian front. Didn't he know that it was difficult and even impossible for America to bring over any quantity of troops on account of the great distance?

"It is not quantity we want," was the reply. "Russia has more men than are needed for such a war, but we want to have among us a few American soldiers in body and soul, fighting shoulder to shoulder with us so that we may be able to tell the millions who discuss and will not obey to look at them and see how these 'Free Citizens' respect discipline and order. They would soon be ashamed, and, as they are so eager to act like real citizens, it is nearly certain that a few hundred Americans would, by their example, bring back discipline and force thousands to fight." Mr. Kalpaschnikoff seems to forget that we *did* send American soldiers to Russia.

Anarchy, and the shameful peace, were due, believes Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, far more to non-comprehension on the part of the Allies than to treachery on the part of Russia. Anarchy was inevitable after the break up of the old régime, unless Russia were effectively helped and advised. By their failure to grasp the situation the Allies transformed what was merely anarchy, coupled with a desire to escape from disorder by the nearest way, into a formidable political movement.

The author's general conclusions are impressive, for they are supported at every point by a true and impressive narrative. Bolshevism is not primarily a political theory, but a catastrophic tendency, that has swept into its channel all manner of men, willing and unwilling—those who are attached to the theory and those who hate it; those who understand what they want and those who do not. Its strength is in anarchy. Let the anarchy of affairs subside and the anarchy of thought will cease. It is the confusion of life consequent upon the breakdown of Russia in the war that has to some extent produced in the minds of a great but untaught people a false conception of life. But the Russians are not wedded to error: no perversity of mind brought their misfortunes upon them.

"I sincerely believe," declares Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, "that there never was in Russia a soldier or sailor of the Red Guard belonging to the Russian Orthodox Church, who would not be reasonable if you talked to him and appealed to his common sense and proved to him that many of his beliefs were based upon false statements." This saying touches the very root of the Russian problem.

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A QUESTION OF HONOR

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE Democratic Platform demands "the immediate ratification of the Peace of Versailles without reservations which would impair its essential integrity," on the ground that "by every accepted standard of international morality the President is justified in asserting that the honor of the country is involved in this business."

We cannot allow the period of public interest in this question to pass without subjecting it to a candid examination in the light of indisputable facts. . .

If the President is justified in asserting that the honor of the United States has been involved in his negotiations, it is upon the assumption that he has the right, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," to pledge the nation to obligations in excess of his legal powers.

That the prestige of the United States has suffered greatly during the last two years is undeniable. In 1918 our armies were battling to drive the German invaders from the soil of France and Belgium. Their arms were triumphant and released Europe from the peril of subjugation; and yet, when today we contemplate the lack of esteem in which America is held, it almost seems as if the cause for which our soldiers fought had not been won, and that universal confidence in the United States had been changed to general distrust. To what are we to attribute this failure of complete victory and this loss of national prestige?

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If we turn to the record of what has happened, it is not difficult to answer this question; but it is necessary to review the course of events with some detail. Such an examination reveals the fact that, at the great turning points of international action, instead of a clear facing of the actual situation and a direct manner of dealing with it, Mr. Wilson introduced some element of unreality, obscuring the truth by phraseology having no essential relation to the state of fact.

As evidence of this I shall cite three instances when the personal decisions and influence of President Wilson deflected the course of events from the direction which they would otherwise have taken, and raised expectations which have not been fulfilled.

In October, 1918, the Central Powers, in a military sense, had been defeated by the joint action of the Allied and Associated Powers. The prompt admission of this defeat, had it been immediately enforced by unconditional surrender, would have prepared the German people for expecting a penalty commensurate with their offense; which would have been regarded as a natural result of the fortunes of war, in which they had always thought of the victor as possessing a right of dictation in proportion to his strength.

This natural consequence of military defeat, with its salutary lesson on the perils incurred by military aggression, was deprived of its disciplinary value by a determination on the part of President Wilson to impose terms of peace which he had outlined long before Germany was conquered, and while "a peace without victory" was still in his mind. The Central Powers, although finally vanquished, were thus given ground for expecting the privilege of open negotiation on equal terms in the settlements of peace. Under a new form of government, which they had set up for the purpose, they expected to be judged and treated as victims of an autocracy which they had in the end helped to overthrow by a demand for the Kaiser's immediate abdication. Neither the armistice nor the final terms of peace bore out these expectations. As a result, penalties which, though severe, are not so burdensome as the Germans themselves, in case of their victory, would have inflicted, and in fact not essentially different from those which might have followed an unconditional surren-

der, are now regarded by the German people as having been imposed upon them in violation of an understanding.

This was not a good beginning for the reorganization of the world. If it accelerated the conclusion of an armistice which defeat had necessitated, the only reason why it can be held to have done so is that hopes were awakened that were not realized; and it introduced conditions of procedure which, as Colonel House has recently alleged, resulted in postponing a preliminary peace which could have been made, he thinks, before Christmas of 1918, thus promptly releasing a starving Europe for its difficult task of recuperation.

Mr. Wilson's illusory terms of peace served, no doubt, to signalize a temporary diplomatic triumph for the Administration at Washington and as a means of placing Mr. Wilson in a position of immense influence at the Peace Conference.

That the acceptance of his programme as a basis for negotiation gave him a prevailing voice in its deliberations cannot be questioned. The questionable point is the propriety of an American President's assuming a preponderant rôle in settlements which were, after all, chiefly European and affecting the permanent interests of Europe. To do this without consultation with any advisory body in the United States,—particularly the President's partner in exercising the treaty-making power, the Senate,—was clearly to presume at the same time upon European deference to American influence and upon American confidence in the personal discretion of the President.

The President went to Paris avowedly to give the Peace Conference the benefit of his "counsel," not in any way to assume new and unprecedented obligations for the United States. No definite plan of international organization had ever been proposed to the country or to the Senate by Mr. Wilson; but, as we now know, he had prepared a plan before he left the United States which he did not disclose. The composition of the delegation he had personally selected and of which he was the self-appointed head, the size and character of the retinue that accompanied him including more than a thousand subordinates, and above all the studied silence concerning what was intended, not only toward the public but his partner the Senate and even members of his Cabinet, awakened at the time much general

comment, and in some quarters created serious disquietude concerning the President's purposes.

Authoritative warning was, in fact, given that any treaty to which the President might subscribe at Paris would receive the closest scrutiny by the Senate, particularly if it committed the United States to any obligations of a character not required for the prompt conclusion of the war. On December 18, 1918, Senator Knox introduced in the Senate a resolution proposing the postponement of "the larger and very disputable question of some comprehensive League of Nations for that separate and very deliberate consideration that its nature demands." On December 21st, Senator Lodge said in the Senate:

> The attempt to tack the provisions for an effective League of Nations to the Treaty of Peace now making with Germany would be to launch the nations who have been fighting Germany on a sea of boundless discussion, the very thing Germany most desires. . . . If the attempt were successful . . . and if it were to come before the Senate, it might endanger the Peace Treaty and force amendments. It certainly would lead to very long delays.

At the end of 1918, on account of what the United States forces had accomplished in the war, the prestige of the President in Europe was immense, far greater than it had ever been in America.

If ever, it was a time for "open covenants, openly arrived at." But the President celebrated his departure by having his Postmaster General take over the ocean cables, which had not been thought necessary during the war. Suddenly, while the President in silence put the Atlantic between him and his country, all the means of communication with Europe were placed under Government control!

While the newspapers were filled with the President's speeches to the public in his circular tour as an apostle of peace in Europe, nothing was known of what he was promising in the Supreme Council regarding the future obligations of the United States.

In the fourteenth of the President's "Fourteen Points," he had spoken of "a general association of nations under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike." Precisely what this was intended to mean was not clear, but no one supposed that the United States would ever assent to become the guarantor

of the boundaries and independence of all the countries in the world.

That France would be willing to enter into any such general association of which Germany was to be a member, or England to accept international control to maintain the "freedom of the seas, alike in peace and war," as the President hoped, no well informed person in the United States believed; but, even after Clémenceau had made the position of France on this point evident, Mr. Wilson, on December 30, 1918, at Manchester, speaking of America, said:

> I want to say very frankly to you that she is not now interested in European politics, but she is interested in the partnership of right between America and Europe. If the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at a right poise by a balance of power the United States would take no interest, because she will join no combination of power which is not a combination of all of us. She is not interested merely in the peace of Europe, but in the peace of the world.

In this statement Mr. Wilson, no doubt, voiced the sentiments of the American people so far as peace is concerned. They desired the peace of the world. They were ready to see the Great War through to a triumphant finish, but they had no wish to become entangled in European politics.

Nothing would have given the American people greater satisfaction than for the President to have said: This war arose from a European quarrel. Its settlement is a European question. You have accepted certain principles as a basis of peace. I trust you will make a peace so just and effectual that you can maintain it without reliance upon the intervention of America. But this was no part of Mr. Wilson's programme. He had conceived the idea that he. personally, was to superintend the entire proceedings at Paris. He continued to urge the "general association," even when it was clear that it could not be made general; with the result that it became precisely that entanglement in European politics which he had professed his intention to avoid.

Professor W. Alison Phillips has pertinently quoted Mirabeau as saying "The metaphysician who travels on the map of the world crosses everything without trouble, and is not embarrassed by mountains, or deserts, or rivers, or abysses; but when one wishes to travel in reality, when

one wishes to arrive at one's destination, it is necessary to remember all the time that one is walking on the earth, and that one is no longer in an ideal world." President Wilson encountered his first reality in Great Britain.

Seeing that Mr. Wilson was aiming to bring the United States into a world combination, British statesmen had promptly busied themselves with plans for utilizing his determination. In a fine spirit of courtesy they took up the expression, "a League of Nations," which he had proposed, and proceeded to adapt it to British uses. Lord Curzon had said in the House of Lords that opinion in England in favor of the League was "rather in advance of the opinion of any of our Allies save the United States"; and added, that "if the British Government went ahead too quickly, or too abruptly, there was danger of a rebuff." The French Government from the beginning had no interest in the League.

Calling upon the inventive powers of General Smuts aided by Lord Robert Cecil, a plan was elaborated which Great Britain could support to her advantage. The scheme, it was frankly confessed, was "modelled on the British Empire, including its crown colonies and protectorates." "The two systems," General Smuts expressly declares, "would closely resemble each other"; and adds, "The League will have a very real rôle to play as the successor to the Empires." The expedient of "mandatories" was to cover with a veil of humanity the effective annexation of vast areas to the spheres of influence of the Great Powers, by which members of the League would rule them as Britain rules her colonies. "So far as the peoples and territories formerly belonging to Russia, Austria-Hungary and Turkey are concerned," says General Smuts, "the League of Nations should be considered as the reversionary in the most general sense, and as clothed with the right of ultimate disposal." At the moment when that sentence was written, secret treaties were already in existence providing for the division and distribution of some of these and other "peoples and territories" among the signatories!

It was soon evident to Mr. Wilson that, by accepting this programme, something in the guise of a "general association" could be formed. On January 19, 1919, the President held a long conference with Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts concerning this project. With the United States and Great Britain united in its support, the

League of Nations was promptly placed in the forefront of the Conference.

For the first time in the history of this country, an American President had assumed, and on certain conditions had been allowed to exercise, a directing influence on distinctly European affairs. Subject to certain important limitations, Mr. Wilson had obtained the ostensible directorship of the Conference.

" I suggest," he is reported as saying, " that as a practical matter a draft of the League of Nations be made by a commission appointed by the Great Powers. This draft could then be submitted to a larger commission on which the Small Powers would be represented." Mr. Lloyd George suggested that, inasmuch as the League of Nations is to be a sort of shield of the Small Powers, the latter should have representatives on the commission; but Mr. Wilson's proposal prevailed, with the consequence that when, on January 25, 1919, the Conference met in plenary session to hear the President's speech, making the League the first item in the treaty of peace, the Small Powers, as a chronicler of the occasion, reports, " were in belligerent mood, because of the rules restricting them to ' particular interests '; and before the session was over they raised a storm."

It was at this meeting that Mr. Wilson entered upon a new rôle for the President of the United States—a rôle which has not only created a distinct political issue in this country, but which, if sustained, amounts to a repudiation of our constitutional arrangements for making international agreements and places the whole foreign policy of the country absolutely in the hands of one man without the correctives of consultation or review.

Claiming to speak officially, and understood as so speaking, Mr. Wilson informed the plenipotentiaries of the Conference that, unless there was to be the continuous superintendence of the peace of the world by the associated nations of the world, the United States could not take part in " guaranteeing the European settlements." On the other hand, if such superintendence were organized, in order to make it " a vital and not merely a formal thing," he was empowered to pledge to it the support of the United States. With great intensity of feeling, he declared:

> You can imagine, gentlemen, I dare say, the sentiments and the purpose with which representatives of the United States support this

great project for a League of Nations. We regard it as the keystone of the whole programme, which expresses our purposes and ideals in this war and which the associated nations accepted as the basis of the settlement. If we return to the United States without having made every effort in our power to realize this programme, we should return to meet the merited scorn of our fellow-citizens.

And then, as if exhibiting full powers to make the pledges incident to this programme, Mr. Wilson added impressively:

We have no choice but to obey their mandate. But it is with the greatest pleasure that we accept that mandate; and because this is the keystone of the whole fabric, we have pledged our every purpose to it, as we have to every item of the fabric. We would not dare abate a single item of the programme which constitutes our instruction.

According to the custom of the Conference, though listened to with keen interest as a statement of American policy, this discourse received neither expressed approval nor disapproval. Without calling for a vote, Clemenceau announced that, if there were no objections, the resolution making the League of Nations a part of the general treaty of peace would be considered as adopted.

After the use of such technical words in the vocabulary of diplomacy as "mandate" and "instruction," of which the delegates "would not dare abate a single item," the one certain conclusion in the minds of the plenipotentiaries was that the President was delivering to the Conference America's authorized ultimatum regarding her participation in its further deliberations.

For the Small Powers, which had looked to the United States to protect their interests by its influence, this was a moment of extreme tension. The League was to be formed and controlled by five Great Powers. Even if it guaranteed their boundaries, these were to be determined by the Supreme Council. Toward the end of the day the gathering storm of protest broke. Representatives of Belgium, Serbia, Greece, Portugal, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Poland, and Roumania all voiced their protest against the discrimination. The Brazilian delegate alleged that it was a "cut-and-dried programme." After much urgency, the Small Powers obtained a larger representation on the League of Nations Commission; Greece, Poland, Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia being added; but as each of the Great Powers had two votes to the Small Powers' one, the former

retained the majority. The legal equality of independent States was thenceforth to be disregarded.

On February 14th, the first finished draft of "The Constitution of the League of Nations" was read to the full Conference and commented upon by President Wilson. It was not left in doubt that what had been constituted was a new form of sovereign power which the nations were expected to obey, and if necessary would be forced to obey. In unmistakable language Mr. Wilson himself described this new international authority as "the union of wills in a common purpose, a union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which I dare say no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist." And to leave no doubt regarding the compelling power of the League, if any nation attempted to resist it, he added: "Armed force is in the background of this programme, but it *is* in the background, and if the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall."

No such words as those of the President of the United States had ever been uttered in any international conference by any responsible statesman. To those who heard them they could have but one meaning. The United States, with resources but slightly impaired by the war and a great army in the field, was ready to dedicate them to the execution of Mr. Wilson's one distinctive contribution to the substance of the League, the guarantee pledge contained in Article X. This, they were assured, was "the only security for peace"; and it was the "mandate" and the "instruction" of the United States!

It would be unfair to Mr. Wilson to insinuate that he was urging the creation of a super-government for evil purposes. He no doubt sincerely believed that he was doing humanity a great service by creating "a definite guarantee of peace and a definite guarantee against aggression," as he expressed it. But to accomplish this, he was willing to represent that he had official authority which he did not possess, and knew he did not possess. He thought it right, and no violation of his conception of democracy, to assume powers which, great as his office was as President of the United States, his country had never bestowed upon him and, in fact, had unmistakably refused to entrust to him.

For a second time, Mr. Wilson thus introduced into the international situation an element of unreality which seri-

ously confused it and diverted the thought of the time from the prompt conclusion of a victorious war to an expectation that by every test of actuality was illusory.

While it must be conceded that Mr. Wilson at Paris proposed pledges that he had no authority to make for his own country, it cannot be contended that the European Powers can justly complain that in so grave a matter they were deceived. With less plausibility but not with less assurance, Mr. Wilson assumed to speak for all the peoples of Europe, and to declare their purpose, also, to insist upon this League of Nations or overthrow their governments.

"The nations of the world," he said in his speech at Boston, on revisiting America, "have set their heads to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken in their purpose." He was as sure that he represented the people of Europe in America as he was that he represented the people of America in Europe. "When I speak of the nations," he continued, "I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it."

The plenipotentiaries at Paris should have seen—it is probable that they did see—that the references to "mandates" and "instruction" from America were as imaginary as the revolutions that were to upset their governments. But they felt that they could not assert this when the President of the United States was the person with whom they had to deal. The protest of thirty-nine Senators against the President's procedure clearly indicated that the Senate was yet to be reckoned with, but there could be no negotiation by or with the Senate. The President must be taken at his word, for otherwise there could be no business with the United States.

Were the Senate or the American people bound by what Mr. Wilson proposed or promised at Paris? "Technically," writes Professor Phillips, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1920, "President Wilson might still represent the will of the American people; but in the actual circumstances his reiterated claim to do so only deceived the millions outside who knew nothing of the American Constitution and its workings. If the statesmen of the world were

also deceived, the fault was theirs; and it is unfair to blame the American people or their representatives if they refuse to be bound by every letter of agreements entered into, at best, by one part of the treaty-making power without any serious attempt to secure the co-operation and consent of the other."

President Wilson had not only failed to seek co-operation and consent from the Senate, he had openly defied the Senators. Replying to the resolution signed by the thirty-nine, he had said in his address in New York, on March 4th, 1919, on the eve of his departure for Europe:

> When that Treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the Treaty tied to the Covenant that you cannot dissect the Covenant from the Treaty without destroying the whole vital structure.

When, on March 14th, Mr. Wilson returned to Paris from the United States, he discovered that a resolution proposed by Mr. Balfour had been adopted in his absence,—inspired perhaps by the caution which the Senate's protest had suggested,—providing for an immediate preliminary treaty of peace with Germany containing all the essential settlements, but omitting entirely the League of Nations.

Insisting that the resolution adopted January 25th, which included the Covenant of the League as a part of the Treaty, should be controlling, Mr. Wilson insisted that the preliminary peace plan should be abandoned. As a friend and apologist of the President has said, " It overturned the most important action of the Conference during the President's absence. . . . Within a few days there was a wave of criticism of Wilson which made all former attacks look pale by comparison."

This result was obtained by President Wilson's simple dictum. Nothing had ever been openly discussed or regularly voted upon in the Peace Conference. Everything was decided by the Supreme Council, which began with ten members, and was reduced to three when Mr. Wilson made his maladroit appeal to " the people of Italy " to overrule the attitude of the Italian Government.

There was, however, further and conclusive evidence that Mr. Wilson's proposal of mutual guarantees in which the United States should share was a purely personal and wholly unauthorized proposition. When he returned to

the United States with the final draft of "The Constitution of a League of Nations" under the name of a "Covenant," he had nothing further to say about "mandates" or "instructions." His efforts were then directed toward convincing the Senators and the people of the entirely innocuous character of this document; which, far from guaranteeing anything by really effective means, was now represented as producing universal peace by common consent!

This third element of unreality was fully exploited in the conference of the President with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, at the White House, on August 19, 1919.

In an introductory statement the President undertook to disarm opposition by diminishing as much as possible the extent of the obligations contained in the Covenant. The Council of the League, he said, could only "advise upon" the means by which the obligations were to be given effect. The unanimous vote of the Council, he declared, was required before any advice could be given, and the United States had a vote on this subject. As there is no "sanction" that is, no penalty is imposed upon non-fulfillment—there is only a "moral," not a "legal," obligation to execute the Treaty, which "leaves our Congress absolutely free to put its own interpretation upon it in all cases that call for action."

This subtle distinction between different forms of obligation in a treaty evoked expressions of astonishment from several Senators.

As to the privilege of withdrawal in Article I, the President held that the United States would have the right to decide for itself when its obligations had been fulfilled. When Senator Borah inquired if the President was expressing the view entertained by the commission which drew the League, he replied: "That view was not formulated, but I am confident that was the view." "Would there be any objection, then," asked Senator McCumber, "to a reservation declaring that to be the understanding?" Mr. Wilson emphatically declined to have his interpretation thus recorded.

Later on the President's hostility to reservations was brought out more distinctly by the following interchange:

SENATOR MCCUMBER: Mr. President, there are a number of Senators who sincerely believe that under the construction of Article X,

taken in connection with other clauses and other articles in the treaty, the council can suggest what we should do, and of course, while they admit the council can only advise and suggest, that it is nevertheless our moral duty to immediately obey the council, without exercising our own judgment as to whether we shall go to war or otherwise. Now, the public, the American people, a great proportion of them, have that same conviction, which is contrary to your view. Do you not think, therefore, that it would be well to have a reservation inserted in our resolution that shall so construe that section as to make it clear, not only to the American people but to the world, that Congress may use its own judgment as to what it will do, and that its failure to follow the judgment of the council will not be considered a breach of the agreement?

THE PRESIDENT: We differ, Senator, only as to the form of action. I think it would be a very serious practical mistake to put it in the resolution of ratification.

The President having stated that "with regard to the method of fulfilling the obligations of a covenant like that under consideration there is freedom of judgment on the part of the individual members of the League," Senator Harding said:

The President expressed a while ago surprise that I raised a question as to the value of this compact because of the moral obligation feature. Let me premise by the statement that I look upon a moral obligation as that which the conscience of the contracting party impels. The conscience of any nation in Europe, for example, may be warped by its prejudices, racial, geographical, and otherwise. If that be true and any nation may put aside or exercise its judgment as to the moral obligation in accepting any recommendation of the League, really what do we get out of this international compact in the enforcement of any decree?

The President having answered, that we would "get the centering upon it generally of the definite opinion of the world," Senator Harding replied, "That is surrendering the suggestion of a moral obligation for this Republic to the prejudices or necessities of the nations of the Old World, is it not?" and intimated that it would be quite as moral for this Republic itself to determine its moral obligations! Finally, the President having taken refuge in the statement that we are at liberty to reject the judgment of the world as to a moral obligation, "if our moral judgment honestly differs from the moral judgment of the world," Senator Harding exposed the sophistry of Mr. Wilson's whole theory of obligation by asking, since any other nation may take the same position, "What permanent value is there, then, to this compact?"

After a refutation so decisive, it would be useless, in any case, to pursue this subject further, so far as Mr. Wilson personally is concerned; but it is not a person, it is a doctrine, which we now have to combat.

It is this constant appeal to purely subjective standards and the unwillingness to be strictly bound by laws and agreements to which no penalty is attached, that vitiate Mr. Wilson's whole theory of government and official duty. There was no legal penalty attached to his shifting utterances during the war or to his merely personal proposals in the negotiations for peace. He recognized no obligations but those of a " moral " nature, which, he considers, contain nothing explicitly binding, since a personal judgment may determine what the obligation really is. At Paris, not being subject to what he regarded as a legal " sanction," he was under no obligation to consider the constitutional rights of his partners in the process of treaty-making; and could, therefore, freely speak of " mandates " and " instructions " in any way he judged expedient. At Washington, he could interpret Article X as calling for no action, until a country had been invaded, devastated and subjugated, when the question of preserving its territorial integrity and political independence would for the first time arise; and even then each country could take its own advice about it!

Moral obligations do not require treaties to make them binding. They are binding from their very nature. Treaties are intended to make understandings clear, definite, and objectively verifiable. Private judgment does not enter into the interpretation of laws, treaties, and constitutions. They are designed to render accepted obligations imperative. When these are once undertaken honor requires that they must be discharged as they are written.

The chief question regarding the League of Nations is, What is to be done with Article X? In his speech at St. Louis, on September 5, 1919, Mr. Wilson said there was " not a doubtful meaning in the whole document." If, as he insists, this article is the " heart," or the " backbone," of the Treaty, the obligation exists unconditionally for all who accept it, " to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

The Democratic Platform and the Democratic candidate for the Presidency support the President in saying.

that we are in honor bound to accept this obligation because Mr. Wilson has pledged the country to it. After full conference with Mr. Wilson,—neither being authorized to commit the United States, except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur,"—Mr. Cox has declared: "What he promised, I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give." And the President, satisfied that his legacy of promises has passed into loyal hands, has announced: "He and I were absolutely at one with regard to the great issue of the League of Nations."

This commitment was unqualified. The Democratic candidate is now bound in honor to accept and perform all the obligations of the Covenant. Are we to have from him a new application of Mr. Wilson's theory of obligations? Is he ready, in Mr. Wilson's words, to enter into that "union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist"? Is he prepared to say, "If the moral force of the world will not suffice, the physical force of the world shall?" Has he considered what Mr. Wilson's promises imply?

When Mr. Lloyd George was urged by a deputation of the "League to Abolish War" to make the Covenant of the League of Nations effective by stopping the war against Poland, he replied:

> There are two supreme difficulties in the way of bringing the League into full operation now. The first is that all the Powers that have available forces are so absorbed in other duties cast upon them by the war, that they cannot support the decisions of the League. But the second is that the Power which has the means, which has the freedom from entanglement, and which seemed to us at one moment to have all the enthusiasm, has withdrawn. . . . I believe the withdrawal of America from apparent adhesion to the League is a temporary one. But it would be idle now to enter into any discussion with America. Neither of the two parties would commit itself. But these are temporary difficulties, and I am putting them forward rather as an encouragement to the friends of the League.

Speaking of an international army, which the deputation was demanding, the Premier continued:

> As a preliminary stage you must have international contributions, before you can ever reach the point of an international army. That may be an ideal, but I am perfectly certain you have got to begin by levying contributions upon States, by saying: "England contributes

5,000, France so much, Norway so much, Sweden so much, and so on." You must do it in that way.

What, since she is now free from entanglement, is America's quota of that army to be, when the Treaty is ratified with "its essential integrity unimpaired," as the Democratic Party and its candidate promise it shall be, if they are in power? Who is to command the army? Whose quarrels is it to settle? How shall the side on which it is to fight be decided? The Council of the League, if permitted, would answer all these questions; and if the United States, after placing itself under that direction, should fail to respond to its decisions, the League would hold that this country had repudiated its obligations.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS AND FRANCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*.

IT would seem impertinent for a Frenchman to think of interfering in the American Presidential Election—just as impertinent as for a stranger to meddle in a family quarrel. In America a Frenchman must not know either Republicans or Democrats; he must know only Americans.

However, the election which will be held in America next November affects Europe and France directly. It will speak out regarding the problems on which depend the life and peace of France, Europe and the world. By virtue of this reason—and by virtue of this reason only—may a Frenchman be allowed to lift up his voice and to say simply and honestly what he thinks, what he hopes or what he fears.

Europe, scarcely awakened from her bloody nightmare, is menaced to-day by two dangers which threaten to complete her ruin: Bolshevism—which signifies the contest of the citizens of the same country among themselves; war—which is the struggle of the citizens of one country with those of another.

First, let us consider Bolshevism.

It is a malady essentially Russian. At first at least, it seemed that it could never be anything but a Russian malady, just as the bubonic plague is particularly an Indian disease. To make a Bolshevist at least three conditions are necessary: one must be ignorant, one must be credulous, one must be brutal. Russia is the only country in which these three conditions are found in the highest degree.

An officer of the French Mission who was in Petrograd in March, 1917, when the Revolution broke out and when the Republic was proclaimed, tells how on the day of the beginning of the new régime he met a group of workmen

on the Neva quay and said to them: "Well, my friends, so now you are happy, here you are in a republic . . . "

"In a republic!" cried the principal workman, "not much we are! Look at the policeman who is guarding the big bridge. He is still there. That's the proof that we are not in a republic. In a republic there are no policemen."

No one but a Russian or an Oriental could give such an answer. In the same way it is only the Russians who could organize a socialist régime whose chief progress consists in making laborers work twelve hours a day and in forcing on its citizens twenty years of military service.

So it seemed that Bolshevism could never cross the Russian frontiers. And yet see how it has spread and won other regions which one would have thought impossible. It held sway for several weeks in Hungary, a country of riches and intelligence. It almost reigned in Prussia, a country of hierarchy and discipline. It has a strong hold on Italy, a Latin country of light and sunshine. It nibbles even at England, an Anglo-Saxon country of robust good sense and proverbial calm.

France alone resists. She has, it is true, here and there, in her great industrial cities, in Paris, Brest, Saint-Etienne, Marseilles, a few fanatics who have been attacked by the frightful disease. But it is the very smallest minority. Out of the 40 million French we may say that there are not 50,000 Bolshevists, and—what is more interesting still—we may say that there are 39,500,000 citizens who have a hatred and horror of Bolshevism. It seems to them a monstrosity and an impossibility.

The Frenchman who, it must never be forgotten, belongs to a people the large majority of which are peasants, is imbued above all by two sentiments: that of property and that of equality.

Every Frenchman is the proprietor of something, if not of a field, it is of a bond or a savings bankbook. M. François Marsal, Finance Minister, mentioned the other day that at the time of the last national loan there were almost ten million individual subscriptions, that is to say, one out of every four Frenchmen, owning some money, came to bring it to the State. Just go try to talk to such people about communism, confiscation and collectivism. They see red, but not in the sense that the Reds want them to see, and they are ready to jump for their pitchforks or their

guns to defend what they consider as their property, the property of their family, the property of their children.

In addition, every Frenchman believes profoundly in the equality of citizens. It was to win this equality, much more than liberty, that the French fought the great Revolution of 1789, and he is fiercely tenacious in the preservation of this equality. Just go tell him that this equality no longer exists, that two or three millions of laborers alone will have in the future the right to vote, to legislate, to govern, that the rest of the nation will have nothing to do but to obey—and he will look upon you as fit for the madhouse. And should you insist too long he will give another glance toward the corner where his pitchfork or his gun stands.

So then, there is no chance for Bolshevism in France. It may be be able to send four or five deputies, good talkers, to the Chamber; it may be a subject for newspapers; it may cause some loose-mouthed meetings. It will never be able to hold sway on a square mile of French earth without all France's rising up against it to crush and pulverize it.

That is why France to-day does not want to hear any talk of parleys with the Soviets. It is a question, I would almost say, of religion. France believes in the religion of property, and the Soviets wish to destroy property. France believes in the religion of the sovereignty of the people and of the equality of the citizens; the Soviets recognize only the sovereignty of a small class of laborers and intend to make the nine-tenths of the citizens slaves of the last tenth. No business, no compromise with that. One may come to terms about a debt, one may compromise on a payment; but one cannot come to terms or compromise on a principle. So France has said to the Soviets: "Are you ready to recognize the debts contracted in the past by the Russian people? Are you above all ready to submit your régime to the approbation of the Russian people's universal suffrage? . . . No? . . . Then go your way. We have nothing to do with you."

France turns her face toward America, seeking to discover how America looks upon this principal point of modern right. And when she reads a declaration like that which Senator Harding made in his speech of acceptance, she cannot hide her joy. Said Senator Harding:

> The Constitution contemplates no class and recognizes no group. It

broadly includes all the people, with specific recognition for none. . . . We do hold to the right to crush sedition, to stifle a menacing contempt for law, to stamp out a peril to the safety of the republic or its people, when emergency calls, because security and the majesty of the law are the first essentials of Liberty."

M. Millerand, to whom this passage of Senator Harding's speech was shown, declared:

It would be hard to think more clearly or to express the thought better. . . . We think, word for word, the same things, but perhaps we should not have known how to express them in so noble a language.

So then, in this peril of Bolshevism which menaces Europe, France counts on America's being at her side to defend the sovereignty of the people, to defend all that makes the essence of democracy. An autocracy, let it be of a class of nobles, a class of soldiers, or a class of laborers, remains an autocracy, that is to say, an abominable thing. France counts on America to condemn the autocracy from below as she has condemned the autocracy from above.

And so, if next November the president elected by the American people speaks as did Senator Harding in his speech of acceptance, I can assure him of a brilliant popularity, even to the smallest hut in France—a magnificent and enthusiastic popularity.

But it is not only Bolshevism which menaces Europe. There is also the menace of war. And war is not an Asiatic or Oriental plague; it is, alas, a universal plague.

But for this men have thought they have found a cure. Some call it the "Association of Nations," others call it the "League of Nations."

In his speech of acceptance Senator Harding expressed himself as follows:

I can speak unreservedly of the American aspiration and the Republican committal for an association of nations, cooperating in sublime accord, to attain and preserve peace through treaties rather than force, determined to add to security through international law, so clarified that no misconstruction can be possible without affronting world honor.

Governor Cox, on the other side, pictured the terrible destructiveness of war under modern conditions, asserting that one sufficiently equipped nation could conquer the world in a single year. The League of Nations, he added, would render this impossible, and the question is whether we are to join this practical humane movement.

Now, here we must explain ourselves clearly. The French have not been niggardly in their support of the humane movement set going by Wilson, and of which Governor Cox declared himself the admirer. They will not refuse their support either to the Association of Nations advocated by Senator Harding, and it will never be they whom one will find "misconstrue the international law and affront the world's honor." But there are one or two elementary truths which we must look at in the face.

The first truth is this: Does one believe that an association of all the races of the world, so different in their mentality, their language, their customs, is possible, or even desirable? The word Association has in it the meaning of a group of individuals having in common a certain number of ideas or principles. But if these persons think and speak differently, what Association is possible among them?

Let us give some examples.

Elihu Root, when in Paris, told some Frenchmen lately about the trip he made to Petrograd in 1917, to investigate the Russian Revolution. He told how one day Count Tolstoi, son of the great Tolstoi, said to him:

"The next revolution will be in America, because there are in that country two things which are intolerable which America must get rid of, capitalism and public opinion."

Well! I ask, if that is the idea of the Russian nation, what association is possible with it? What kind of international law could we evolve together with it? And when a people is ready to affront the public opinion of the world is it not ready to affront the honor of the world?

Let me cite another example which relates to unfortunate Armenia and which shows us how strange, troubled, and difficult it is to understand the mentality of the peoples of the Orient.

In 1895 massacres broke out at Sivas. All the Christians were killed. There was there the French Consul, M. Carlier, with his wife. He caught up a gun and handed one to his wife. Then the two went out on the terrace of their house and hoisted the French flag. They waited until all that was left of the Armenians and Christians had taken refuge in the consulate; then they shut the gates and for three months were in a state of regular siege. Morning and evening the Consul kept guard on the roof of his residence. When the besieging crowd became too pressing he would

aim and fire. When he was overcome by fatigue his wife would stand guard for him. Well, one morning while he was at his daily post on the top of his consulate, M. Carlier heard a shot whistle past his ears. The shot had been fired behind him, almost point blank, by some one who was *in the house*. He turned, saw the gun still smoking from which the shot had been fired and the man who had fired it—it was an Armenian whom he had welcomed at his hearth for three days and whose life he had undoubtedly saved. The Consul flung himself on him and asked: "You wretch! what are you trying to do? . . . Why should you want to kill me, your benefactor, who at the peril of my life am defending you and yours?"

The Armenian fell on his knees and replied: "Yes, it is true, I wanted to kill you because I said to myself that if they learned that the French Consul had been assassinated French sailors and soldiers would be sent here at once. And that would be the end of the Turkish occupation. . . ."

That is the mentality of some of those who have been massacred! . . . It does not always fit in with the conception we have of the events in the Orient. We have been determined to see only, on one side, bloody executioners, and, on the other, innocent victims. It is less clear and more complicated. And again I ask, does one believe it easy to form an association with a race which, even in misfortune, is capable of such subtleties and such complicated combinations? What international law, so clarified that no misconstruction will be possible can one agree upon with them? What certitude that they will ever understand us and that we shall ever understand them?

The second truth is that there is no court of justice in the world, in any geographical latitude whatever, the decisions of which are not writs of execution by force. When in any country any tribunal renders a decree this decree is respected. In case of necessity policemen are employed to make it respected.

Are the partisans of the Leagues of Nations, of the Associations of Nations, of International Tribunals, ready or not, when their league, their association, their tribunal, shall have decided something to make this decision respected in employing force if necessary? If yes, then the league, the association, the tribunal, may be workable. If not, then the tribunal, the association, the league, will be nothing more

than a talking club added to all the other talking clubs of the world.

Here again France and Europe turn to America. They expect from America not words but deeds. They expect from her marvelous practical genius a practical system for an International Tribunal and a League of Nations. It was a telephone that worked which Edison invented. It was an aeroplane that flew which the Wright Brothers made. We ask of the country of Edison and of the Wrights that they present us with a system for a League of Nations that will work. If there were nothing needed but eloquence and to invent poetical formulas, the statesmen of old Europe would have been sufficient.

And there is still something more that we expect from the future president of the United States: it is that he will remember that to us French America is not only the greatest material force of the universe, but that she is also the greatest moral force of the world. May he not let this moral force slumber!

For a year now we have been assisting at a sorrowful spectacle. Europe is divided on the principal questions of moral and right. She is not in accord on the question whether those culpable of the atrocities committed during the war shall be punished; she is not in accord on the question of whether the Bolshevist régime is a régime with which civilization may negotiate, enter into treaties, and conclude bargains. To decide these questions conference after conference is assembled. One day they discuss them in a London fog, another day among the orange trees of San Remo, another day on the Boulogne beach, another day beneath the trees of Spa. But always, everywhere, in these conferences in which the greatest problems of humanity, the rights of nations, the peace of the world are debated, one seat remains vacant: it is that of the United States. Sometimes a man comes and sits in it; he listens but he has not the right to speak. He is a silent observer. And this silent observer is the representative of the greatest people of the world.

We in France say that this can not go on so. It is not America's riches, nor her gold, nor her ships, nor her cannon nor her soldiers that we want—it is her counsels. In the unfortunate contest we are now undergoing with certain of our allies we firmly believe that we have right and common

sense on our side. Nevertheless, we may be mistaken. Don't let America remain a silent observer! Let her only speak! Let her decide! If we are right let her give us the moral support to which we have the right. If we are wrong let her show us the road to follow. America is the justest nation in the world. Never in her short history has she committed an iniquity or an abuse of power. She is also the most disinterested nation of the universe. That gives to her the right to speak out loud and that gives her the assurance that her voice will be always heard.

"It is better," said Senator Harding, "to be the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience, than be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom of action and gives to a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world."

There again are noble words which we cannot but approve. And although the written compact which was promised to us at Versailles had for its end to guarantee France against the horrors she had suffered, we will renounce it gladly. The covenant of the American conscience will suffice us. But this conscience must not remain mute or indifferent. It must pronounce its verdicts. It must guide the world.

May the president who will be elected in November not remain a silent observer! May he never send into our conferences a silent observer! The silent observer has a name in history. He is called Pontius Pilate!

Pirates of Pontius —

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, August, 1920.

THE POLITICAL SCENE IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY A. F. WHYTE

Joint Editor of *The New Europe*

PARLIAMENTARY politics in Great Britain are in the transition stage between the national unity of the war and the normal party divisions of the new era. Not for many a long day has the future been so uncertain, the study of political probabilities more baffling or more interesting. Not only have the old party divisions been obliterated by the war, but the personalities on whom the electorate used to rely for leadership have lost most of their old magic of persuasion. As we survey the ranks of our political leaders we see great gaps, and even greater changes in the relative prestige of one man over another. In July, 1914, there were three or four men in British public life who were the equals —even the superiors—of Mr. Lloyd George. The country had then infinitely greater confidence in Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Edward Grey; while Mr. Lloyd George was regarded with some trepidation even by his friends. Today the scene is changed—not perhaps in the sense that Mr. Lloyd George inspires any less trepidation among those who disapprove of his methods—but because the great mass of the people has responded to the magnetism of his leadership during the last five years, and so he has become a national leader where before the war he was only a daring party chief. It is the purpose of this article to give, in the form of a foot-note to contemporary political history, some account of the changes now going on within the body of British politics.

When the end of the war came in sight in the early autumn of 1918 it was clear that a general election could not long be postponed. The House of Commons then in being was elected in December, 1910, with a legal lease of life of five years. It should have come to an end on or before Nov.

30, 1915; but the circumstances of the war were such as absolutely to forbid the outbreak of political strife; and thus Parliament, with the active approval of the country, prolonged its own life by temporary enactments from year to year. The third of these prolongations was near its end in September, 1918, and speculation was rife whether the Government would hold an election at an early date or would prolong the life of Parliament once more. The argument in favor of the latter course seemed to be overwhelming. The great majority of commonsense people did not wish to interfere with Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of power, or even to pass judgment upon it in any way, until after the definite signature of peace. Moreover, they foresaw that there could be no genuine political consultation of the people until the conditions of war had to some extent passed away, until peace was signed, until the army was demobilized, and, most of all, until the electorate as a whole had taken stock of its new political and economic situation in the exceptional circumstances created by the war. This argument naturally led to the conclusion that, on the assumption that the war would end before Christmas, 1918, there would be no election until about a year later. The case thus presented seemed to be unanswerable. But Mr. Lloyd George found an answer. He declared that the supreme thing was to give the British representatives going to Paris to make peace a fresh and unequivocal mandate from the British people. On the merits of the question this was not a good answer. Mr. Lloyd George himself was the head of the Delegation; and he required no electoral proof of his power or prestige which was never higher, popularly speaking, than in November, 1918. Brushing aside the excuse given by Mr. Lloyd George for making his election, we can see that the real motive was to give him a renewed lease of political life.

The election itself, as readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will remember, degenerated into an orgy of chauvinism. It had no real political character whatever; and as it proceeded it showed the worst side of Mr. Lloyd George's character. I believe that he himself embarked on the election with the intention of carrying out a not altogether extravagant programme; but yielding to the clamour of the moment he switched the election on to the Kaiser and German indemnities. "Hanging the Kaiser," and "making Germany pay" were the only cries to be heard throughout

the length and breadth of the country. The attempt made by some of the Independent Liberal leaders and by the Labor party to raise the problem of the economic future of the country utterly failed. The country was in no mood to think, or talk, sense. It was celebrating victory; and the overwhelming majority which the Government won can be interpreted as nothing more than a national vote of thanks to Mr. Lloyd George for winning the war.

Even before the election was held the political situation was rather more complicated than is usually the case on the eve of an electoral struggle. The Conservative party was the only united powerful political organization, but it had no leaders. Its one supreme personality, Mr. Arthur Balfour, was about to become a mere spectator, and its actual leader, Mr. Bonar Law, though he had won considerable prestige and popularity by the handling of the House of Commons during the war, never was and is not now a national leader. The Liberal party possessed at least two leaders, but was split in half by a controversy, at once personal and political, between them. When Mr. Asquith's Cabinet fell in 1916, a chasm was dug between those who were afterwards called Coalition Liberals and Independent Liberals. The Independent Liberals following Mr. Asquith declared that their leader's fall had been brought about by the treachery of Mr. Lloyd George. There is some truth in the charge, though "treachery" is an ugly and excessive word to use in this connection. Neither Mr. Lloyd George, nor Lord Northcliffe, nor the Conservative party, nor all three put together, would have been powerful enough in 1916 to destroy the Coalition Government if Mr. Asquith himself had not contrived to give the country the impression that he lacked not only vigour but—what was much more vital—the conviction that he could win. No doubt the methods used by Lord Northcliffe and others, not excluding Mr. Lloyd George himself, were not easy to justify or condone. But if I join in the censure passed by Liberals upon the Lloyd George-Northcliffe intrigue I cannot assign to it the first place among the events which brought about the change of government in 1916. The country wanted a stronger government, and one with greater vigour. Mr. Lloyd George provided it; and when victory was won under his auspices two years later he stood at the zenith of

his popular fame, while Mr. Asquith fell—not into oblivion, but into an abyss of unpopularity.

The plan which Mr. Lloyd George entertained on the eve of the election was as follows: The new House of Commons would be composed roughly speaking of three sections—

1. The Conservative Party (the right wing of the Coalition).
2. The Coalition Liberals personally attached to himself.
3. An opposition composed of Mr. Asquith's followers and of the Labor Party.

Neither then, nor for a while after the election, did Mr. Lloyd George pay any attention to Ireland; and that is one of his most serious and unpardonable blunders. The Irish vote—both in Ireland itself and in the House of Commons —was not included in his calculations. He assumed that his Coalition Government would continue in power supported by a political alliance of Coalition Conservatives and Coalition Liberals. He also assumed that the time would come, soon or late, when his conservative partners in the coalition would be unable to swallow the radicalism of his programme. And it is clear that he intended at that time to carry out a political programme of progressively liberal character, choosing some dramatic moment of conflict with the Conservatives, throwing them over, taking the Asquithians and the Labor party into his Government, and thrusting the whole Conservative party into opposition. This plan could only work if the three sections mentioned above were approximately equal in size. The caprice of the electorate, and the skill of the Conservative party managers completely upset Mr. Lloyd George's plan, with the result that the new Parliament contained, in round numbers, 380 *Conservatives,* 150 *Coalition Liberals,* 60 *Labor men* and 30 *Independent Liberals.* The total membership of the House of Commons is 707, the outstanding 80 seats being held by the Irish Sinn Fein party who refused to attend at Westminster. Though this result was a personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George, it was only momentary. The results were declared on December 28, 1918; and before the middle of January Mr. Lloyd George's second thoughts showed the depth of his chagrin. In a speech delivered in North Wales, early in January, he threatened his predom-

inant Conservative partners in the Coalition with another early general election if they refused to take the line of progress which he proposed to lay for them. In making this threat Mr. Lloyd George did not seem to recognize his own weakness. Not only had the result of the general election upset his project, but he was in no position to issue marching orders to the Conservatives for the very good reason that he did not know where he was going himself. That is to say, he knew in general terms that he wanted a good peace; that houses must be built in England; and that someone must take the profiteers by the throat; but neither that nor the war cries of the election sufficed to make a policy. Indeed, no government ever entered office with such overwhelming public support and with such complete poverty of programme. The character of the Ministry gives us the clue to this poverty. It was a coalition, and therefore could never achieve anything more than a negative unity. Ministers were united in resisting their critics; they were united in denouncing the Bolsheviks; they were for a short time united in believing that they could make Germany pay; but when they came to discuss any positive project of political action or legislation, they found themselves divided by a fundamental cleavage of political opinion.

In such circumstances their chief security lay in the weakness of the Opposition. Indeed, in the ordinary parliamentary sense of the word there was no Opposition; and before long it became evident that the most urgent political need of the moment was the restoration of parliamentary equilibrium by a more approximately equal distribution of power between the Government and the Opposition. Both in numbers and in quality the Liberal and Labor parties in Parliament were too poor to drive home any effective criticism against the Government; and therefore the Government and the Coalition majority developed a dangerous lack of discipline which led them into a whole series of errors. It cannot be said that the ranks of the Coalition parties themselves were particularly rich in talent. One of the most remarkable and unhappy features of the general election was the preference shown by the electorate for very mediocre candidates. A less distinguished House of Commons never assembled at Westminster after an election. The election was held at a moment when public opinion was in a state of

high emotion—and therefore of instability; and while it is certainly true that the House of Commons represented accurately the state of the public mind on Armistice night, it is also true that within six weeks the House had lost its representative character, and that the country had repented of its extravagant action in the previous November. In a series of remarkable by-elections held in different parts of the country, and therefore reasonably representative of the average national opinion, the electorate reversed in 1919 the judgment given at the end of 1918. The former year was thus a period in which coalition stock fell heavily in popular esteem. The Opposition parties, and especially the Labor party, were presented with a great opportunity which they completely failed to exploit. The failure of the Labor party has such significance for the immediate future of British politics that we may turn aside for a moment to examine the causes which gave rise to somewhat extravagant labor hopes and those other causes which have defeated them.

The war lasted so long that the vast mass of British opinion became wholly detached from its pre-war associations. Party allegiance lost its hold; and millions of men and women looked at the problems and personalities of the war and of post-war politics with entirely new eyes. Party controversy was banished from the political scene, though to be sure party spirit occasionally raised its head in the House of Commons; and the whole machinery of party politics was diverted from its normal use to the propagation of Allied doctrine, the propaganda of economy of food control, and the war loans. The outstanding party chiefs on both sides were wholly immersed in the huge preoccupations of the war, and naturally gave no thought to domestic problems except in so far as they were raised by such questions as the national use of man power and the production of munitions. Meanwhile there grew up in the public mind, whence no one quite knew, a general feeling that the Allies were fighting not only to end war, but to recreate Europe, and to establish happier democratic conditions in Great Britain. There is no doubt that, apart from the grim resolve to win the war, this feeling was the most active motive in the public mind. As President Wilson truly said, there were voices in the air—voices proclaiming that the end of the war would be the threshold of a new earth. Lead-

ing politicians of both the older parties failed to catch these voices or to understand their message; but a group of far-seeing and able labor leaders, most of them drawn from the despised intellectuals, made a shrewd guess that the public would receive with acclamation the announcement of a wholly new political programme. The prospect was discussed and reviewed time and again by this group; the ground was explored; and finally a programme was launched under the title of "Labor and the New Social Order."

This appeal formed the most remarkable political document that has seen the light of day in England for many years. Without describing any branch of policy in great detail, it drew the outlines of an ambitious and generous programme with a free hand; and contrived to give the expectant public the impression that labor had not only the will, but the power and the brain, to carry it to fruition. Thus, at a moment when discredit had fallen upon the older parties, when the party chiefs of former times were being judged solely as national leaders in a time of stress, the voice of Labor sounded a new note appropriate to the state of the public mind. By the middle of 1918 the prospect of an early increase in the political power of the Labor party was held out; and the organizers of the party laid their plans to transform it from what it had hitherto been, namely a trade-union group, into a national party. Throwing open their doors to talent wherever it could be found, they declared that any worker of hand or brain—from whatever class he might come—would be a welcome member of the party, provided he subscribed to the general principles of its programme. These principles were not explicitly socialistic, though their expression in "Labor and the New Social Order" was to be read as the first step towards a socialistic state coloured by the prevailing British love of compromise. Hence the programme was couched in terms which made it acceptable to large numbers of Liberals whose entry into the ranks of the Labor party brought to it a much needed accession of strength.

With all these omens in its favor the Labor party nevertheless has failed. It can indeed claim that its growth has been not unsatisfactory, but compared with the hopes entertained two years ago its present position must be severely disappointing to its leaders. Success has deserted it

for several reasons. In the first place, the programme of labor and the new social order has not yet enlisted the enthusiastic support and the devoted propaganda service of the rank and file of the party. It is regarded with suspicion by many of them because of its intellectual origin; and this dislike of the intellectual group to whom the Labor party owes so much is carried by the trade unions to the extent of excluding many of its best men from opportunities to serve in Parliament or to give effective aid in the development of labor as a political force. Not only so: but when the New Social Order was presented to the British public in terms of nationalization, it suffered seriously in popular esteem owing to the not altogether justifiable disrepute into which national management had fallen during the war. A third important factor in the political failure of labor has been the feeling in many parts of the country that organized labor had done very well out of the war, was becoming a little too arrogant, and needed reproof. The fourth factor is the incompetence of the parliamentary Labor party, which though 60 strong in the House of Commons has literally done nothing during the last two years. The combined effect of these factors has been to give labor a serious setback, and so the party has reaped little or no profit from the favorable circumstances of last year.

The Liberal party has done little better. It has not recovered from the disaster of 1918; and while Mr. Asquith's return to the House of Commons as a result of the by-election in Paisley last February was hailed as the opening of a new era of effective political campaigning by the party, in sober truth, his presence in Parliament during the last six months has made very little difference. It is disappointing for Liberals to confess that they are unable to break the vicious circle in which they move. Mr. Asquith's leadership is not inspiring, because he has no one to lead. There are, however, signs that Liberalism is still a great power in the country. Many of Mr. Lloyd George's recent actions show that his acute political sense has told him that the country wants a Liberal rather than a Tory policy. Such a state of the public mind ought to be a welcome opportunity to an Independent Liberal leader in Mr. Asquith's position; but Mr. Asquith himself, in common with some other prominent Liberals, seems least of all men to have caught the meaning of those voices in the air of which I spoke, and

therefore in his public speeches too often fails to strike a note in tune with the public mind. The note of controversy in his speeches belongs more to 1914 than to 1920; and the general public have little patience with people who want to explain or justify things that everyone else has forgotten. In the House of Commons the Liberal Opposition is only some 30 strong. In common with the Labor party it profited by the rapid revulsion of feeling during 1919; but when the public saw that neither Liberalism nor Labor could offer an immediate or effective alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition they revised their second thoughts, and the course of the last dozen by-elections since the beginning of the present year substantially indicates that, while Labor is growing and Liberalism still a force, the Coalition has a firmer hold on public opinion than it had a year ago.

The truth probably is not that the Coalition is any more popular than it was in 1919 but that everyone recognizes in Mr. Lloyd George the only truly dynamic public figure; and that till a rival of approximately equal magnitude arises to challenge him in the House or in the country his power will remain.

In the circumstances in which the war has left us, with party affiliations broken up, and with a prevailing feeling that many of the ills to which we are heir are beyond the immediate power of man to cure, it is natural that so skilled a political performer as the Prime Minister should have the stage all to himself. Behind this popular attitude towards Mr. Lloyd George there is a daily growing flame of dissatisfaction. A review of the present situation and commitments of the British Government does not conduce to the peace of mind of sober citizens. We have undertaken too much; we are spending too much. In these two sweeping statements is to be found the gravamen of the charge against the present Government. The charge is serious enough in all conscience; and what is required is a vigilant and self-respecting House of Commons to bring it home to the Ministry. But there are also reasons for satisfaction. Not, perhaps, with the Government, but with the general improvement in our position. Whether we have reached the summit of high prices or not, the economic situation in Great Britain is fairly satisfactory. The development of our productive power after the war has proceeded more rapidly than the pessimists believed; and though the Government

has made a terrible mess of the housing problem the industrial situation has on the whole been excellent. The substantial recovery of the sterling exchange on New York in the last six months is but one index of our general improvement. The outlook for the next six months is not quite so good, however; a certain contraction in trade is already visible though this may only be due to the prospective uncertainty of movements in prices.

With such reasons for general satisfaction it is not altogether surprising that the Government should be in a fairly strong position. No doubt its main strength lies in the absence of an alternative. No doubt, too, it would be a better government if it were more homogeneous. But meanwhile it holds the field, and seems likely to live for at least two years more.

The personalities who play the principal part in the parliamentary life of the Coalition, apart from Mr. Lloyd George, are not numerous. Mr. Bonar Law, who is leader of the House of Commons, won a well-deserved reputation for skill and candour during the war, but the present House seems to prefer the manner of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill has had many parliamentary opportunities in the last two sessions, and has made the most of them. In army affairs, and in his attitude towards Russia, he represents a large body of Coalition opinion, which, however, is not widely shared in the country outside. He has usually been regarded as the stormy petrel of politics, whose appearance on the scene was the signal for a lively time; but on more than one occasion—notably during the Amritzar debate in July—he played the unwonted art of conciliator, managing the House with unusual skill. From the immediate parliamentary point of view therefore his star is in the ascendant, but he has little following in the country. Of the other Liberal ministers in the Coalition both Mr. Edwin Montagu and Mr. Herbert Fisher are distinguished men who have done much to uphold the progressive idea in politics during a difficult time. Mr. Fisher's Education Act of 1918 gave him well deserved prestige, and though he has not succeeded quite so well during the present session he is one of the principal assets of the Coalition Government. In Indian affairs Mr. Montagu has contrived to secure the united support of the Cabinet for a genuinely liberal policy, in opposition to

many reactionary elements in the House. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has had to face violent opposition from business interests, and has also aroused serious doubts of his firmness as guardian of the public purse in the matter of expenditure. Of the new ministers, Sir Robert Horne, a skilful Scottish barrister who won his administrative spurs during the war, is not only the most successful in Parliament but has secured in an unusual degree the confidence of Mr. Lloyd George. He must be regarded as a personality to be reckoned with; and, though he was an ordinary party man before the war, he has shown a greater adaptability to new circumstances than many of his more experienced colleagues. In the event of a reconstruction of the Government Sir Robert Horne would probably be assigned to one of the more important ministries.

The possibility of such a reconstruction is ever present. A few months ago the opportunity for it seemed to be at hand when Mr. Lloyd George put forward among his Liberal colleagues the idea of a fusion between them and the more progressive Conservatives, in order to form a permanent new party which would stand in the left-centre of politics. The attitude of the Liberal Coalitionists at that time, however, did not encourage Mr. Lloyd George to proceed further with his project. The Liberal ministers felt that in such a fusion their Liberalism would be submerged in what is sometimes called Tory Democracy, and therefore they refused to accept the idea. Then came the National Convention of the Independent Liberals at Leamington. Mr. Lloyd George's Liberal friends attended the meeting on the assumption that the Liberal party, judged as a national organization, was wide enough to contain both themselves and Mr. Asquith's friends. But the latter controlled the Convention, and after a stormy discussion a resolution was passed which practically excommunicated from the Liberal party all those who were members or supporters of the Coalition Government. The feud between the two wings of the Liberal party was thus embittered, and the Coalition Liberals returned to London feeling that perhaps after all they might have to accept fusion with the progressive Tories. A few weeks later, however, a similar convention of the Conservative party displayed some distrust of Lloyd George, being clearly influenced by the fact that the Conservatives, having a majority in the House of Commons, ap-

peared to be in control of the situation. In a certain measure this is true; but Conservative members of Parliament know very well that, even if they are in a majority, this is a Lloyd George Parliament, owing its very existence to the prestige of the Prime Minister, and that if they were to carry hostility to him beyond a certain point he could threaten a dissolution of Parliament with very awkward results for them. Now at the moment of writing no one desires a dissolution, and therefore the issue will not be forced to the breaking point; but beneath the surface it is clear that forces are at work which would make fusion a very delicate task. Probably Mr. Lloyd George's first step will be to reconstruct his Cabinet in such a way as to strengthen its progressive character by eliminating not only one or two of its personal failures but also some of its more reactionary members. A Cabinet of a distinctly progressive character would be more generally representative of public feeling—an influence to which Mr. Lloyd George rarely fails to respond.

To sum up the situation of the present Government and the present Parliament at the end of two years of its life, we must acknowledge that the position has been consolidated. The violent electoral disturbances of last year have not been repeated on the same scale in 1920; and though the Liberal and Labor parties in opposition are still gaining ground at the expense of the Government, their advance is not nearly rapid enough to give the Ministry cause for alarm. As I have pointed out before, the country has had time to review the complex and difficult economic situation created by the war, and has clearly come to the conclusion that no mere change of Government could alter the situation immediately. And since in any case the Opposition parties offer no satisfactory alternative, the Government profits by the operation of the old maxim that possession is nine points of the law. They are in possession; and for the moment no one is either able or willing to dislodge them. Hence they are in a better frame of mind regarding themselves and their future than they were a year ago. Today we do not hear the voice of Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, (formerly F. E. Smith) saying of his own Government that it is rotten to the core. But we do hear now, and we shall hear more in the immediate future, of measures to improve its quality. Mr. Lloyd George is probably well aware that next winter will present

him with a situation of considerable difficulty. The aftermath of the war in the form of military enterprises of various kinds, especially in the now disrupted Turkish empire, has imposed a strain on British Government finance which will probably upset all calculations of revenue and expenditure for the current year. And if new complications were to arise in Ireland, in India, in the Near East, or in the labor world they might easily precipitate a political crisis of the first magnitude. The animated debate of July 8 on General Dyer and the Amritzar riots shows that a large and lively section of the Coalition takes a very different view of Imperial responsibilities from that which common sense compels the Government to adopt. The continual revolt of the same section against the Excess Profits Duty and other taxes serves to accentuate that cleavage.

Thus it will be seen that with many urgent problems pressing upon him Mr. Lloyd George finds his chief parliamentary difficulties within the ranks of his own nominal supporters. The revolt of the reactionaries led by Sir Edward Carson on the Amritzar controversy attained serious dimensions, and would have endangered the life of the Government but for the public spirited support which Mr. Asquith gave them on the merits of that issue. If this incident were to be repeated it might have far-reaching consequences, not only upon the Government but upon the course of British politics in our time. Meantime we may say that after a very wayward career—equally marked by error and wisdom—Mr. Lloyd George seems to be more securely set upon a progressive course. I have little doubt that he will follow it with even greater vigour when his present preoccupation with European politics is relaxed and he can turn his mind to domestic problems. He judges policy, persons, and events, not in the light of any coherent body of political doctrine but by instinct: and when he looks out upon the course which will lead him to the next general election, probably some time in 1922, he is pretty certain to see that the public will demands a return to Liberalism. He of all men is not likely to mistake that demand for a call to revive dead controversies; nor is he perhaps the right leader to give the Liberal thought of Great Britain that elevated expression natural to it; but in whatever form he casts it, his policy will probably grow more and more liberal as time goes on.

A. F. WHYTE.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

If the old adage "A new broom sweeps clean" be true, it would seem that the converse is equally so, namely: that a clean broom sweeps like new. In thinking of woman in politics I should prefer to consider her from the standpoint of the "clean broom" rather than that of the "new broom," although at this moment she must be regarded as "new" also.

Everything that is absolutely new is of necessity somewhat potential, and the importance of its potentiality is whether it can be of service or not. The only way in which women can be of real political service is, first of all, to be sincere and clean in their attitude toward the issues and the individuals which make for political, or rather for public importance.

I am one of the people who believes that there should not be "A Women's Party" per se, but that the women should work shoulder to shoulder with the men, being admitted into their councils learning from them, and, at the same time, bringing to them the helpfulness of a standpoint untarnished by compromise with principles.

Compromise, we all know, is a necessary law of life. My brother, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, when President of the United States, used frequently to illustrate this maxim, holding up the fore finger of one hand and putting a finger of the other hand on its apex, while he said, "You know (this he said to me) that my temperament would like to get here (indicating the top of his finger)—I want to achieve the thing I set out to do, but if, through circumstances, I cannot get quite to the top of my desire, would I not be foolish to sit sulking at the bottom rather than to climb up two thirds of the way?"

Women, owing to the fact that they have not, except in occasional instances, taken part in public life, are apt to feel that to "climb up two-thirds of the way" is equivalent to accepting defeat, and they are likely to injure the cause for which they are working by refusing legitimate compromise. Therefore, it would seem infinitely wiser that they should be a part of the men's organizations rather than that they should stand by themselves. The great asset that they can bring to political parties is their absolute sincerity and unswerving cleanliness of purpose.

I hope that no woman at any National Convention will ever put in nomination a candidate in whom she has not confidence. I hope no woman at any National Convention will ever put in nomination a "Favorite Son," for "complimentary purposes." What we need in this country and what, perhaps, women in politics can assist in bringing about, is a strong belief and determination that we really *can* get what the people want if the people only *want* it hard enough.

In 1916 I felt that the will of the people had been defeated because my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, was not nominated for the presidency of the United States.

I made this statement to him after the convention, and he laughingly replied, "If they had wanted me *hard* enough they could have had me."

Women want things harder than men, they are more ardent, more focussed, and if they can keep that ardor warm enough in their hearts, and yet sufficiently in check not to forego realizable ideals, they will be of immeasurable value in the future life of our great nation.

What I, myself, feel that I strongly need, is education in political methods. By the above I do not mean corrupt, but proper, intelligent, political methods. We women are at the present moment like the Freshman Class at a great college; we are intelligent, we are eager, we are honest in our desire to achieve, but we are uninformed. The Senior Class may not be as genuine in its ambitions, the very facts of its experience may have warped its ideals and brought about disillusions, but the experience itself cannot be denied. The Senior Class knows how to go about its work, it knows the methods of examinations, it has accumulated a certain store of practical information, and what the Freshman Class

should do is to hold itself in bounds, not leap into the fray with foolhardiness, but sternly determine to make itself conversant with ways and means, and at the same time grapple its higher ideals to its heart with "hooks of steel," and thus reach the position of the Senior Class still strong in desire for the good of the College, and yet able to use for that good, practical methods without which success cannot be achieved.

I am convinced that it will be well for women to go slowly in accepting political positions. Personally, when approached at the informal Republican Convention at Saratoga, and my aid solicited to assist in designating a woman as a nominee for Lieutenant Governor of New York State, I frankly replied that I was not in favor of a woman nominee for that position. I do not think that most women have yet reached a point in the actual business of politics which would make them more desirable than men for such a position.

The Democratic Convention at Saratoga designated a woman for Secretary of New York State; it may, perhaps, have been a good political move;—the Democratic party has made several good political moves in their nominations and designations,—but what we of the Republican party should earnestly try to do, and what, indeed, every party should try to do, is to designate or nominate the best individual for each position, and women must serve a longer apprenticeship in public affairs before they should be considered for certain public positions.

One of the ways in which women in any State in which they have been accorded the vote can be of inestimable service is in connection with the Public Schools and Libraries. The future of our country depends on the education of our native born and the education and Americanization of our foreign born children. The Public Schools, and the Library as an educational and community centre, mean the best incentive to patriotism, if proper teachers and librarians are in charge of these institutions. The women *voters,* especially *because* they are *voters* as well as women, can have great influence along the lines of seeing that no unpatriotic teachers are allowed to hold positions in our public schools, and that the salaries of the teaching class and the librarians shall be sufficiently large to attract the more able and cultivated instructors. The force of every woman

voter should be used against such improper action as took place in the Board of Education of New York, in its retirement of Dr. Tildslay from the position which he had used only to promote the best educational and patriotic endeavor in our schools. Let more women primarily interest themselves in such matters;—let New York City women protest against the closing of the Branch Libraries in the lower parts of New York City, where those libraries were Americanization centres;—let our voters, while studying some of the duties less familiar to them, perform other duties, such as the above, which they so well understand. A voter going with a practical protest to the Mayor or any other high official, *must* be considered,—a mere woman might be received with scant courtesy!

The feminine mind is apt to confuse independence with righteousness. Righteousness, which means only right doing, can be practised as well within working organizations as by an onlooker, or so called "Independent," and much more effective work can be accomplished. The point, after all, is to achieve some important result, and the onlooker rarely does more than stand aloof and criticize.

The woman who feels that to touch either of the great working political parties of our nation is to touch pitch, and who for that reason, stands aside from both, achieves only her own self-complacency.

Every woman should study the underlying principles of the two great parties, and she can only study them by taking part in the political activities of her own district, should she live in the city, or her township in the country; she should try to make herself, by such effort, a factor in the local organizations. By so doing she becomes a factor in the larger National Organizations.

We women can be of service by our mute example as regards our sense of obligation. Too few men take actual part in their home politics, and if the women will take that active part, their example—if mute!—will be of real significance!

It is not that the vote itself is so much the important element in the new privilege and responsibility of woman, but rather her duty toward the vote and her solemn purpose to make that vote count the right way.

Only the other day I heard a very intelligent woman

deplore the fact that the slogan of the Republican party in this campaign was to be "America First." I felt impressed at once with what seems to me the danger of "women in politics."

Insensibly women have a more unselfish attitude toward most things than men, and in this case this woman felt it to be a selfish slogan, and was repelled by what she thought its lack of altruism. She seemed to feel differently after I had read to her the following quotation from Theodore Roosevelt's speech in Maine in 1916:

> The policy of the United States must be shaped with a view to two conditions only; first with a view to the honor and interest of the United States, and second, with a view to the interest of the world as a whole.
>
> Our first duty is to the United States, but if we are true to our principles we must also serve the interests of mankind at large. In addition to serving our own country, *we must shape the policy of our own country* so as to secure the cause of international righteousness, fair-play, and humanity.

Surely the above sentiments are not lacking in altruism, but they are lacking in the sentimentality which, I regret to say, is apt to tinge a woman's point of view toward practical political duties.

Another woman, to illustrate again the harm of a sentimental attitude, wrote me after the two National Conventions, that having been an ardent follower of Theodore Roosevelt, she could not abide by the results of the Republican Convention, and had decided to vote the Democratic ticket because she would then, at least, be voting for a Roosevelt.

Entire lack of logic, combined with sentimentality, had brought her to the intelligent conclusion that she would vote for a ticket on which was the name of a distant kinsman of Theodore Roosevelt, while she ignored the fact that, by so doing, she would be voting for the policies of a party which Theodore Roosevelt had combatted all his life;—the policies which during the last six years had been considered by him both sinister and calamitous in their results on our country! Such sentimentality in woman can largely undo the good she can do by her unswerving sincerity, and her fine sense of responsibility.

I would therefore, in conclusion, beg the women of America to do what I hope to do myself, namely, to go to school;—not to such schools as we have gone to in the past,

but to the hard school of public life, and this with no idea whatsoever of putting aside our private duties. Should we put those aside, we would become a less potent, rather than a more potent, influence; but, just as we have studied other arts in the past, let us study the difficult art of fitting ourselves to be able public citizens. Let us try to eliminate sentimentality, yet in no way relinquish our sincerity and our practical idealism, let us work toward the Senior Class of Politics, and welcome the experiences which our arrival in that class should mean, without sacrificing our ardor for righteousness and our determination to make political and public life a career which does not of necessity blunt or destroy the higher enthusiasm of either man or woman.

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

"LIBERTY" IN THE UNITED STATES

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

FOUR generations have matured on the soil of the United States since the Constitution established the National Government in 1787. What is the state of the Government, what is the state of the Nation today?

In a country which has never suffered from warlike invasion, which has never had to pay the price of imperial responsibilities, which has never borne the yoke of militarism, which has never faced the problems of over-population, which has never lacked the wealth necessary to give fulfillment to its hopes of social betterment; in a country endowed, above all other countries, with everything that nature can offer to the talent and industry of man, and in which man is endowed, above all other men, with everything that opportunity can offer to talent and industry—in such a country we might hope to find, after nearly a hundred and fifty years of self-determination, political and social conditions immeasurably superior to those which prevail in countries which have enjoyed none of the social immunities and few of the natural advantages with which the American people have been blessed.

What are the actual facts as they face us today? Have the people of the United States provided themselves with a judicial system or with a parliamentary system greatly superior to those of England? Or with local governments greatly superior to those of Australia? Or with systems of food-production and distribution greatly superior to those of Denmark? Or with an educational system greatly superior to that of Scotland? Or with an industrial technique greatly superior to that of France? Or with an administrative technic greatly superior to that of Canada? Or with a larger measure of social and political freedom than may be found in any of these countries?

If these questions are answered in the negative, they must be supplemented by the further question: What, then, have the American people made of the extraordinary opportunities which have been at their disposal? If they are answered in the affirmative, we must then ask: How is it that these greatly superior achievements in politics, in administration, in jurisprudence, in education, in industry, in liberty, so far from having saved the United States from the social and political unrest which threatens the countries of inferior achievement, are associated with a thorough infection of discontent throughout the whole body of the nation? How is it that here, in this fortunate land, there should have developed so much radicalism, so much socialism, so much syndicalism; that here the toll of crime, of misdemeanor, of business immorality, of political corruption, of civic ineptitude should not be noticeably lighter than it is in those countries to which we are so superior in so many fundamental elements?

As liberty is popularly supposed to be the one thing in which the United States is incontestably pre-eminent, and as pre-eminence in this particular is constantly urged in extenuation of admitted defects in other particulars, I will put American liberty to the test of some comparisons.

What is the position in regard to social liberty?

Is the Englishman, is the Australian, is the Dane, is the Scot, is the Frenchman, is the Canadian less free than the American to worship as he choses, to marry as he choses, to work as he choses, to idle as he choses, to save as he choses, to spend as he choses, to live where he choses, to travel where he choses, to eat, drink, and wear what he choses?

If social liberty depends upon the protection of life and of property, if it depends upon the speedy and impartial administration of the law, if it depends upon freedom of the press, upon freedom of speech, upon freedom of assembly, upon freedom of contract, upon academic freedom, in what sense is any one of these peoples less free than the American people?

To many people, perhaps to most people, "Social Liberty" means "Social Equality"; but if these ideas are critically examined it is seen that they are not only different but also irreconcilable, and that the former refers to something real and realizable, the latter to something unreal and

unrealizable. So far as social "liberty" is in any way affected by Government, it exists wherever there is equal status before the law, and every man is assured the free exercise of his talents and of his industry, and the free enjoyment of their rewards. From such freedom, however, there arises not social equality but social inequality, since talent and industry are unequally distributed.

In regard to social "equality" it is sufficient to remark that it cannot be produced by equalizing incomes, since desires vary; or by equalizing educational opportunity, since abilities vary; or by equalizing social opportunity, since social preferences vary; or by equalizing possessions, since tastes vary. Even if there existed some unhappy land in which ignorance and knowledge, intelligence and stupidity, sloth and ignorance, culture and vulgarity were equally esteemed, you could not establish social equality there until you had accomplished the impossible task of standardizing desire, ability, taste, and social preference.

When the appeal for social "equality" goes beyond a demand for equality of opportunity it becomes neither more nor less than an appeal for social injustice; and in the mouths of the most vigorous of the appellants that is precisely what the demand means. It is a demand that equality of reward shall go hand in hand with inequality of service; and it is justified by the extremists on the ground that the superior endowment which enables a man to give superior service is itself a basic injustice, inflicted by nature, which it is the duty of society to remedy by equalizing recompense.

It is true that social liberty is a somewhat intangible conception, that it rests largely upon subjective considerations, and is, therefore, impossible to define in exact terms. Political liberty is, in these respects, a more satisfactory subject of discussion. Do the American people enjoy more political liberty than other self-governing peoples?

The only practical test of the amount of political liberty yielded by any form of government is to determine the extent and character of the control exercised over legislation and over high administrative officials by the voting population. Subjected to this test the political system of the United States appears to yield less liberty than any other system in operation under a "popular" constitution. For the purpose of illustration I will compare some features of the American and of the British systems.

In England, then, the voice of Parliament is authoritative. Any legislative measure, whatever may be its provisions, duly passed by the Commons and the Lords and signed by the King becomes the law of the land, and remains the law of the land unless and until it is amended or repealed by the same agencies. In practice it is the will of the House of Commons—the elected branch of the legislature—which is supreme. This supremacy is challenged only by the power of the sovereign to withhold his assent from legislation; and the latest exercise of this power was made more than two hundred years ago. Until within the past decade the House of Lords had the power to kill measures sent up from the Commons. This power has been taken away, but even while it remained, a resolute ministry, backed by the House of Commons and by popular sentiment, could force a measure through the Lords by threatening the creation of new peers—a threat which has been effective on more than one occasion.

What is the situation in the United States in regard to this phase of legislation? Neither Congress nor a State Legislature possesses the power to translate into effective law the will of the people's representatives. Whatever law an American legislature passes must, if it is to stand the test of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, conform with the principles laid down in the Federal Constitution. Nor is this the only limitation upon the legislative expression of the citizens' wishes. Federal legislation is subject to the Presidential veto; State legislation is subject to the veto of the Governor; and this power of veto is exercised every year over a large number of measures which have passed both houses of a legislature.

The power of the Supreme Court to declare legislation to be unconstitutional has the practical consequence of making that Court a legislative as well as a judicial body. It cannot, of course, initiate legislation, but it can and does exert a powerful influence over the initiative function of legislatures, and where this influence does not suffice to keep legislatures within the bounds of the Court's interpretation of the Constitution it can and does destroy the offending measure. The United States Supreme Court, unlike the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or the Supreme Court of Judicature in England, has before it not only the litigants but also the law itself.

So far, then, as political freedom resides in the untrammeled right to make law of the people's wishes, the American is less free than the Englishman. Indeed, the restraining hand which the Constitution holds over American legislation is regarded by many eminent authorities as one of the most beneficent features of the American plan of government. The point is precisely defined by President Nicholas Murray Butler in his most interesting and suggestive volume, *Is America Worth Saving?* He says:

> Without Constitutional limitations, the Congress of the United States would be as sovereign as is the House of Commons, and all those precious immunities that are set out in the Constitution and its amendments and as to which the individual citizen may appeal to the judiciary for protection, would be placed upon the same plane as a statute authorising the appointment of an interstate commerce commission or one denouncing a monopoly or other act in restraint of trade. It must not be forgotten that there is no such thing as an unconstitutional law in Great Britain. The fact that the Parliament enacts a law makes it constitutional, no matter what its effect upon life, liberty or property may be; for Parliament is sovereign. To propose to import this condition into the United States is not Progress but reaction.

Those who are in favor of making American legislation more closely representative of the political opinion of the country deplore the existence of those constitutional restrictions which President Butler praises. They point out that these limitations actually deprive the people of that full sovereignty which is implied in Lincoln's immortal phrase "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." They assert that the enforcement of a code of political morals drawn up in the eighteenth century prevents the American people from securing that progress in self-government which is to be observed amongst other peoples. "The human will in its collective aspect," says Mr. Herbert Croly, "was made subservient to the mechanism of a legal system."

The evil consequences which flow from these limitations on political free-will are reflected, according to this view, not only in the quality of legislation but also in the quality of legislators.

"If a legislative body," asks Professor Franklin H. Giddings, in a recent article, "whether Federal Congress or State Legislature, can be overriden by higher authority, can it in the nature of things psychological feel a profound

sense of responsibility; and if it does not feel responsibility can it in the long run attract men of the largest calibre and the highest quality?"

However widely students may differ as to the advisability of preserving those restrictions which the Constitution imposes upon political liberty in the United States, there are in active operation other restraints which are regarded as odious by every decent citizen, but which, nevertheless, are constantly and effectively employed to destroy the power of the voters.

It is surely a matter of great significance that in the national electoral campaign of 1912 the Democratic platform and the Progressive platform should each have made the specific charge that representative government had been destroyed in the United States. The Democratic platform said:

> We call attention to the fact that the Democratic party's demand for a return to the rule of the people, expressed in the national platform four years ago, has now become the accepted doctrine of a large majority of the electors. We again remind the country that only by the larger exercise of the reserved power of the people can they protect themselves from the misuse of delegated power and the usurpation of governmental instrumentalities by special interests. . . . The Democratic party offers itself to the country as an agency through which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud and machine rule in American politics can be effected.

The Progressive party platform stated:

> Political parties exist to secure responsible government and to execute the will of the people. From these great tasks both of the old parties have turned aside. Instead of instruments to promote the general welfare, they have become the tools of corrupt interests, which use them impartially to serve their selfish purposes. Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day.

We have here a state of affairs which is almost unprecedented in the history of modern democracy. One of the older parties charges the other with having destroyed the rule of the people, and with having debauched the Government; the new party, which was specifically a party of protest, charges both the older parties with having sold their political honor to corrupt interests. This is something quite

different from the usual party rivalries founded upon divergence of view as to matters of national policy. It is no longer a question of protection or a tariff for revenue only, of preponderating State control or preponderating Federal control, of extravagance or economy in the public administration; it is a question of whether or not the whole purpose of American political institutions has not been defeated by the corruption of the political agencies.

If anything more were needed to sustain the view that government *of* the people had survived and flourished, and that government *by* the people and *for* the people had fallen by the political wayside, it could be found in the general tone of political discussion in the various organs of public opinion during the past twenty years. There has been constantly presented in the writings of serious men—whether in the press, in the magazines, in the proceedings of scientific societies, or in books—a clear conviction that government in the United States has passed from the control of the people to that of the party machines, that these machines are serving the ambitions of party politicians instead of the public interest, and that they have gradually come to draw their power not from the support of public opinion but from that of financial and industrial autocracy.

In recent years a new form of special control has arisen, that of strongly organized and heavily financed minorities; and this control is even more dangerous to political liberty than that of the party machines, for it is not only free from the check which internal rivalries exert upon machine politics, but also enjoys the insidious advantage of being able to masquerade as the agent of a " popular " demand.

The considerations advanced up to this point have been those suggested chiefly by an examination of political determinism in the United States up to the eve of the Great War; that is to say under conditions normal in the sense that for nearly fifty years the democratic institutions of the country had been subjected to no greater strain than is incident to the ordinary conduct of civil government of the modern type.

What has happened to the American political system since the United States entered the war in 1917 has disclosed with unmistakable clearness that whatever measure of political freedom actually belonged to the American peo-

ple was endowed with no such security of tenure as the Constitution was supposed to guarantee.

The war compelled the United States, as it had compelled Great Britain and France, to abolish democracy for the duration of the war, in order that when the war was won the world might be made safe for the kind of democracy which had to retire into the remote background while the world was being made safe for it. This tacit admission of the weakness of democracy on the administrative side was forced upon the democratic world by the unanimous opinion that the problems of the war could not be solved by the quibbling artifices of politics, that, confronted with the grim elements of stark reality, democracy must forswear its allegiance to oratory, to procrastination, to large promise, and to small performance, and, for a while at least, accept those cold, hard facts of human experience, formerly the butt of its demagogic wit, the despised counsellors of its ease, the unheeded beggars at the wheels of its haste.

Committed to this course by the obvious necessities of the occasion, the American people outdid their democratic brethren the world over, and even their autocratic rivals in Central Europe, in the matter of conferring power upon their chief executive.

Taking all in all, no man has ever wielded greater authority, less conditioned, than that which the war legislation of Congress placed in the hands of President Wilson. No one who appreciates the full gravity of the world-situation in 1917, who understands the peculiar difficulty of carrying into war a population as racially varied as that of the United States, who is aware of the extent to which that population had been drugged into a false sense of safety by the political rhapsodists and by the professional pacifists, can doubt that the brilliant and effective part played by the country in the great conflict was due primarily to the unlimited war powers vested in the President, and to his unflinching employment of them.

He had the courage to discard with the utmost promptness principles hitherto regarded as the cornerstone, the pillar, and the arch of American Democracy, and to consign to the limbo of exploded fallacies, decentralization as the soul of government, competition as the soul of efficiency, and individualism as the soul of politics. As the days passed and the advantages of a strong centralized authority became

increasingly apparent, public sentiment hailed with satisfaction each fresh proof that the war was to be conducted with a close regard for the realities, and that peace methods based upon idealistic theory were being rapidly abandoned for war methods based upon practical expediency.

No sooner had the exigencies of war lifted their unifying pressure from the American spirit than the general demand arose that the war powers of the government should be given up, that the "freedom" of American life should be restored. This was, of course, to be expected; and a similar demand had arisen in all countries. What is to be observed as a phenomenon closely related to the question of political free-will in the United States is that it has been found more difficult here than elsewhere to secure a return to the normal, peace-time functioning of government.

Those who entertain a confident assurance that the United States Constitution safeguards effectively the liberties of the American people, that facts inconsistent with this belief do not destroy the premise, but merely prove that all human institutions, even the Constitution, lack something of perfection, would do well to ponder the words of the Hon. Charles E. Hughes, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Speaking on June 21, 1920, at the centenary celebration of the Harvard Law School Association, he said:

> We went to war for liberty and democracy, with the result that we fed the autocratic appetite. And, through a fiction, permissible only because the courts cannot know what everyone else knows, we have seen the war powers, which are essential to the preservation of the nation in time of war, exercised broadly after the military exigency had passed and in conditions for which they were never intended, and *we may well wonder, in view of the precedents now established, whether constitutional government as heretofore maintained in this republic could survive another great war even victoriously waged.*

Coming from such a source—from a man of high distinction in the public life of the nation, from a man whose sobriety of thought and whose legal scholarship are universally respected, from a man who has sat in that very Court which is the depository of the Constitutional rights of the American people—the words I have placed in italics carry a significance which cannot be mistaken.

From what has gone before it is difficult to escape the conclusion that if the test is the power to control legislation

and to give expression to the popular will in matters of broad national policy, the American people do not enjoy a larger measure of political freedom than is enjoyed by other peoples. Do they enjoy more liberty if the test is the power to control the conduct of the higher administrative officials?

In the United States, as in England, the highest administrative officials of the National Government are members of the Cabinet; but no two bodies could be less alike, measured by their responsibility to the people,than those which assemble, respectively, at the White House and at No. 10 Downing Street. The members of the English Cabinet are selected by the leaders of the political party which, for the time being, holds office. Each of them must sit either in the Upper or in the Lower House of Parliament. Thus all the great officers of State are compelled to face their political opponents day by day when Parliament is in session, must be constantly prepared to explain and defend the policy of the government, and must answer questions in regard to matters with which their respective departments are concerned. For example, if the Postmaster General should allow his department to deteriorate to a point where it no longer rendered efficient service to the public, any member of the House in which the Postmaster General has his seat can, in the form of a question, confront that official with specific instances of incompetence, can demand an explanation, and can threaten to make the matter a parliamentary issue unless conditions are speedily improved.

What applies to the Post Office, applies equally to every department of the public service, so that the representatives of the English people are at all times in a position where they can call to account the head of any department of the executive government; and this check is exercised in such a way that the complaint and the official explanation are spread upon the record of Parliament, and are, within a few hours, offered to the eye of every Englishman who reads a newspaper.

Nor is it possible for an official thus held to his responsibility to treat the matter lightly, to say that there is nothing in the complaint but political venom, or to decline the challenge of the enquiry, or to meet the criticism by a blunt denial of the facts or by a lip-service to efficiency. If he should follow any of these courses he imperils not only his own tenure of a lucrative post, not only the tenure of similar

posts by his political associates, but also the tenure of office by his party. And this peril is not one which lies in the chances of a distant election, it is one with which he and his party can be confronted at any moment. Under the English system, which allows a national election to be held at any time when the party in power fails to secure a majority on any important motion in the House of Commons, a very narrow limit is set to the defiance which the heads of the government departments can offer to well-founded criticism of the conduct of public business.

Everyone who is familiar with the conduct of great enterprises, whatever may be their special character, knows that the only form of control which is in any real sense effective is that which rests upon the ability to fix responsibility squarely on a particular individual, and upon the power to make that individual himself pay the price of his shortcomings.

This form of control the Englishman holds over every man who fills a political office in the national government. Does the American hold any such control over the high officials of the Federal Government?

As in England, so in the United States, the Cabinet is composed of the heads of the great administrative departments, and are political appointees in the sense that they are chosen by the President from adherents of his party. But here the similarity between the two bodies ceases. The President's Cabinet is not responsible to the country for a programme of legislation; it is not responsible to Congress for the efficient discharge of departmental business. Short of the commission of gross acts of malfeasance, for which removal from office might be attempted by the difficult and uncertain process of impeachment, a member of the President's Cabinet has nothing to fear from public indignation or from any act which lies within the power of the people's representatives in Congress; and he can retain his place in the Cabinet and his control of his department for four years (or for eight, as the case may be) upon the single condition that he remains *persona grata* at the White House.

I may recall to the reader's attention another peculiarity of the American political system which seriously restricts the political freedom of the American people. In England, and in all other countries having what is accurately and succinctly described as " responsible " government, the party

in power is always in the position to carry out its programme of legislation, so long as it commands a majority of legislative votes; and when it no longer commands this majority it relinquishes the reins of government into the hands of those who can muster the following necessary to carry out a legislative programme. In the United States, however, as everybody knows, the power of legislation may be in the hands of a Republican Congress ,and the veto power in the hands of a Democratic President, or vice-versa; and one party may have a majority in the Senate and the other party in the House of Representatives.

Thus, to go no further in these comparisons, we frequently observe the position to arise when the Senate can shift its responsibilities to the shoulders of a hostile majority in the House of Representatives, when the House can shift its responsibilities to a hostile majority in the Senate, and when Congress, if the Senate and the House are in agreement, can find an alibi to any charge by pointing to the veto of a President who belongs to the opposite party from that which controls the Congressional majorities.

It is clear that in a system of this kind it is extremely difficult for the people to fix responsibility and to secure a remedy either for a political or for an administrative situation which has become intolerable to them. The people have, in fact, no quick asset of political power; and their lack of this power is at the root of their political impotence.

The foregoing discussion has, I venture to think, shown that there is little justification for the common boast that in the United States Liberty flourishes with an exuberance elsewhere unknown. It is not to be supposed that the intelligent and informed people of the country labor under any such mistaken idea; but the illusion is widespread, and it is only one of many misconceptions as to the real character of American life which have been fostered by the misguided enthusiasm of the sentimentalists and by the shrewd policy of the politicians.

There are times, no doubt, in which a people are not seriously injured by looking at their institutions of government through a pink, moist haze of optimism; but he is indeed blind who cannot see that the present is not one of those times.

Evidence accumulates on every side of an approaching crisis not only in the political and social life of the United

States, but in that of the world at large. If this crisis is not met with the most courageous frankness the consequences will be disastrous beyond any computation.

The most valuable service which the American people can render to humanity today is to come down out of the clouds, to adjust its dogmas to the actual conditions of life on this planet, and to accept in regard to the operation of democratic methods of government the clear verdict of common sense instead of the windy assurances of orators.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

ARE THE ENGLISH GOOD LOSERS?

BY LINCOLN WILBAR

LIKE the wise general who aims to get his blow in first, I, an Englishman, hasten to answer my own question in the negative, hoping thus to gain the advantage of surprise and the moral effect of presenting an idea prejudged to the jury. The English, as a people, are not, in my opinion, good losers. The inception of an idea does not demand, as an inherent necessity, any basic connection with truth, nor does its subsequent growth into universal acceptation prove that it had such connection; and, contrary to the popular belief in the sportsman-like bearing of the English in the face of defeat, the real fact seems to be that the psychological, moral and mental effects wrought in them by losing are not less marked than these effects commonly are in the spirit of other temperate races. Among themselves the English accept defeat with a sufficient grace, though even here the veneer of pose lies thinly over the natural grain, as is evidenced by the inevitable excuse of failure—excuse typified by the familiar "lame wrist" of the vanquished tennis player,—but in their contests or competitions with another people, in the success of which popular feeling is keenly concerned and national pride enlisted, they do not accept the loser's rôle with abounding inward good will, however they may dress the part. And, aside from the immediate social amenities, it is the real inward rather than the apparent outward attitude toward defeat which matters. The English in their bearing before the world may not permit themselves the indulgence of direct outward expressions of the natural emotions of the defeated, such as one expects of more emotional races, but the underlying spirit of hostility to a victory of their losing is, if anything, the greater for this artificial repression, and its potential menace, therefore, a more dangerous social factor.

When other races effervesce freely in defeat, their froth soon exhausts not only itself but its origin. No lees of ill-feeling remain to add their bitterness to succeeding cups of gall and wormwood. In the English temperament, on the other hand, the effects of defeat permeate rather than bubble and hiss and disperse at the surface, and the consequences of a series of defeats, especially defeats from the same general quarters, are apt to result in a distinct acerbation of existing racial jealousies and antagonisms, and a feeling almost of rancour against the victorious person or people. Outwardly there may be only those amenities which good breeding and the courtesies of sport require, but inwardly the rasp of defeat excoriates the highly sensitized vanity of a people only now just rawly awakened to the broken sequence of their habit of victory, and it is the inward, rather than the outward, manner in which defeat is accepted which constitutes the quality of the loser. On this showing the English are, *ipso facto,* decidedly not good losers.

The individual Englishman, being subject to the restraining moral influence of the world's public opinion, which presupposes him to be a "sportsman," manages to preserve at least the outward appearance of losing gracefully, and certainly harbors no rankling animus, either to the victor or to his tribe. He is in truth what the world has come to call him—a sportsman. But like parts do not always make a like whole, and the English, as a homogeneous people, largely made up of like parts, curiously enough secretly regard defeat by foreign competitors as a sort of incomprehensible and gratuitous affront to their sacred ordained right to win. In their inmost hearts they treasure an accumulative grudge, not so much in consequence of the act of losing as in consequence of the idea of defeat, not so much against the person of the individual competitors as against the national composite of the winners. They cannot with equanimity and a true sense of the right of things see another people, or the representatives of another people, win against themselves, even though in the reasoning faculty of their minds they must perforce recognize the fact, patent enough to others, that in some measure they have merited victory by no worthier desert than belief in their traditional divine right to it.

Without being actually blind to degrees of superiority

in others, the English certainly do not see those degrees (where such exist) very clearly. The human eye is curiously retentive of the image of any brilliantly illuminated object at which it looks long and intently; and, figuratively speaking, the English have looked so persistently and for so many years at the sun of their own successes arching practically unchallenged and undimmed in the firmament of mankind, that now, when their sun is beginning to suffer frequent eclipses as competing suns presume to an orbit in the heavens, they cannot turn their dazzled eyes away and see distinctly any other source of radiance in the sky than that which lingers as a nerve sensation in the impress of their special sun on their retina. Reason, stimulated into action by the observance of phenomena such as characterize the impossibility of a defeat which somehow has managed to come off, must, of course, long since have informed them of the presence of rival suns, as reason proved to Le Verrier the existence of the invisible planet Neptune; but it is only when one or another of those contending suns collides violently and victoriously with their own sun, causing its light to dim suddenly in the shock of the collision, as the lights of a ship pale at the impact with an iceberg—it is only then that the English are able to see, with anything like distinctness, the actual proportions and dimensions of their adversary's superiority.

For habit is strong in the English. And the habit of winning, acquired through the centuries, has become so firmly established in the English character that, in spite of numerous clarifying "eye-openers" received in recent years, the national expression, in the face of a defeat which touches the national pride, may be said, metaphorically if not always literally, to be marred occasionally by the unwitting scowl of defective vision. A people not notorious for imagination, must perforce strain their sight to see an accomplished impossibility that is out of their focus. In time, no doubt, the corrective influence of their rising ratio of defeats in practically every field of endeavor will rectify this chacteristic optical defect; but up to the present, losing has not become a habit with them, only a variation of a habit. Hence my concern is not with what may show, now and again, on the surface, and which is deceptive and transitory, but with the deeper, more permanent and progressive effects which defeat pro-

duces on the psychology and temperament of the English.

It is the inward rather than the outward acceptance of defeat which marks distinctions between good losers and bad losers. The loser who flings himself about in a rage is a disagreeable, possibly a temporarily ill-disposed, rival; but his transport is transient, its very violence and openness being the warrant of its speedy death. There are no accumulative after effects. The so-called good loser, on the other hand—the loser who suppresses all show of chagrin and dissembles with a smile, is likely to be, potentially at any rate, a more or less inimical element, the degree of his hostility depending on the degree of his virility and the extent of the wound to his pride. In the case of the English (to whom "winning" and "good form" are traditional terms), the shock to their *amour propre* of a conspicuous defeat is far greater than the shock of a similar defeat would be to a people more accustomed to losing; and since they absorb the whole of this shock into their system, allowing none of it to escape at the usual safety valve in the form of a free flow of the natural language of discomfiture, the inevitable consequence is a more lasting impression, a more irritating action, on the national ego.

Underneath the veneer of a thousand years of civilization the English are still a very primitive race. Indeed, their primitiveness comes, in places, strangely close to the surface. And everywhere it is a separate and distinct element or stratum in the English character. At no point has it merged indistinguishably with the civilization which has been laid over it. When, therefore, the national emotion of vexation, —which is the earliest, as it is the mildest, of the sentiments inseparable from defeat,—strikes deep into the English consciousness, it buries itself in something that is very crude and very vital. There is no middle stratum in which it can waste harmlessly away, like a variant of the Cheshire cat, until nothing remains—self-consumed, as it were, in a neutral environment, but instead it finds permanent lodgment in the real, as distinct from the artificial, substance of the race, and, being denied wholesome, purifying air by the outer shell of convention, it there slowly creates a fester which may ultimately break through, in violence, to the surface.

It has been said by an American with a keen eye for the

externals that "Americans look upon the international yachting and other contests almost as though they were serious battles, and are elated or depressed accordingly; while the English take these matters much more calmly." This is undoubtedly true as regards the outward show. But of the two the Americans are the better losers, inasmuch as they so soon dissipate outwardly the emotions of defeat. They may not be, conventionally, as good winners as the English, for the positives of victory affect them strongly and perhaps somewhat too obviously; but a straight defeat leaves them ultimately only healthily revengeful. And a healthy feeling of revenge is a wholesome stimulant. The English, on the contrary—the better class of English, that is to say: the representative class by which, in past times, we were wont to judge the country—the English, because they have in comparatively recent years been bred in the unctuous hypocrisy of sportsmanship, are easy and natural in their courteous acceptance of either defeat or victory.

But hypocrisy is not a virtue. It is only the disguise of vice. And a pose is only a pose—an attitude, if you will, representing not a moral attribute, but a conception of the social utility of the moral attribute it pretends to represent. It evidences no real change of heart. The English of today are those of one hundred years ago, so far as their essential selves are concerned; and no one who knows his England well needs to be told that the English of those days took their defeats with a very human ill-grace. They had not then learned to say, as Stevenson has said since, "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fight in good spirits;" and until Anglo-Saxon characteristics become impotent, as a world force, in the emasculating refinements on the one hand and the devitalizing coarsenesses on the other of a too self-indulgent-civilization, the present-day English are not likely to embarrass a still flourishing business of succeeding, handed down to them by their forefathers as a main inheritance, by any ideals, the effect of which would be in the direction of equalizing the chances of their rivals.

The business of the English, past, present and future, always has been, is, and always will be, to succeed. That, in a nutshell, is the secret of their marvellous success. To show good spirits in defeat is a policy in furtherance of their chief concern—i. e.—the business of succeeding,—not a sen-

timent in modification of it. Nor could the fact well be otherwise. A country whose people truly accepted defeat as a sort of second-hand pleasure in victory—the reflected enjoyment of seeing someone else (and a rival) pleased—or whose outward show of "sportsmanship" correctly expressed the quality of their real feelings—a country of a character so amorphous would be on the high road to ruin. It is only those who are too spineless even to aspire to personal success who take defeat with the same inward good grace that the English have trained themselves to show outwardly as a matter of good form. The normal human being—the natural man—rebels in spirit, if not in overt act, against defeat in whatever guise it comes, not only because defeat is an offence to his vanity (a consideration of sufficient potency), but because of a remnant of instinct surviving in him from those far-off days when to suffer defeat was likely to be distinctly unhealthy.

Defeat and death were terms which the early Briton (had he known the words, as well as the conditions which the words represented) would have been likely to connect in his mind. The two concomitants, as they then were—defeat and death,—had an unpleasant habit of coming together with a suddenness which eliminated the element of personal humiliation from the loser-side of the situation in exactly the same proportion that it heightened the effect of the example. Hence the English, who are the most conservative of the highly civilized peoples of the world, and therefore the most retentive of those primitive instincts which originated in painful experience and grew strong in the perilous acquirements of it—the English, we may logically assume, would be the race which more than any other would be most likely to conserve the vital objection of the stone-age man to defeat in any form; the assumption having, as a qualifying or dissembling correlative, the no less logical presumption that they would be led by their civilization to camouflage the crudeness of their primal impulse with some of the artificial conventions of their ancient society. Defeat having ceased to have, for them, a fatal significance as its normal characteristic, and the original instinctive objection to it being of a somewhat rude expression, they gradually built up around the offending natural instinct, whose unrefinement shocked their cultivated taste, a sort of wall or pretence of well-bred

ignorance of its existence, which had the double effect of screening an unsightly feature while protecting and perpetuating its existence.

That the instinct survives—that it retains practically all of its inherent primal force and vitality as a racial factor, albeit the want of perfect freedom of action may have made it a little flabby—is, I believe, easy to prove. But the proof must be sought not in direct examples, which are not often forthcoming, but in indirect and, apparently, uncorrelated incidents, which, like the widely separated vents of some gigantic subterranean cauldron, serve to relieve the central source of heat and pressure. These incidents, though numerous, do not, as the French say, spring to the eye, their real significance and application being generally so obscured or overshadowed by the popular appeal of the larger interest or issue with which they are associated, that, except to the discerning few, they appear to be emotional safety-valves of whatever source of public feeling they seem to be relieving, rather than outlets for the evacuation of bad humours from many a festering sore of wounded vanity.

It would, however, be invidious to specify these incidents here. To *think* that ill-will arises directly from the nature of the occasion is always a pleasanter and more beneficial personal and social moral influence than to *know* that it had its origin in some indirect and possibly remote defeat, the circumstances and character of which may or may not have been worthy of the maturing crop of consequences. It is, for instance, more flattering to the corporate—the national—vanity of the English for them to imagine that their resentment of an obnoxious or irritating situation (momentous or trivial, as the case may be) occurring between themselves and another people, arises, as a pure and simple product of direct injury or offence, primarily and solely out of the inherent defects and injustices of the situation itself, rather than in part and inceptively from some hidden festering sore, which marks the spot where a searching defeat, or series of defeats, long past, perhaps, and by the world forgot, still rankles in their inner consciousness. Yet it would not be difficult for anyone familiar with the mentality and psychology of the English to trace much of the animus of the national popular ego in many an affair of grave international importance to some essentially inconse-

quential defeat, not in the *game,* but in the *games* of life.

And it is well for the English that this is so—that they are *not* good losers. No friend of the race would have it otherwise. The simple and logical fact that to lose is still a greater shock to their pride than it is to a people more accustomed to losing, is one of the most hopeful signs among the various portents of Anglo-Saxon decadence. So long as a people resent defeat with a wholesome and natural heartiness, so long is the primal force in them the basis and support of the national character. Veneer it as you will, the rough, tough, sturdy grain is there to strengthen and sustain the softer qualities. It is when defeat is accepted with inward grace, as beautiful as it is waxen, that a once virile people begin to fall to pieces. The only thing that has saved and will continue to save the English from a fifth-rate place in the world is the fact that they are *not* good losers. May they never be that!

LINCOLN WILBAR.

THE MADNESS OF MAN

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN it comes to grips with disease, the enemy of the flesh, human kind knows what to do. It puts itself in the hands of science, praying, with the fervor of the terrified atom, to be delivered, at all costs, from the "body of this death." Tuberculosis has been all but crowded inside those doors before which Mytyl and Tyltyl paused on their progress of wonder,—incarcerated ignominiously with Cold-in-the-Head. Another decade and cancer will be bundled after it. And yet, though we are taking thought of the body, we show no smallest sign of recognizing any urgent need of fighting the madness of our collective mind. For mankind is mad, never more so than in this present reaction from great imperative issues that would not be denied. It has "eaten of the insane root." The world is a more or less simpering Bedlam broken loose, and America, our intermittently recreant and always our beloved, is possibly, after Russia, the most irresponsible lunatic at large. Inevitably tired of war, she blots out the past six years' obsession by staring unwinkingly at one small figure held very near the eyes: Peace, sprucely equipped with olive branch and dove. Remind her of the present confusion of conflict in the Eastern world and she virtually, out of an optimism attendant on the full dinner-pail of one capacity or another, repudiates it as a disturbance that can in any sense afflict the actuality of the goddess before her myopic gaze. And this dogged equanimity of hers affects work and play alike in every quarter connected with the business of life. The editor and the theatrical manager even, those "abstract and brief chronicles" of public opinion, issue the edict that literature and the stage, if they expect to be supported, must now ignore this biggest drama the world has seen since the Crucifixion.

As W. J. Locke pertinently and somewhat bitterly puts it, the artist who presents life through any form of words, though he is dealing with a world absolutely different, bone and sinew, from the world before 1914, must now proceed on " the amazing postulate that there has been no war." We simply have not heard that Queen Anne is dead, that actual fighting is by no means over, and that, furthermore, wholesale destruction has transferred itself from shell holes and trenches to the human mind. And we have fortified ourselves against earthly ills by the exquisitely simple device of not looking at them. We are not at the moment being killed by any device of Teuton deviltry. We are not walking in daily horror of that colossal greed which is the Teutonism that has descended unweakened from barbarians who dyed the red page of ancient history. " We have scotched the snake." We have not killed it. Nor can we actually kill it beyond peradventure of its secreting new venom and stirring deadlier coils, because we are not by inheritance and belief butchers of our kind. When the enemy throws up his hands, we grant him amnesty. It is the rule of the dreadful game. Yet though we may not, in slaying, crowd him off the planet, he is still, by his own confessed intent, our enemy and the enemy of all mankind that lives in the sun. And though he is powerless at the moment to sally out on a kill, " if it be not now, yet it will come," and the collective human brain can only train itself for austere guardianship of the future. And when it comes to that, altruistically speaking, *his* future also; there must be strait waistcoats enough to go round. Yet we are not developing our national intelligence to that end, or to any end not individual, unformulated, confused,—that is, if we are to be judged through deeds and not by that fountain ever falling, a plethora of words.

For since we have, like the rest of the world, declined upon a democratic level of free speech as raw, in the main, as it is untrammeled, we are all babbling at once in a confusion of tongues. You can hardly meet a stranger to-day without wondering in what camp you find him. You try the conversational ice gingerly. He, meanwhile, is tiptoeing toward you with an equal circumspection and it is not until one of you stumbles into a shibboleth or, losing patience, ventures the unprovoked recitation of his civic creed, that you know whether to strike hands or get away from each other as soon as is decently possible. The world was seeth-

ing with philanthropy, broken out in eruptions of social service, before the war, but the war itself has brought home to even the unpractised mind a conjecture that life itself is a ticklish business. The dullest eyes have had at least momentary recognition of the exceeding deep pitfalls where human kind is likely to find itself if it makes a misstep. Conscious of the variedness and complexity of this difficult business called living, and equally obtuse to the need for special knowledge of the desperate remedies the time demands, we solace ourselves with pleasing humbugs, we go about peddling rose-scented panaceas. (And it is a fact not to be pursued to impolite conclusions that these assuaging unguents for the mind yield handsome royalties. Humanity loves to be solaced. It adores being fooled. It will pay you richly for fooling it.) As to apprehension of that unclean ghost of Teuton aggression, we wave it aside with a "Tush! tush! 'twill not appear." Because Germany cannot pay her debts on the nail, we find warrant, as touching forgiveness of trespasses, in Holy Writ, and question whether she need, in the most absolute sense, pay at all. It is, we opine, a wrong to children not yet born to saddle them with colossal obligations incurred by their forbears, and we show no tendency to illuminate that implacable index finger, again of Holy Writ, pointing out the stony way of the "third and fourth generation of them" that live under the gospel of hate. Now indisputably the children of Germany may well be rickety children, and that any children of any race should suffer lack, is an offense so monstrous that sacred childhood itself might well be conceived of as rising up with accusing might in that court where "their angels do always behold the face" of the Father. They may reasonably have been crippled by the political crimes of their progenitors. But there are other children in the wide areas Germany and Austria trampled into wastes comparable only to unimagined circles of Hell. Grave witnesses have seen to it that we have abundant evidence. They have shown us pictures of the enfeebled children of France, Belgium, and the East, typical victims out of those multitudes whom Germany and her fellow raiders went far toward bleeding white,—little weazened men and women old in grief. Our present lax benevolence to Germany is not paid for out of our own pockets. It is paid for by the shattered future of the races she despoiled,—victims not only of the

Hun but of our crooked logic in a world policy haphazard and confused.

"As we forgive our debtors"—divine largess! Yet human forgiveness, that wistful imitator of the All-Good, is benign only when it alloys the golden cup with that sterner metal mined out of the wisdom of the All-Wise. What is the forgiveness competent to keep the balance between the moral health of the criminal and the security of the victim? Is it license for wholesale evasion, an extravagance of justification untouched by reason, void of common equity? A third and fourth generation even of Germany might be conceived of by a vaulting imagination as grimly appraising the value in character units of being held to the colossal task of recompense by creditors inexorably just. The little Teuton, born to his inherited debt, might conclude, out of the logical mind he will also inherit, that, on the only type of evidence the Teuton mind seems capable of following, outlawry does not, from a commercial point of view, pay. Strange vision of our "neighbor Hans" respecting his obdurate creditors for teaching him to live in even unwilling truce with human kind! Yet incredible things have happened in the last six years' reversals of world probabilities. The All-Highest, his overweening significance all but forgotten, sawing wood at Amerongen—there we had a grotesque vaudeville "turn" inserted in the logic of our world play. If we knew how to manage our stage, what just reversals, what glorious "curtains" might we not yet see!

How does the chaos and red ruin of Russia find us? Divided, it is true, but ingenuously sympathetic with any revolt clever enough to march under the banner of love to man. We have conjured so long with the great word "liberty," we have lived in such outward security under her bright aegis, that the very sound of it summons us to an involuntary championship. Bolshevism itself cannot daunt us, for we simply, some hundred thousands of us, look on evil with a glad insistence that it can't be so very black after all, because anything else would be contrary to a comfortable going to bed o' nights. Bolshevism, the drunken giant, lusty from food, dripping with "brothers' blood," crowned with all the vices of all the tyrants since time began, must, in his secret counsels, roar out derision at us. At such rose-leaf simplicity of trust the augurs wink. We vapor and they know it. We are mentally perverse, oblique, cock-eyed.

Is it possible that we are sincere in our equanimity? Are we actually ignorant that the world is still aflame? Do we think the act of our getting out the engines at the last did quench the fire for all time within a long perspective, and we, at least, are safe? I believe, as a nation, we do. The land is "made glorious summer by this sun" of a sophistical prosperity. We are not only at ease, but we swagger under the assumption that the war is conclusively won—and by us. It is true that, in one sense, we did win it, that, so desperate was the moment, the impact of our tardy championship was enough to shiver the shield of German arrogance. But in no other sense did we win it, and this despite the valor of our men and women, the concerted force of their brave rallying. We were the spectator who watches the drowning man and his rescuer battling toward the shore and who, when they are both on the point of going down exhausted, steps in, his own breath and muscle at their maximum, and saves them. The dramatic deed is his, its blazon and reward, but the man who unhesitatingly plunged, who hung on, against hope, against belief, his is the *nunc plaudite* of the all-seeing gods. We are told by the easy-going that these things are no more to be remembered, and that to rehearse them is ungenerous. We are given specious reasons why it was, in some never comprehensible way, wiser to lull the nation with weasel words while the world was dying. And it is true that in the simplest and most terrific indictment of human accountability ever written, "what's done is done." Only, being done, the bloody deed of our Great Refusal cries aloud from the ground, warning us to walk softly and swear by all the pains and penalties incurred by recreant honor, never to shirk responsibility again. But we are by no means walking softly. We are speeding along the highway of a specious prosperity. No *miserere Domine* for us, or, if it sparsely rise, it is overborne by the strangulated gutturals of the multitudinous motor car, going, it knows not quite where, but, according to trenchant slang, perennially "on the way." The breath of prayer is husky in our throats, choked by the stench of gasoline, drowned out in jazz. We have forgotten that the world is in anguish. We still in effect believe this is "no concern of ours." Was ever more crooked thinking bent out of the straight lines of the eternal laws?

There were times after the great bonfire blaze of 1914

when it seemed as if moral vision was clouded save on a few mounts of transfiguration where men decided swiftly and died upon their word. Incarnate evil had risen and rioted. France, Belgium and England responded in an incredible rush of valor and swift action. Was it out of their own acute peril that they thundered their Everlasting No and backed it up so gloriously? or was it because they were clear-sighted enough to grasp the issue as it really was: that death itself—not only the destruction of the moment but the moral decay of the world—would follow the footsteps of the victorious Hun? We were slow of apprehension. Great winds had risen. They blew aside the veils of hypocrisy and custom. Silhouetted against that flaming background in France and Flanders we saw the incarnate values of life,—horned and hoofed or winged and crowned, there they strove before us. And while we still, for a space agonizing now to remember, temporised and paltered, was it because our hearts were hardened by an indurating prosperity that we snatched at the base apologia of a "war three thousand miles away?" I do not believe it. I do not believe we were, in the main, morally so far below the rank and file of other nations. It was not the heart in us that failed to function, but the brain. We thought crookedly, and the crooked act comes inevitably on the heels of crooked thought. We had not kept our mental house in order. We were "an unweeded garden"—yet rich enough in teeming rottenness for whatever seed unfaithful stewardship and madness drunk with its own aggrandizement were diligent to sow there. We awoke slowly to the bewildered certainty that the world was actually afire. And when that came which had to come, the inherent decency in us drove laggard leadership into war. But though the violence of our hurtling rush was tremendous, we fell back, after the impact and recoil, into our old sloth of irrational optimism. And there we wallow.

It would not be strange if we have gone far toward making the word democracy a byword and a hissing—save that nobody hisses us to any salutary extent. Nobody can afford to. We are not too impeccable, but too rich. Who would believe equality of living, that beautiful blend of justice and compassion, could ever have been allowed to degenerate into so uncouth a travesty? "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—those undying words are the eternal blazon of man's rights upon the earth. But we,

being mad, how do we interpret them? Labor—that Briareus-handed Titan which cries out to every other member of the body politic, "I have no need of thee"—interprets them through growling defiance of the world it proposes to sap, not serve: "Yesterday was yours. To-day is mine. You have walked in silk attire. Now I can wipe my feet on velvet, and preferably the web you made me weave. I am stronger than you. Therefore the earth is mine. There is no god but the god of mechanical power. The god that builds altars and tends life in unregarded ways—he is no god. He who turns the full dinner-pail into the banquet that swells the rich man's base rotundity—he only is our god."

All which indicates that Labor has learned nothing from its long struggle upward out of the stithy of oppression and of pain. He is as mad as his whilom masters.

It is a tradition old as man that out of pain comes a bitter wisdom and the gentleness of right living, that poverty and endurance of themselves sweeten the heart and clarify the soul. If that is true, what should not Labor have learned in the old dark days when there were masters and want and scourges, slavery underground and dizzied children at the looms? Who would believe it could not have kept at least one jewel from the matrix of the earth it served, distilled some philter of deep wisdom from the bitter draught its masters made it brew? If it found the earth a *via dolorosa,* might it not also have gathered seeds of sweet herbs by the way, for the healing of the nations coming after it? The bond slave of the rich should have been the first to see the vision rising like a sun out of his night, not only of work for all in a system where all should work, but of time earned from every golden day for wholesome pleasures and the arts, those beneficences that are the enduring beauty and solace of the world. I see nothing in the propaganda of the new builders of democracy beyond an embruted: "It's our turn now." I hear no pronouncements from labor leaders on the worth and incalculable dignity of work done on honor. I hear only: "Fewer hours, more pay." The bad workman demands the same wage as the good, and the right safeguarding of the employer is denied him, in that the bad workman may not be discharged lest hydra-headed unions rise and bay out their boycott. I find in Labor as a class—the class it is rigorously fencing in from

just intercourse with the complexity of civil life—no purer ardency than to eat, drink and be merry, according to the elaborations evolved through years of luxury by the self-indulgent rich. As Labor has been all envy, now he falls into a servility of imitation of that master he professed to scorn. He may have heard something to the effect that a man's soul may, without warning, be required of him, but an hour at the movies is sufficient to wipe out an uneasy suspicion that neither rich nor poor are immune from penalties. He is no kinder to his class than the former master of their fate has been. Capital squeezes out a weak competitor, but Labor would cut off the children of a city from their milk for an added per cent in carrying it. He would silence the telephone for an increased wage and let the coal lie at the wharves while his neighbor shivers. He will "better the instruction" of his leaders that the way to go singing is to throw down the pack and melt the ploughshare and pruning-book into arabesques for his palace of delight. But he is not, in his present orgy of repudiation and false values, a builder of palaces. He is a madman hollowing out the cell where inevitably he is bound, slouching along, a slothful giant bent on privilege. The old workman, dulled and servile at his worst, was more the man than this arrogant slacker. Even the old arduous task fervently pursued had threads of gold in it, the task that kept a man awake thinking out new ways of doing dull deeds better, that fostered in his soul a dumb allegiance, not to the master who oppressed him but the Maker of all, for the honest work of his hands. For then he did serve and beautify the world and his work smiled up at him. How has Labor condemned Dives at his sport of pleasure! And not too bitterly: for against the rich man unfaithful to his trust stands the most formidable indictment of the avenging years. Having the world in his hand, he betrayed it. To his deadened apprehension, it was not God's jewel to be cut into a myriad facets flashing light not only back to heaven but down into dark places; it was a toy to juggle with. And he lulled himself with that most ironic soporific of the man bent on the pious wiliness of serving two masters: the figment of a "condition of life to which it has pleased God to call" His children,—no cleverer shifting of responsibility than this! It was Dives who made the East End of London and the docks, who made Russia and Siberia: and this by the

deed undone. For the man who wields the power of the earth is a temporal god. If it fails to thrive under his stewardship he is an unjust steward, and though the Master of the vineyard may delay in coming, he comes. The rich man, partaking in his degree of the madness of mankind, has invited his own Nemesis. We are left in no doubt of that. Again has Holy Writ been sufficiently explicit, and later prophets, including the labor leader, have not failed in corroborative denunciation.

But while Labor fulminates against the unfaithful rich, what of its own accountability? As it storms the high places to-day, it is not a multitude of giants, but a Falstaff's army perverse of will and weak in the bone because it has beckoned to itself the most terrible curse known to man, whereby he is punished by negations, the atrophy of his capacity for a rich spiritual inheritance. Nemesis does not merely follow your trail and squat on the doorstone of the house of life where you take refuge, saying: "I am here." Over and over she works by the dry rot of degeneration. She closes the gate to the avenues of wonder, and her mists rise before it so that you do not even see it close. You forget there ever was a gate and a track beyond to everlasting loveliness,—

> Lilies like thoughts, roses like words,
> In the sweet brain of June.

Through those inexorable laws that both strengthen or corrode the will of man according as he is straight or crooked, true or false, she moulds him to his fate. If you are at your bestial banqueting of low delights you are not invited to the marriage supper where the draught is of no earthy vintage and angels and archangels make delicious music, "harping with their harps." Or you were invited to that marriage supper of pure intent and holy purposes, but you had an engagement and failed to come, or the invitation dropped from your lax hand unread and you went on boozing from that yeasty cup of arrogance of power. Poor Labor, in its little hours of coveted authority! It has minimised hours and piled up pay, but it has also repudiated good work, and against that the gods are angry. Therefore rot is in its bones. For if man may be saint-like when he endures, he is god-like when he creates, partaking then of the very nature of his Father who created him. When the poet wakes from his dream at dawn, to the sound of rhythmic feet and lyres

leading them, he may well salute the God of dance and lyre with the amazed thanksgiving: "This I made." And so it runs through varying degrees. The clean room, the loaf of bread, the house built on honor, the garden clear of weeds, these also are creative acts, and the doer has his guerdon over and above any wage in joining that same pæan to the Master who also works. He has added something to the earth's beauty or her productiveness. He is in tune with the rhythm of things made. He is a son of God. But when he scamps the job and flouts at homely needs, he is a renegade against the law whereby alone man can live.

What dreams we had in the days following our awakening in 1917, of the new earth at ease under a heaven friendly because it was unobscured, when we should have cleaned out the Augean stables filthy from the awakening of Barbarossa's horsemen! In that moment of anguish, we were, for a heart's beat of terrified recognition, actually on the way back to old allegiances. The bravest rushed to cover in poetry and the thought of God. We believed with an eager credulity that mankind had at last learned that final lesson. The old injustices were dead. The phrase was current everywhere, that those who had bought us that bright guerdon "must not die in vain." Our girls, in uniformed vigor, did the most menial and most daring deeds with a sober efficiency. We said that woman, too, was set free from the toils of custom. She need no more assert her equality with man in the sterner virtues, for she had accepted the supreme challenge and endured the ordeal, chaste as Artemis, fearleses as the Amazonian queens. What did she do, poor prisoner to her own abrogated instincts, when the armistice, which was no peace but a new complexity of strife, stripped her of emergency clothes and her emergency frame of mind? She who had won freedom for her rhythmic muscles stepped into a skirt no wider than her brother's trouser leg and went hobbling along in it down the tittering aisles of time. She mounted on the fool's dais of highest heels to peg about the more uncertainly, she painted over the bloom of her beauty with the cosmetics predicted by Mrs. Tanqueray for the raddled face of the *passée* demimonde, and went forth in abbreviated chiffon to dance, "cheek to cheek," dances as ugly as provocative.

She is the astounding enlivener of a late best-seller that is said, in an authoritative quarter, to embody the "glorious

spirit of abounding youth," and if the portrait of her as therein set forth is no libel, but a true copy, she is the pitiable victim of precocious sex recognitions. One of the pseudo-intellectual bromides of the present confusion of mental values is "class consciousness." She is the bizarre embodiment of an undigested sex consciousness. She is the wantoning reaction against what this tell-tale novel of "abounding youth" calls the "hypocritical era." Was the era of restrained discussion and modesty of mien and dress entirely hypocritical? Is mere decency of demeanor hypocrisy? Decency, one is inclined to say, is like a clean shirt. You may be very dirty under it, but you'd better have the shirt. Now, I do not believe that girlhood in her present phase of moral and physical high kicking is of necessity more attractive to the young manhood with any sort of tradition behind it than if she did not unveil her beauties to sun, moon and planets seven. Difference, not mimicry, was ever the more piquing. And she still loves, with all the fierceness nature planted in her, to attract her mate. She has not changed in that. The old-time impulse of surging blood and waking heart is in her as it was in those other maids, Perdita and Desdemona of sweet, fragrant memory,—Juliet, too, and Beatrice and Rosalind, for though in them the tides of life rose mountain high and swamped the dykes, yet were they of such a genius of fine behavior as to be still of beauties all compact. No, the rowdy young girl of present day portrayals, she who has no more eloquent rebuttal of her elders than to bid them "shut up," she is still the challenger of love. But why challenge so whoopingly, why "spoil the bread and spill the wine"? There is but one answer: because she, too, is the victim of a time so palpably "out of joint." The germs of world madness have settled upon her also and bred in her a grotesque travesty of youth.

I cannot believe that the human race deliberately chooses to be immoral and uncouth. I do not even believe that it sees the good and yet does evil. I can only conclude that it may honestly echo the ironic apology of Hamlet: "My wit's diseased." Who shall otherwise account for these things save by an indictment of willful disobedience so terrible that the dignity of man made in God's image forbids our making it? We are told that the greater cities of Europe whirled into gayety in the reaction after the armistice. What we ourselves did and what we are doing now, we know, and

can hardly have the face to confess. We remember those deadly intervals when it was first possible to believe that France might be left to stand alone, with nothing but lip service guaranteed her, after the vows and plaudits echoing over Christendom in our time of need. We know how glibly we are discussing the fate of Poland. Does all this mean that death rigor of the heart we call unfaithfulness, ingratitude? Or may it be that mankind's mind is indeed not serving him, that he falls into such a damnable bathos of base action because he is mentally incapable of assimilating the fruits of experience and setting his conduct by the dial of the old unchanging laws? Can it be that the cry of divine compassion, "they know not what they do," had a specific scientific meaning, and that the human brain did not then, and does not now, comprehend in any degree the deeds it justifies? Of a certainty, if there is anything but a satiric lack of kindness in the overlordship of this present life, we are set here for a purpose wholly benevolent to us, a purpose that seems to involve the freedom of the will. Our great Master is not governing us by any sporadic interference even in the most piteous emergencies. He has allowed us to inscribe our own Tables of the Law out of the scrappy legends of experience, and here, in the midst of tempest and upheaval, we are to decipher them and decide whether we shall obey. But can it be that we are as yet so mentally incapable that we cannot read what the stylus of time has so painfully wrought, cannot adequately choose? Can it be also that the human brain has not kept pace with the complexity of human action? Decisions are demanded of it that were absolutely foreign to the planet when it was less overburdened with life. The ease of communication has brought mankind into a nearness that is alarming, unless it can learn, by equal steps, a strict honor of action, an interdependent helpfulness. Once it was a far cry from Ponkapog to Pesth. Now it has been demonstrated that what happens in Serbia can be felt in the remotest corner of New England. "There'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring" was sometime a humorous refrain. But the Balkans have amply proved to us that, if there is trouble there, the farthest limit of human life may be washed by the ripple of it. Are we so dizzied by the complexity of monstrous forces that our childish remedy is to act not according to the inherited consensus of opinion in mankind which is called common sense,

but to take refuge in jerry-built temples of unsound benevolences and chant the litanies of an unsupported optimism? Are we actually unequal to our task, not of a meddlesome guardianship of races foreign to our every habit of thought, but to that sane commerce of free minds whereby alone the nations of the earth will learn to live in decent amity? There are tremendous perspectives before us, not merely down the corridors of time as history dimly opens them, but over the seething sea of the present, the incompleted act, the clamoring belief. We have not yet built the ships to sail that sea. He will be a great shipwright who lays their keel; it will take a master mariner to guide them.

Where are the roots of action, both in the individual and the race? I believe they are in the unseen, nourished by our will, starved through our neglect, and that the prime cause of deterioration in our public life is the decay of the imagination, that beautiful handmaid of the brain, that angel who drops manna when we hunger and sings us songs of the almost despaired-of " divine event toward which the whole creation moves." We have chilled and starved her " noble rage," elbowed her aside and trodden over her to our debasing quests. If we had given her the food of a right regard, she would have dwelt among us and taught us that worship accepted of the true gods. Our temples would have risen from sound foundations, we should have discoursed imperishable music until somehow the accordant intervals would have moved our blood to their own rhythm, and some child among us might have snatched more music from the stars to beguile us into those ravishments we are credulous of when we read about them in that age when the gods walked and the world was young. If we had followed the path of the imagination to the true gods, we should not be smashing one another at this game of fisticuffs for the mammoth gains of trade. And the imagination is not only the purveyor of beauty; she is the mother of sympathy as well. She can see into the hearts of God's children who bear the too grievous load, and feel with them the rasp of sobbing breath, the hunger and the thirst. She alone leads the doubting heart to that mingled tenderness and service and divine credulity which is called religion. She whispers into men's ear the rapt ecstasy: *Credo, quia impossibile est.*

ALICE BROWN.

POLAND'S WOMEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

"POLAND is the most discouraging country in Europe." A second group of passport and customs officials on one side only of the frontier of the third young nation to which our train de luxe had so far victoriously battled, had just invaded our compartment (all such superfluous pre-war formalities as knocking or calling having been long since discarded) to announce that in fifteen minutes, that is, at 2:30 a. m., in the rain, we must descend from the train with all pieces of luggage for a two hours' border inspection. After which, if this particular young nation consented, we might attempt to get on to the next.

Obviously, this night's effort, like others, to recover long arrears of sleep would prove futile, so my Zurich to Warsaw compartment mate felt justified in making at least one pronouncement. It touched Poland, because Poland is uppermost in the mind of most persons who have grappled with the Near East situation. It was comprehensive, and uttered in a tone of weary despair—the disheartened conclusion of one who had gone to Poland several months before in the hope of seeing set up the machinery of sudden justice for a long-despised twelfth of the population. "Border, all out!"—and as we struggled down into the rain she repeated, "Poland's problems are simply unsolvable."

This conclusion echoed an opening statement in a conversation I had had a short time before with Madam Sobanska, a brilliant Polish woman of that brilliant plains capital, Warsaw. But she had swiftly retracted it. "No," she said, "I withdraw that remark to ask, instead, if we have any right to demand of a people, brutally held apart during one hundred and fifty years in three separate divisions and each subjected to a special variety of slavery, a sudden capacity for common initiative and organized ef-

fort? Should a century and a half of oppression be considered a training period in methods of state-building? Instead of expressing discouragement, I should say that what we are today seeing accomplished is astonishing and full of promise for the future.

"In my particular work, for instance (Madame is President of the National Woman's Organization), of trying to educate all Polish women for citizenship, for a clearer sense of national ideals and a united push back of them, though at times I feel powerless before a great inertia, I am yet for the most part genuinely encouraged. And I never forget how potent the Polish women's part in the launching of the new state has already proved."

And here I wish to interrupt Madame Sobanska to say that in no other country I have visited, nor in our own, have I heard such frank and warm-hearted appreciation of the importance of woman's co-operation in all activities as I have from the men of Poland. The most striking quality in this expression was its spontaneousness. It gave not at all, as is so often true of admissions or acknowledgments elsewhere, the impression of a realization arrived at after long or bitter struggle. It was simple and big, unqualified and happy. When I asked for an explanation of this interesting attitude, I was told that it was due, at least partly, to the fact that in the better class Polish home women have for centuries held a remarkable position, one of fine comradeship and co-operation.

But to return to the President of the National Woman's Organization. "Until 1905," she was saying, "in my particular third of dismembered Poland, the Russian-ruled part called Congress Poland, we were forbidden to form a society of any kind whatsoever. And even after 1905, we had no real right to do so; for what the Russian gave with one hand he took away with the other. Should we expect our people, then, instantly to recognize the value and method of centralized effort?

"And yet see what our Woman's League alone has already accomplished. Today we have branches in each of the three geographical divisions of resurrected Poland. Each of these tries to cover its territory and to correlate the work of other organizations. Beneath all the surface variations, past and present, in the social, economic, and political structure of my long-martyred country, there has persisted

the unalterable welding force of Polish patriotism. On that we build."

Having heard much of the Pole as a patriot and a dreamer, I interrupted, "But just how practical are the aims of your League, with its far-flung motto 'For God and the Motherland'?"

"Just this practical," she flashed back, "that any intelligent citizen will tell you that the first coalition government, which stabilized the newly re-created Polish state, was made possible because of the Polish women's vote, and the League had an important part in educating that vote."

I was not surprised at this statement, since I had heard it made two months earlier by the Polish Minister at Washington.

"We have tried to teach that the Polish woman's first duty in this uncertain, formative period is to act as a steadying and constructive force. The socialists gave us, practically without our solicitation, for we had not yet had time for any concerted demand, the vote; and we have used it with power in conservative action. Already at the end of November, 1918, the reports of the first election to the Legislative Diet showed how energetic had been the cooperation of the fifteen thousand women then active in the National Woman's Organization. They had aided directly in the victory of the national election lists, especially in Warsaw, but also wherever there was the smallest sub-committee. We were, moreover, later, as I have said, an important factor in securing the Paderewski coalition cabinet.

"And we are just this practical," she continued; "we believe in the power of printed appeal and instruction, but we have early found our work in this field blocked by the uncertainty of the industrial situation. Strikes and the mounting cost of paper and printing (the smallest pamphlet today costs the equivalent of a pre-war dollar and a half) have completely threatened our correspondence programme. Now, men printers do not admit women to their union; so we proposed aiding the daughters of professors and other members of the *Intelligentsia,* who must earn their living, to form a union of women printers. We will train them to support themselves and at the same time to render a great patriotic service. They are waiting—so eager to begin. We are ready to train them; we have chosen one printing-house; we have everything but the money (and

it is not a large sum that we need) to finance the undertaking.

"Our plans are all made, too (and they require less money to realize) for establishing a big, independent city bakery to be run by women, whose business it will be to keep down the cost of bread; to act as a check on profiteering and on unwarranted strikes. The very fact that we have two hundred women waiting to turn to the ovens as soon as we can set them up, prevented a recently proposed bakers' strike. This work we consider quite in line with our avowed policy of trying to force a stabilizing and constructive programme. Am I answering your fears?" she smiled.

I happened to know, too, that this particular Warsaw leader had just offered her services and those of a squadron of her women to the Government for work in the plebiscite areas. How few of us here in America realize that Poland with all she has to face after one hundred and fifty years of Russian-German-Austrian oppression, was left by the Paris Peace Conference practically without borders! Two short strips of determined frontier, and for the rest, the festering sores of five major plebiscite areas, and the supreme peril of an open question along the East. Poland's thought and determination have been so focussed on this eastern danger that she has had little time to devote to the also vitally important plebiscite territories. And these devoted women of the National Organization are now volunteering to go into them wherever the Government may prefer, and to do their best to counteract the active propaganda of the rival claimants, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. They were counting on the arrival of their English friend and great lover of Poland, Miss Alma Tadema, who has offered to go with them.

I had other conversations with Madame Sobanska and with her Warsaw central committee, each one leaving me with a stronger impression of the brilliancy and energy of these women of the Great Slavic plains of the north. At the close of one of them, with a half-weary, half-whimsical smile, Madame Sobanska said suddenly, "It must be very pleasant to go away, as you do, Madame, to work for the women of some other country! I am afraid the fate of the Polish women of this generation, at least, is to remain always on the spot!"

The chief difficulty in writing about Poland is that from

whatever angle one looks at it, it appears of volume, and not article, size. For example, the scope of the work of this single National Woman's Organization is so great that I should have liked to follow that alone during all my stay.

But I was interested, really, primarily in the kitchens that have kept a million three hundred thousand children alive during this year. And after visiting those in Warsaw with Mrs. Palmer Fuller, the wife of Mr. Hoover's representative, I turned southward toward Galicia. But not before thanking heaven and the United States for such tense, terse, young Americans as these in Warsaw, who with others like them are replenishing with the healing waters of their fine ideality and virility, the drying world-fountain.

From Warsaw, I traveled southward over apparently limitless plains, that have something of the fascination of the desert, to Cracow, now a quaint mediaeval university town, but formerly the proud seat of Poland's royal dynasties. And from there I went eastward across billowy green plains, much more picturesque now than the monotonous stretches to the north, toward Lemberg, that strange cosmopolitan city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, rising from the plains way off beyond where anyone ever expects to see a tower thrust skyward from the earth. And then one dry, hot noon I reached Zborow, once one of the two places of importance between Lemberg and Tarmapol, with its summer races and pensions, and one of the gayest little towns in all Galicia. Now, though a few buildings still stand, it is a rather complete ruin, which does not prevent it, however, from acting as a child-kitchen distributing center for sixty points, some of them villages and others mere congeries of dugouts. It was in one of these, before their "demonstrator" arrived, that a bewildered people decided that Americans must have meant the strange brown powder (cocoa) to be boiled with potatoes, while in another the cook welcomed it as a heaven-sent gift of paint with which she proceeded to beautify her shabby kitchen!

It was Ascension Day in Zborow, the third distinct Ascension Day I had stumbled into in this land of bewildering religions, and the people, in their brightest kerchiefs and garments, were gathered picturesquely within and about an Orthodox church, an Orthodox Greek church, a Unicate Greek church, a surviving mosque, a synagogue, and a Catholic church. In America we might pass all their varying

domes and spirals untroubled, but here, where they still represent primitive forces of separation and cohesion, the scene takes on new meaning. Incidentally, there are, à propos of fête and saint days, about one hundred and seventy-five legal working days in Poland, which has not yet passed a law as Yugo Slavia has, increasing their number.

In a village near Zborow, Jaroslawitce, mostly thatched clay huts above ground, though a few families are huddling in caves beneath the ruins of the great castle, I found the feeding kitchen but a tiny wooden hut. Inside it, in one corner, was a miniature brick stove, bearing the rice and cocoa kettles, with the baby's crib pushed up close to it, and just room besides for two other cots and a cat. When I asked how many children were being fed daily, the sturdy mistress, apparently on the defensive, exclaimed, "But, madame, I cannot more than twenty-four. I tried for eighty, but I had to make the fire so hot to cook for eighty, that I burned down all my house. So the American Captain does let the others take their rice home, which is against all the rules. He understands I cannot burn down my house again!"

I was pleased to happen upon this irregularity of Mr. Hoover's representative in East Galicia. He is a good executive and he meets a situation like this in the true American manner. I happened to cross to Belgium with him in early 1916, when he was fresh from college and eager to help anywhere along the line. He began in a clerical post in the Brussels office. I was not surprised to find him four years later, here on the Eastern beach, with two lithe black dogs as his immediate family, and with a quarter of a million boys and girls as his family at large. This young man is more ardently American (and he is typical of the group I know working in Europe) than he ever could have been had he not learned to measure American values on a world rule. For example, while he stands for service at any misery point, he would yet most zealously guard our own port gates. He has won some very real knowledge on the subject of immigration and he is longing to see misery ended and the chance to go home to put his convictions into practice.

Though after our visit to Jaroslawitce we were hungry, we could not consider eating our few luncheon sandwiches within sight of the miserable little village, with its kitchen

for twenty-four. So we pressed forward over the plain and up on to a plateau overlooking a battlefield still marked by wire and concrete wreckage, where the Russians made another stand after their retreat before Mackensen's push in 1917. This great, mournful field is but a part of the vast devastated plain stretching from Riga to Roumania. Here we seemed safely out of sight of anyone, and in our open car we set about unwrapping the few sandwiches that had cost three hundred marks, and I remembered, as I helped, that the Polish second Lieutenant accompanying us receives exactly four hundred marks salary each month!

As I was, despite everything, enjoying the brilliant sunshine and the untrammeled look forward, and was ready to bite into my second sandwich, I had suddenly the curious sense of someone or something near. I said so, and we turned about to look upon a group of six ragged boys of varying stature. They were not begging, they had just somehow crept up from the grassy plain to discover what we were and were silently regarding us. On a rapid count, we found we could offer each a sandwich.

It is difficult yet, without misty eyes, to recall the six, as, after touching their ragged caps, they grouped, with heads bent above their treasure, to examine and whisper over it. In reality, only five grouped, for the smallest boy—about six he would be had he grown under normal conditions, he may really have been ten or twelve—had no sooner realized what he had in his hand, than he began to run like a rabbit across the plain, on toward some mother, hidden from us somewhere in the green vista.

To one who has not seen a railroad train on the Eastern war beach, the sight is worth seeking. The one between Lemberg and Tarnopol had been running only a month when I first saw it, silhouetted against the far sky. There was no accustomed level top line, but an irregular outline curving over the clustered heads and shoulders of the dozens who had somehow managed to crawl up to the car roofs; and no level lower line because from platforms and steps, the legs of those sticking to hard-won spaces dangled, sometimes almost reaching the rails. As the diminutive engine puffed cautiously nearer, I distinguished bright kerchiefs and stockings, and realized that the wearers were Ruthenians (the name given Ukranians who have lived under Austrian rule) celebrating the Orthodox Ascension

Day. All the arms and heads that could humanely push through each window stuck out along the train side, and between them I could see the densely wedged, standing companies within—children, women, men, not room for a lath between them. That kind of train with its packed, bulging, protruding dangling humanity is a rather unforgettable sight. And they were proceeding good-naturedly on the whole, even gaily; for after all, was not this a train?

My motor soon left it far behind; for I was hurrying back to Lemberg, that strange city where East meets West, and where little boys and old grandmothers wear the military cross for having served in its defense in November, 1918. And as I write it is rumored that Lemberg has again been taken by that dread and merciless Bolshevik army. The rumor is denied, but one's heart aches for the young boys and the old grandmothers who must again be standing ready at their posts. And for the young women soldiers, the *Legionistes,* in their trim khaki uniforms with weapons at their belts, who are solemnly, bravely drilling.

Through the dust of a cross-street as I re-entered the city, I caught sight of another group of trim young women, attractively uniformed in blue, "The Polish Grays," my officer volunteered, "born in America of Polish parents, thirty of them trained and brought across by the Y. W. C. A., then early turned over to the Hoover organization to help install and inspect kitchens. But they are all doing other work besides," he added, "and are generally off on the frontiers, at the blackest misery points. It is a miracle that they have so far escaped typhus, and worse. You happen to see that group on the city street today because this is the East Galicia headquarters; tomorrow they will make off for the four points of the compass. That is their leader, the slim, dark-haired, hazel-eyed one, in the middle, Miss Koslowska, one of the quietest, sweetest, wisest little women I have ever seen at work. Her people are from near Vilna, but she was born in Pennsylvania. She says she will not return to the United States in July when this year's volunteer service ends, but will stay on,—her mother's country has won her heart.

"You should have seen those girls last winter," he said proudly, "when the sixty-five thousand clothing outfits arrived, how swiftly they cut their demonstration patterns, swung knapsacks over their shoulders, and in bitter Decem-

ber started off in straw carts or trains, or on foot, to organize distribution centers. Miss Anna, there, was one to make her way in a hay wagon to a far, cold village, which she found apparently deserted. Finally, a ragged little boy explained that the villagers had gone in a body to a railway station to wait for a train, for they had heard an American Mission was to come to them. In these regions today everything American, important or unimportant, group or individual, is covered by the all-honored and all-embracing title, *Misja Amerykanska.* 'Go and tell them to come home —it's here,' Anna laughed. And the little boy ran off through the mud."

The following morning I went to the "Polish Gray" headquarters to ask Miss Koslowska if she had not, aside from her big kitchen responsibilities, some special lesser enterprises afoot. She smiled back at me. "Oh, yes, naturally. Would you like to come with me to my Working Girl's Home?" We hurried to a freshly-scrubbed building, where an eager cook was already installed in a prospective kitchen, and where thirty Red Cross beds were set up in two airy rooms. "Six hundred working women between twelve and thirty years old, are begging to come to these thirty beds," Miss Koslowska said. "And as you see I have as yet no bedding for the thirty. However, it will be found, and in the end I shall have enough homes for all the six hundred. Four Polish women are ready to assume the direction for me. The chief difficulty will be coal." And on the spot we arranged that a certain American woman I knew would pay for two carloads of coal, if the American representative could somehow secure that amount. Since it was still May, there was just the chance that he might succeed; after July, there would be little hope.

From the Home we drove several kilometers beyond the city, to a sweet spot in a little pine wood, where Miss Koslowska had set up some big army tents about a sunny main building, and put three charity sisters in charge of forty babies she had already extracted from frightful places of damp and misery in Lemberg. When we arrived they were out playing among piles of brick and sand, having sun-baths on their pitiful infected skins. And then with astonishment I watched Miss K. draw tiny dolls from her blouse, picture cards from her cuffs, trinkets from her hat, and smiling, silently slip them into little outstretched hands.

On the way home, we passed an unusual number of the long, cradle-like, withe-plaited wagons of the region. Few horses are motor-broken, and each family tucked away in the straw of the cradle seemed doomed to be tossed into the road-side ditch before we got by it. Usually the driver leaped down to cover his horse's eyes, while the wife in her bright kerchief and beads sat quietly in the straw waiting to be tossed, or to escape, as the case might be!

If the war were ended, and the coal famine and the bed and room famine were ended, Cracow would be one of the loveliest old towns in the world to seek out and to linger in. But hardly yet. The traveler in Europe, and especially in Eastern Europe, who achieves, perhaps, a month-old paper, reads with a sardonic grin that several thousand Americans are about to cross the Atlantic. "Let them come," he says, "let them try just the famous 'train de luxe' trip from Paris to Warsaw, and then for a bed for a night anywhere, and to get a place in another train out for anywhere, and they will beg to be taken aboard any boat westward bound, from any port, large or small!"

Since I had not carried them with me, my telegrams to Cracow announcing my return had naturally failed to arrive, and I encountered the long-familiar, "unfortunately not a single room or bed in this hotel, or in the entire city—nothing for days." "Trains out? No place left for this month. Diplomatic passport—that avails nothing. Packet of official letters—also, nothing!" I had, to be sure, tucked away in my bag two personal letters to families with whom I knew I could find hospitality, but since I lacked the exuberant energy necessary to combine "visiting" with work, I left them where they were, and deposited my bag and knapsack on the floor—to wait. By night Mr. Hoover's representative might return from a plebiscite district, and be able to help me out. He did return and generously suggested that I take his bed while he improvised a cot in the corridor. But when we reached the third floor back, he found that his room either was, or had been, occupied. And then a Miss V., an English girl, wearing two rows of decorations, who worked in a nearby prison camp, hurried out of the adjoining room to explain that she had just had to slip a British soldier convalescing from typhus, still skin and bone, and with nowhere to lay his head, into that room —but that he had just left. The typhus hospital clothes

lay in a heap on the floor, and the American captain remarked grimly that he would personally superintend the cleaning of the room before I, or anyone else, passed the night in it.

Miss V. invited me next door, to wait—she was just in from a hard day at Dabie prison camp. "I don't think there is any danger, I haven't brought one home yet," she laughed, twitching to scratch her shoulder; "though there's nothing but Divine Providence to explain why I haven't. It's one of the worst nests in all Europe—five thousand Bolshevik prisoners packed into it—and some wives of officers and children along with them. I came up to Galicia for a bit of a rest and stumbled onto this ghastly thing, and of course I have had to stay. Yes, I am the only English woman here, but a number of people are sending me things and helping in various ways. The Captain, for instance, is giving me Hoover food, and I'm starting a children's kitchen there tomorrow. One really can't blame the Poles for its being so bad, they are employing the only system they have known, the one that was practiced upon them. And they haven't energy or food to spare yet to set this right. But that doesn't prevent it's being a ghastly business." She went over to a table to busy herself with some raffia with which she was trying to teach a few men to make shoes, while I read through a pile of prisoners' letters on her desk, most of them pretty heart-breaking appeals.

And then I started off to see the Comtesse Borowska, Inspector of Child Kitchens for West Galicia. I found her, with her husband and a charming daughter of seventeen, living in four rooms, two of which served as offices and work-rooms during the day. Once the owners of a beautiful chateau near Lublin, they had seen it completely ravaged by the Bolsheviki, and I found them accepting their fate with a dignity and calm courage difficult to describe. A recurrent note in their conversation was the phrase, *"Rien est perdu."*

When Madame found out where I was to sleep, she called a swift family conference. "It cannot, it shall not be allowed," she insisted, "we have learned to take no chances with typhus. Here is a sofa, I will sleep on that, it will not in the least inconvenience me, since I typewrite till two or later in this room every night. You will take

my little bed in the next room, and, if you prefer, may slip downstairs at four in the morning to continue your journey, without waking us. You will find a thermos bottle with tea on a table and some bread and cheese, all we have to offer you—*voilà, tout!* It's all perfectly simple. Come back you must." "And if you prefer," her husband added laughing, "we can make a night of talking."

And shortly after ten o'clock I did return, and I did slip away in the rain at four without waking these kind friends, for we had talked far into the night. They had somehow managed to save from the otherwise complete ruin a few books, among them one of Bret Harte's, and an album of snap-shots, which helped me to follow their happier days. And then I listened to the calm recital of a story I cannot attempt to retell. It ended with the all but miraculous escape of the mother and daughter disguised as Bolshevik soldiers, while the father, and the two sons now fighting on the Bolshevik front, were forced to watch the destruction of all they cherished. Then followed the wonderful re-union and the beginning of relief work in Cracow. The daughter had enrolled in the agricultural department of the university and hoped to manage a small experimental and producing farm this summer.

I found an exquisite bit of old handiwork pinned to the wall beside my narrow bed, and in this simple room I washed my hands in a lovely little silver bowl—there were just these two visible links with the past.

I had not heard even the suggestion of complaint, not anything but a superb acceptance of destiny; all thought seemed concentrated on the Poland to be; all desire was to work. *"L'avenir est au travail!"* One felt that the terrific tragedy in which they had been, not the on-lookers, but the actors, had worked in them through the emotions of pity and fear, the supreme Katharsis. The wanderer goes from their rude roof, very humble, but at the same time fresh-panoplied in courage.

"The future is work"—that is indeed the slogan of Polish women today. Everywhere in the thousands of children's dining-rooms, in the hospitals, in the co-operative shops and homes for working women, in the trades' classes, and as they were drilling on the street,—in all their varied undertakings, I felt them courageously repeating these words.

And then after I returned to Warsaw and was, in fact, just about to leave for America, I went to a big meeting of the Professional and Business Women's Club, where one recognized the same thought breathing through every utterance. This meeting was, in a way, more interesting than any other I attended in Poland.

The Warsaw group is part of a national Professional and Business Women's Organization, similar to the one recently formed in our own country. And they had gathered to honor and to exchange views with Miss Lathrop of our Children's Bureau, who had come across the border from Czeko-Slovakia, where she had been studying that new republic's undertakings for its women and children.

The Polish women chose to hold their reception in a large and imposing room of the Hotel de Ville, but beyond that all arrangements were distinctly informal. They came in costumes varying from uniform and tailor suit to simple evening dress—nothing more elaborate; for it is still considered extremely bad form in Poland and as failing to recognize her still desperate plight, to appear in public in full evening dress. Quantities of pink and white hawthorn had been used with beautiful effect all above the high-ceilinged white hall, and on the little tea and sandwich tables dotting the wide spaces. About these tables and at the long " Honor table," near which Miss Lathrop was supposed to remain, people clustered in animated little companies. At no moment except during the speeches did the rapid-fire conversation cease. To the onlooker these women seemed to possess tremendous vitality and power. The speeches themselves, except those of Miss Lathrop and the reception committee, were made, apparently spontaneously, from any point in the hall—model speeches, brief and vivid.

The tall, very handsome and brilliant-minded Madame Sktodowska, a sister of the famous scientist, Madame Curie, whom many of us forget is a Pole, was the chairman of the evening, and she had about her the five women members of the National Diet, the seven women of the Warsaw Municipal Council, jurists, physicians, professors of political economy, and women from nearly all branches of industry. It would be difficult to meet a more distinguished company.

The common note in the speeches was gratitude toward

and faith in their Sister Republic, the United States. They did not try to minimize the terrific task before them, but they faced it with hearts high.

Any climax of interest, indicated by clapping was also stressed by the orchestra, which played some brief, lovely song or interlude—and many times we rose to the Star Spangled Banner and the Polish hymn. Emotion seemed to fail to reach necessary expression until music had carried on the paragraph. And I could understand, how after years of repression in speech, these women rely on music more than we do.

They were delighted with Miss Lathrop's message, and pressed about her with eager questions. Then suddenly off in a corner we heard singing. A little group of girl-soldiers, in trim uniforms and with loaded pistols at their belts, were half chanting old folk songs. From song to song they modulated, and as I looked over the sea of rapt faces and at those of the girl warriors as they voiced the age-old sorrows and hopes of their people, I thought I had had just a little glimpse into the heart of Poland.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN KOREA

BY RICHARD H. RITTER

The supreme fact in Korea today is the predominance of the Japanese Government; this fact overshadows everything.

Entering Korea today is, from one viewpoint, like stepping into the middle ages; from another viewpoint, everything seems modern. In Seoul you may stop at one of the finest hotels in Asia, surrounded by every European luxury; you may enter modern factories and modern schools, and change your money at a bank whose exterior, at least, would grace Broadway. The post office, a large and splendid building, is just across the street; and other business buildings with imposing fronts remind you of your own county court-house. You may visit a large technical college, industrial school, experiment station; may play tennis at a delightful and secluded club in the heart of the city; ride in comfortable tram-cars on well-paved streets; and if you fall ill, you may be attended at good hospitals, either Japanese or American.

On the other hand, all one has to do is to walk around the corner to see the white-robed, dignified, Korean with his "fly-cage" topknot-protector on his venerable head, flaying grain as his grandfather's grandfather did; or you may walk down one of the old Korean streets of the city where the brass hammerers, the rattan-workers, the carpenters, the cloth or rug weavers, with their shops, their homes and their factories, all in the same room, eke out their daily living as of yore. If you look up, you will see the telegraph wires, sure signs of progress but if you look down, you will see roads that are dirt, dust, or mud in season; the contrast is everywhere. All Asiatic lands present this appearance to some degree, but Korea more than others. There is a varnish of progress of the most sticky kind spread out thinly over the mildewed customs of forgotten dynasties.

This shows itself especially in the industrial enterprises. The old apprentice system, similar to that of China, still endures, but the daily wage-earners (first cousins to those of Lowell, Chicago or Manchester) are also in evidence in the factories. There are no strikes in these industrial enterprises, because of the political threat. Indeed, one is surprised to see that most of the skilled workmen in and about these places of industry are not Koreans at all, but members of the master-nation. Only the coolie jobs seem to be held by the natives; and it is obvious that their life is not of the eight-hour-a-day and extra-pay-for-overtime type. The worst kind of exploitation is that which is sanctioned by political preferences. One is reminded of the old days when the Persians enslaved the Babylonians for a century or two, after which the Babylonians gained the upper hand and forced the Persians to the grind-stone in return. The idea of mastership was fundamental to the ancient imperialisms, and one is inevitably reminded of Persia and Babylonia when he visits Korea.

With it all, however, it is not hard to see the Japanese viewpoint. It is a fact that the Government of Korea has accomplished an extraordinary amount of progressive legislation during the past nine years. This is especially apparent in industrial education. There are at present no fewer than seventy-four agricultural colleges alone, all founded and supported by the Japanese Government; there are also eight commercial schools, four technical schools, and one fishery school, some giving only elementary and some advanced instruction. All of these schools are either free, or charge a small tuition, and, generally speaking, are open to both Korean and Japanese students on the same terms. There are, also, a large technical college at Seoul (which, though said to be excellent, is singularly suspicious of visitors), besides an agricultural and a dendrological college at Suwon. The teaching in these schools is entirely in the Japanese language.

Connected with the agricultural college is a model experiment station with four branches in other towns, one of which specializes in cotton growing, one in fruit trees, and one in sheep-breeding. Farmers are helped in many practical ways, both educational and financial. Itinerant teachers lecture and show exhibits in small towns; there are seedling nurseries, with free distribution of seed to all farm-

ers; and there are pig and poultry nurseries. Silk worms are distributed free, with instruction in sericulture.

This is a splendid achievement in popular industrial education, and when one takes into added consideration the many paternalistic undertakings for the benefit of farmers and small manufacturers which cannot be called educational and therefore cannot be discussed here, but are nevertheless quite admirable, one is inclined not to think lightly of the Japanese arguments. Rural banks which lend money at low interest, agencies for the purchase of feed, tools, and other farm commodities at small prices, besides well thought-out programmes on the part of the Government, are increasing in a marvelously rapid manner. One must admire and respect the immense energy of the Japanese in opening up the resources of Korea to the world. It is safe to say that during the past decade there has been greater improvement in industrial methods and education in Korea than in any other country in Asia, and perhaps in the world; and it has been entirely due to the energy and genius of the Japanese colonists and Government. Such progress under Korean or Chinese rule would have been impossible.

There are new problems, of course, which this rapid expansion in industrial education has brought about. In the first place, its beneficent results can as yet reach only a small fraction of the people, while it works all the greater hardship on those who are too ignorant or too remote to take advantage of the opportunities. Thus the competition begun by the new-style farmer against the old-style farmer, pushes the old-fashioned man still further down into his morass of poverty. The inevitable result is that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. This is something which, under our generally approved status of economic society, can hardly be helped; no Government has as yet solved the problem. But it is significant that in Korea, due perhaps to the fact that the Japanese are the more progressive of the two races, it happens that all these improvements are preponderantly (some say almost exclusively) to the advantage of the Japanese colonists. Thus the difference between the conquered race and the conquering race is further accentuated, whether or not the Government so intends.

The industrial revolution is already in its first stages. Those who have the necessary capital buy the machinery

and employ those who have not. Of course the only ones who have capital are the Japanese. The competition of the Japanese, therefore, has worked havoc among the old-time native industries. The cotton-weaving industry, for instance, which twenty years ago was flourishing in Korea, is now practically eliminated. Many of the old hand-workers are at present jobless; and poverty in Korea is distinctly on the increase. The higher cost of living is another result of an industrial progress which tends toward making the economic line of demarcation between the conquered and the conqueror all the greater. Already, after only nine years of occupation, four-fifths of the total of 10,000,000 yen in the Postal Savings Bank belongs to Japanese.[1]

All these circumstances are said by the Japanese to be the temporary and natural outcome of the introduction of machinery into a hand-working land. The same thing happened to every country in Europe. This is true; but, search as we may, it is quite impossible to find out what steps Japan is taking to prevent the catastrophe. It is just at this point, then, that the all-embracing fact of Japanese exploitation enters most promising. When events take their natural course, owing to the competitive self-seeking of commerce, the Government, which is the one regulative agency possessing the prestige and the power to lessen or at least equalize the exploitation, is entirely apathetic toward the claims of all but Japanese. Under a preferential and subsidized system such as this, the argument that the admirable new communications, hotels, afforestation and industries are evidently beneficial to the Korean people, is self-defeated.

One other factor in the educational policy of the Government which must be taken into consideration, and one which will have an increasingly large influence, is that of study in Japan. Every year provision is made to train some Koreans in the mother country. Japan has excellent industrial schools; and the returning students are well equipped to be expert workmen or foremen, and may even hope later on to be managers of factories. This work is of especial help in the mines. Mining is, indeed, with the exception of farming, Korea's greatest industry; yet the Japanese appear to have established no schools which specialize in mining engineering. An explanation may be found in the fact that

[1] Figures obtained from Mr. Yamagata, editor of the *Seoul Press*.

the majority of these mines are held by European interests, which had a firm title long before Japan secured control of the peninsula. European managers are much more anxious to use as foremen, gangsters or engineers, Koreans who were trained in Japan than are the Japanese themselves, for, as is quite natural, the Japanese capitalists prefer to give employment to their fellow countrymen. As a rule only European and American firms employ foreign-trained Koreans. A significant fact is that the Government now forbids Koreans to study in America or Europe, whether in the fields of commerce, the professions, or industry. It is impossible to secure a passport for such a purpose.

Outside of the Japanese enterprises, the only industrial training in Korea is that offered by the missionaries, who are mostly American. This training is meager, for the missions in Korea have confined themselves largely to the traditional evangelistic, educational, medical, and literary activities. Owing to the concentration in these lines there are probably more Christians in proportion to the population in Korea than in any other large missionary field. Such a condition is especially remarkable, in that Protestant missions have been in Korea for only thirty-six years. Nevertheless, the policy has hindered many splendid services which Christianity might have rendered the people had the missions contrived to broaden out in social and industrial enterprises. The only real industrial mission school is that of the Young Men's Christian Association in Seoul. Others have industrial departments, but these may without exception be reckoned as self-help departments, and not, accurately speaking, as industrial. The graduates, indeed, are for the most part not in industry at all, but in the Christian ministry, in teaching, or in business. The mission schools do not claim to be industrial training-schools, but the departments are maintained in order to give worthy students of both Christian and non-Christian homes an opportunity to receive a liberal education.

The Y. M. C. A. school at Seoul has six departments: Printing and book-binding, soap- and candle-making, machine-shop, wood-work, rattan work, and photography. The school is in a separate building on the grounds of the Association, erected, as was the main building, through the generosity of a philanthropic American. The equipment was partly contributed by several large industrial concerns

in America, and partly bought out of the small profits of the institution. Students are here trained not only to become expert workmen in the various lines which they may choose, but to become teachers in the industrial departments of the mission schools. The teachers in the Y. M. C. A. school are mostly its own graduates. A scheme of finances is arranged so that, though a small fee is required the first year, a student will have earned enough by his own labors during his entire course to have a profit for himself when he leaves.

Some mission schools, such as the Hugh O'Neill, Jr., Academy at Syenchun, have emphasized the agricultural industries in their self-help departments. A dairy and a piggery are here maintained, and there is instruction in meat-curing, sericulture, and canning. Many boy students support themselves almost entirely by this work. No funds for the management of the industrial department are contributed from outside sources. Each department is self-supporting. The mission school at Songdo is famous for its cloth-weaving, and has a large trade not only in Korea but in China and Japan. The students take a genuine interest in their work, aside from the fact that they are gaining an education thereby.

The Union Korean Christian College, now erecting imposing new buildings at Seoul, is planning to have a modern and well-equipped industrial department in its new plant. The scheme includes a model village, with home training for women students.

Women's work in Korean industries is limited. The Government has done practically nothing in the way of industrial education for them. In Japan, more than 73 per cent of the workers in factories are women; but in Korea, women do practically none of the work. In the mission schools, of course, the girls are satisfied with making such home products as embroidery and crocheting. In several communities, however, this women's work has developed into a real industry, the women securing large remuneration for their work, especially from foreign residents and tourists.

The future of industrial enterprises in Korea depends almost entirely upon the attitude of the Japanese Government. The mines of the country are rich in many kinds of minerals; the numerous fertile valleys are excellent for agri-

culture; and the hillsides, on which are growing young trees which the government has planted, will, in a few years, make possible an extensive forestry development. Eighty per cent of Korea's workmen are farmers; but with the resources of which Korea is able to boast, and with the incentive supplied by the tremendous energy of the Japanese, this percentage is bound very soon to swing toward manufacturing industries.

That these will be almost entirely controlled by the Japanese seems certain; what they will do with their power is less certain. If they continue to follow the policy of importing Japanese as workmen and to subsidize Japanese firms, the expansion will hardly help the Koreans, who, of course, will continue to be the servant race,—the coolies and the day-laborers. Political pressure will undoubtedly keep the number of strikes, unions, and coöperative enterprises down to a minimum. There will be less and less opportunity for a Korean to rise in the world, or for Koreans as a whole to become capitalists or employers. Financially, the world—including Japan—will be the gainer. For the Koreans themselves, nothing can be seen ahead but long-continued economic exploitation, a change of heart on the part of Japan, or revolution.

RICHARD H. RITTER.

THE SERVANT AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY

BY EUGENIA WALLACE

THE present generation, at least, has so thoroughly discussed the "servant problem" in clubs, in print, and by the fireside, that the problem should have been settled long ago if discussion really settled anything; but the still departing servant proves that something is lacking from our many attempts at solution, and drives us back to more serious study of cause and effect.

The servant is not the only worker who is deserting. Teachers are leaving the schoolroom by the thousands; "farm hands" are as scarce as the dodo; the visiting seamstress is no more. Why? Because other occupations are proving more attractive—in the matter of hours, wages, opportunities for advancement, and—by no means least—for companionship. Throughout the country, industry is competing for the worker, and any group of employers who would keep their helpers must meet the terms of competition. This the housewife, as a class, has not done—may not, perhaps, see the necessity for doing, until she has made a scientific study of her problem, including her own past attitude toward it.

Let us go back a bit. In 1890, nearly fifty per cent of the self supporting women of the country were in domestic service. Twenty years later the percentage was thirty-two. After that the situation grew worse so rapidly that a group of women (including Mrs. James Cushman, Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., Miss Ida Tarbell, and Miss Henrietta Roelofs), women interested both in the home and in the worker, formed a committee on Household Employment, and set to work to make a thorough and impartial study of the subject by searching out the underlying causes of the trouble.

The Committee's first discovery was that efforts at betterment had been repeatedly initiated by the workers themselves and by public-spirited organizations, and had always ended in failure; and also that there had been no concerted effort on the part of the housewives.

Before any steps could be taken to stop this very real boycott against one occupation by thousands of workers, it was evident that the workers themselves must be asked "why." To this end it was decided to question four groups: those in domestic service, in stores, in factories, and office workers of the same economic status. Clubs of these workers, in seventeen of the principal cities, from New York to San Francisco, received forms asking identically the same questions. For the most part, they were faithfully answered, and *with surprisingly uniform results.*

These answers showed that, in the opinion of the workers themselves, the domestic servant had three decided advantages over the others in—

Health conditions,
Wages,
Preparation for homes after marriage,

but that in spite of these advantages, hers was the least desirable occupation on account of the five disadvantages of—

Long and uncertain hours (with almost no entirely free Sundays, holidays or evenings)
In consequence of which there was little, if any, opportunity for social life or self development, and
No opportunity for living at home among family and friends;
Servile treatment (a delicate psychological question), and
The social stigma.

The problem having been analyzed, it was stated that these disadvantages could all be removed at the will of the employer.

Has the employer the will to remove them and therefore bring about better conditions? To answer, or partially to answer, this question, it will be necessary to go back again.

About eight years ago, Mrs. C. Hélène Berkeley began experimenting with what she called "home assistants" (eight-hour non-resident workers), in her own home, and

was so pleased with the results that she gave them to the world in her book, *Wanted—Young Woman to do Housework*. Since then, one progressive housewife after another has followed her plan and found it good, with the result that after the war, when the factory and munition worker refused to return to domestic service, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Henry Patterson, and others, in co-operation with the Central Branch Y. W. C. A. in New York City, formed the "Home Assistant's Committee" and began definitely to recruit workers for those homes that could be organized on the new business-like basis.

Shortly after, another committee, composed of representatives of the United States Employment Service, the Consumer's League, the Woman's City Club, Teacher's College, and the Y. W. C. A., was formed, and under the leadership of Mrs. Richard Boardman, did definite work in co-operation with the United States Employment Service.

An interesting point lies in the fact that both committees felt that the first step to be taken was training of the better-educated women who were to do housework under the new conditions. To this end, definite arrangements were made to have instruction given, in excellent schools, under trained domestic science experts; but the training was not accepted, although it was several times offered without cost. What Miss Roelofs had pointed out in 1915 proved true in 1919—"when the competition is all on the part of the employer for the worker, there is little incentive to train for the work."

The object of both Committees was not only to educate the housewife who wanted to organize her home according to the new plan, and to recruit and help the workers, but also to study the situation carefully to see what was really wise and practical in the new system, and observe the response of both employer and employee.

The response has been extremely interesting, in some cases utterly unexpected. The light of publicity was, quite naturally, thrown upon a move of this sort, with the result that employers, desperate for want of help, flocked to the new Mecca in the hope of finding relief; but the employees were surprisingly indifferent, and the supply so far short of the demand that it was impossible to do much to alleviate the situation.

Of the workers who did come, the majority were a good

type of home women, about half of them married, who were glad to find the opportunity to do the only work they knew on a part-time basis, or even on full time, *if their evenings were free.* Much to the disappointment of the Committees, very few of the much-desired young girls have responded at all during the two years that have elapsed since the work was undertaken, yet it is generally felt that more and more women, of excellent type, will undertake home assistant's work when *all* the conditions are made satisfactory.

When lack of funds forced the United States Employment Service to curtail its work, the two Committees combined, and very carefully, very slowly, after studying the situation at home and in other centres, have arrived at the following conditions as governing the Home Assistant's plan:

Necessary provisions for employer:

1. Hours limited to eight daily and forty-four weekly, with one whole day and one-half day free each week, alternating Sunday and week-day.
2. Paid vacation on the basis of a minimum of two weeks for each year of service; also legal holidays or equivalent days free with full pay.
3. Wages on a cash basis with any overtime compensated at one and one-half times the ordinary rate. Minimum pay to be based on current minimum wage standards.
4. Last name and title to be used in addressing assistant.

Necessary provisions for employee:

1. She must be ready to perform any work required except *heavy* washing. Shopping, mending, and all other branches of household routine are within her province.
2. References to be given as to character.
3. Working time to be used to the best advantage, with the punctuality and regularity expected in a business office.
4. No food to be taken in employer's home, and carfare to be paid by assistant herself.

It can be seen at once that the successful operation of the new system requires systematic housekeeping, on the schedule plan. An assistant who comes at 7 o'clock in the

morning and leaves at 4 in the afternoon (or comes at 11 and leaves at 8), must, to accomplish desired results, do systematized work packed within a time and schedule limit. This schedule the housewife herself must work out and control, and, what is more, her household must, to a certain extent, conform to it. To this end it will be necessary to train housewives, who in turn can teach the embryo home assistant. Again and again this suggestion came in from the seventeen cities whose clubs were questionnaired in 1915—"a school for to train ladies to keep house," as one girl unacademically but tersely expressed it. This fact the housewife herself has not yet grasped to any great extent, though some have set resolutely to work in the training classes and have expressed great joy over the results.

Another self-evident fact is that great difficulty lies in the matter of the dinner hour. Where twenty assistants will work from 8 until 5 o'clock, only one will be found willing to take the evening hours. "My family needs me," or "it is the only time my friends are free," is the plea of the worker, while a cry of despair rises from the housewife,—"that is the time of all others when I most want help." The horns of both employer and employee are locked upon this dilemma. Many attempts have been made to solve the difficulty. The training schools were applied to for domestic science students who might be glad to practise on a willing family "for a consideration," but the appeal met with little success. Young business girls, who in theory would have been glad to earn extra money, were found to value their time and freedom even more. In addition to this, it was surprising to find how few knew anything at all about cooking. However, in spite of discouragements, it seems to be the general opinion that the near future will see a solution of this problem, and that before long two things will happen—good, reasonable, cooked food services in our cities and suburbs, and an increasing supply of part-time workers who, as soon as the social stigma is removed, will train for the work that is so much in demand.

The Committee working on the question of the home assistant has been surprised at the readiness with which the employers have accepted the new time basis and their willingness to re-organize their households, though it often means weeks, even months, of the most careful experiment and adjustment before a smoothly running schedule,

mutually satisfactory, can be accomplished. Some, indeed, exclaim at having to pay a higher wage for "only 8 hours a day," but surprising, astonishing even though it seems, the home assistant, with her eight hours daily, her 52 one and one-half holidays a week, in addition to the ten legal holidays and the two weeks vacation, actually gives the employer 432 more hours a year than the average servant who begins work at 7 A. M. and finishes at 9 or 10 P. M., but whose meals, laundry, room care, rest hours, etc., all come out of the time she is paid for. A good bargain is said to benefit both parties. The employer, under the new plan, gets more service; and the employee, less actual time but far more absolute freedom, which is the thing she really wants.

Why then, one is inclined to ask, should there not be a greater flocking to the work, since the much desired new time basis has been so readily granted? There are several reasons, the first of which is the matter of wages. The questionnaire of 1915 showed that one of the three advantages of the servant lay in the wages, which, since she has no board, room or laundry bills to pay, can be seen at a glance to be better than those of most workers of her class. Although the Home Assistant's Committee does not place women (other than apprentices) at less than the minimum wage ($18 in New York, June, 1920), $18 with which to pay all expenses leaves very little indeed for recreation and savings; so it is quite natural for women to turn to the better paid work of store and factory, with their larger opportunity for advancement.

The housewives are frankly unhappy about it, pleading their inability to pay more, but when "overhead" (room rent, lighting, laundry costs and time), in addition to food, are taken into consideration, it is found that the $18 home assistant is cheaper than the servant who "lives in." Women who employ several have found that there is a very appreciable saving in the monthly budget, this saving sometimes running as high as $100 a month; but until better wages are paid—wages which will balance those of industry—there will be no great supply of the eight-hour home assistants.

This the housewife has not quite grasped. She still hopes against hope for an economic change that will send a supply of workers back to the home. Again and again it

is said that " as soon as immigration begins, we shall have a plentiful supply of houseworkers." To this the factories, the clothing trades, the milliners, say " No." All over the country, industry is crying for workers. A recent factory survey in greater New York and New Jersey showed the call for women workers to be insistent, and manager after manager said that he advertised continually—in the foreign language papers. Take this one fact as an example: The great Manhattan Trade School trains young girls of fourteen and over (most of them foreigners) for the textile trades. Well-paid positions are clamoring for them as soon as they are able to run a power machine or trim a hat. It is not at all unusual for a girl to be making $60 a week by the time she is twenty, and the opportunities to work up to thousands a year are an incentive to " hold on " and work hard. It is against the manufacturers, you see, that the despairing housewife must bid for immigrant girls.

In one of the Southern States the Housekeepers' Alliance has been pleading with industrial employers to discharge negro girls so that they may again be available as servants, and only recently the head of a large organization, working for better home and working conditions in one of our Northern cities, wrote: " Women there are, of a certain kind, but not the type we want in quantity. We are living in great hopes, however, of some industrial shake-up that will bring fewer ' jobs ' to the husbands and a steady working spirit to their wives and sisters."

These, of course, are extreme instances, but they show the perplexity of housewives over the conditions confronting them, for to the majority of " home women " the factory is still a term synonymous with monotony and weary toil, while the home offers freedom of movement and interesting variety of healthful work (as the workers themselves admitted in the questionnaire of 1915). This perplexity is further increased by the fact that their rivals, the trade schools and the manufacturers, have not yet been able to capture those thousands of the most desired of all workers, —the young Americans who flock into office work that all too often pays less than a bare living, and in the matter of wages, holds the intelligent High School girl far behind the servant and the daughter of the immigrant.

It is all a matter of social standing, even more important, in most cases, than wages. The day has passed when home

women were in one class, and all who worked for a living in another. The office assistant is socially so far above the factory worker that she considers it well worth the loss in wages, while the latter has innumerable advantages denied to the servant. This aspiration to progress is felt more strongly in a democracy than anywhere else, and is the most compelling cause underlying the exodus, first of the native-born American servant, and later of the immigrant.

Let us look the facts squarely in the face. In 1915, all four classes questioned agreed that outside the matter of long hours and their resulting evils, it was "servile treatment" and the "social stigma" that had caused the boycott against household employment. The Committees that have watched this matter so carefully are forced to the same conclusion. As Mrs. Berkeley reminds us, "domestic servant," traced to its derivation, means literally "slave of the household," and from time immemorial this class has stood lowest in the social scale. In America, at least, every other worker has a chance to rise—the office boy to president, the laborer to factory owner, the farmer's lad to statesman; but the servant girl finds it so nearly impossible to outlive the stigma of those first years, that the authorities fear that those still remaining are the last we shall ever have. Certain it is that their children will never follow in their footsteps, and equally certain that the American home must be organized on an entirely different basis if the housewife, like her husband the business man, is to have some one to share her labors, which especially when there are invalids or young children, are often more important and more exhausting than his.

How to organize the home on a new basis is therefore the question that now confronts the American family, and it is evident that this organization must be of a spiritual nature, and not merely a matter of shorter hours, labor-saving devices, and community cooking. "Servile treatment" and the "social stigma" are elusive terms, hard to define, far too often imagined, but very real in their effect upon the characters and lives of those who feel their reactions.

To avoid at least the outer forms of servile treatment, the Home Assistant's Committee have *required* the use of the last name and title and *recommended* that no tips be given, and that the assistant be allowed to enter by the front

door and dispense with the servant's uniform. It has been astonishing to note the attitude of the employer toward these matters. Progressive women have been quick to see the justice and advisability of these changes, but far too many, quite ready to make the necessary adjustments in hours and wages, have declared their unwillingness to conform to the other conditions.

That the social stigma does exist and is hard to outlive, no one engaged in social work can deny. Rarely are servants found among clubs of young women from the factories and stores, or in evening classes or training schools. The older women, accustomed to these conditions, have adjusted their lives along the old (and sometimes very comfortable) lines, but their generation will pass and no others are coming forward to take their place. The only solution lies in an entirely new attitude on the part of the employer, or, to be more exact, the public, for we must go back to the root of things and place upon housework a value that has not been given to it in the generation we know.

Our great grandmothers looked upon housekeeping as an art, and were respected in the community in proportion to their mastery of it. Their keys were a symbol of authority, and those who worked *with* them,—the daughters of neighbors, and farmer folk,—were as apprentices under skilled leaders. To service under such conditions there attaches no social stigma. But times change, in many respects for the better. The day of laborious housework is fortunately behind us, and to-day the need is for less physical effort and more skill—a knowledge of food values; of up-to-date tools; nicety in service, and wisdom in the care of invalids and children—all service requiring as much ability and training as the average work of store and factory, and entitled to the same respect. When the employing public (the housewife and her family) realize this, it will result in a change of feeling that will, inevitably and for the most part unconsciously, do away forever with the " servile treatment " of which so many complain.

It will not be realized, however, until there is a change of feeling on the part of the housewife herself, who must respect her work if others are also to respect it. At present she is in an anomalous position. Even the Government was in such doubt as to her status that there was considerable debate as to whether she was to be listed among those " gain-

fully occupied" in the 1920 census. In 1910 (when housekeeping did not appear in the report either as a profession or as an occupation) it is estimated that there were about twenty million housewives in the United States. Yet the number of women *trained* for this "occupation" is so small as to be almost negligible; so there is little wonder that it is not looked upon as a skilled occupation, and is failing to interest both the employer and the paid worker.

There are, however, hopeful signs on the horizon,—those signs that usually appear when things have reached their worst, and have "touched bottom." One of these is the number of domestic science training schools (usually devoted to institutional work) that are now forming classes for housewives and offering them attractive courses not only in cookery, but in food values and scientific household management. A few of these newly trained housewives are so enthusiastic about the light thrown on their problem that they are eager to have their assistants take the training also. When the employer sees the possibilities in her work, the opportunities for scientific management, for time and labor saving, for true home making and conservation of health and leisure, and when she respects it accordingly, she will respect the women who are capable of doing it for her. Then, and then only, will both employer and employee bring to their work that spirit that dignifies any honorable occupation, and raises the worker to a higher place in the social scale.

The term "master" has entirely disappeared from the business world, and its equivalent "mistress" must go from the home, along with "maid" and "servant," and many other little things, small in themselves, but gall and wormwood to self-respecting Americans. It has been interesting to note some of the *little* reasons given by women for their dislike of what they term the "servile treatment" of domestic service. The use of the Christian name, especially by the young people, is the first; the having to take off rubber shoes and perform personal services for the men of the family is another. Standing while the mistress talks to them, especially if she is a much younger woman, and the constant "yes, madame" and "no, madame" trouble others; but it must be said, in justice to American housewives, that the majority have not been very insistent about such matters, when it was evident that they hurt, though the

intention to be kind has often, no doubt, been affected by the consciousness of social difference,—a consciousness that the business man does not feel in his dealings with his assistants. In his *American Manners,* Brander Mathews says that " it was a queen, Carmen Sylva, who declared that ' princes are brought up to be affable to every man, and every man should be brought up like a prince '." Then he reminds us that " until every man is brought up like a prince, affability may take on the less agreeable disguise of condescension; and, as Robert Louis Stevenson shrewdly remarked, ' the pleasures of condescension are strangely one-sided.' "

The American people are not much given to old-form condescension, but even its newer phases are giving way before the spirit of equality which, especially since the war, has so strongly impregnated the atmosphere. The " welfare worker " is fast being supplanted by the " industrial relations manager," and the steady call for " industrial democracy " is coming from workingmen throughout the country.

So too, is the longing for independence and the new democracy—not only longing, but determination to bring about conditions that shall make their work itself respected and their own standing in the community far better than it has ever been. With that spirit stirring the very souls of millions of men, is it reasonable to believe that their women will go on in the old way, untouched by the fire that is consuming the last of the old feudal traditions that still survive in a world that has fought and bled and lost ten million men within a decade—men from whose graves there will inevitably rise a new spirit that will sway the world? It will depend upon the women of the country (full citizens now for the first time in all history), quite as much as upon the men, to guide that spirit safely to the heights of the true democracy of which the world has always dreamed, and though some old and dear traditions must of necessity be left behind, will their loss not be more than compensated by the durable satisfactions, the far-reaching good, of the new order?

EUGENIA WALLACE.

HYLAS

(THEOCRITUS, IDYLL XIII)

BY HERVEY ALLEN

Where art thou, Hylas,
Of the golden locks?
Where art thou, Argive lad,
That fed thy flocks
In wind swept Thessaly,
Beside the sea?
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas—Alas!

I

When the pleiads rose no more
Rowed the heroes to the shore,
Much in fear of winter gales,
And they furled the winglike sails,
Carrying up the corded bales
From the hollow, oaken Argo
Till they lightened her of cargo.
Then they beached her for the winter
Where nor rocks nor waves could splinter.
There the heroes made their camp
By the whispering seashore damp,
But the mighty Herakles,
Tired of looking at the seas,
Rose and left those sounding beaches
For the upland's wind swept reaches.

In a little beechwood gray
Hylas fed his flock that day,
Playing all alone, but gayly,
Where he fed his lambkins daily,
Singing to a five stringed psalter
By a little woodland altar,
Where a shepherd's fire of oak
Made a ribbon scarf of smoke,
Curling highly, thinly, bluely,
From the faggots cut but newly.
Moving with a god-like ease,
Through the gray boles of the trees,

Hylas first saw Herakles,
Looming vast as huge Orion,
Tawny in his skin of lion;
While through interspace of leaves,
Through the network autumn weaves,
Fell bronze sunshine and bronze leaves
On the lion skin with its paws,
Dangling, fringed with crescent claws.

Softly all the flock were bleating
As he gave the lad good greeting,
Rubbing down with leaves the club,
Thick as thickest chariot hub—
Hylas stood with golden locks,
Glowing 'mid the lichened rocks,
Laughing in the silver beeches,
White as milk and tanned like peaches.
Then the hero loved the lad
For his beauty made him glad,
And he took him on his knees;
Tender was huge Herakles,
Telling him of strange journeys
To the far Hesperides,
Crossing oceans in a bowl,
Till he won him heart and soul.

So these two were friends, forever,
Never seen apart, together
Were they all that winter weather.
And the hero taught the youth
How to shoot and tell the truth,
How to drive a furrow straight,
Plowing, plowing very early
When the frosty grass was curly—
Taught him how to play the lyre,
Till each wire and wire and wire
Sang together like a choir.
And at night young Hylas crept
In the lion skin where he slept,
Where the lowing oxen team
Stood beneath the smoky beam,
Slept beside the hero clipt
By the giant, downy lipped.

Centuries have fled away
Since the hero came that day
To the little beechwood gray
Where young Hylas was at play.
But I shall, as poets may,
Wreathe these roses for his head,
For his beauty is not dead.

And a voice has sung to me,
Sung this ancient threnody,
Like a memory of the sea,
Like an autumn melody,
"Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!"

II

When the springtime came again
And the shepherd to his spen
Led his cloudy flock again,
When the awkward lambkins bounded
While the twin pipes whistling sounded,
And old Charon from his glen
Saw below the smoke of men,
Curling thinly from the trees,
Then the heroes sought the seas.
Then the Argo left the shore,
For the eager warriors thought,
When the pleiads rose once more,
Of the golden fleece they sought.

Hylas went with Herakles,
Dancing to the dancing seas,
And he stood high in the bow,
Golden by the carven prow,
Or he lay within the furls
With the sea damps on his curls.
But at home his mother wept
With her long hair on the floor,
By the hearth where he had slept,
For her woman's heart was sore;
Saying, "He is gone from me!
Gone across the sounding sea!
Ai! Ai! Woe is me!
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!"

With the soft south wind to follow
All the day the sail was hollow,
While the marvelous Orpheus sang,
Till the water furrows rang—
Never man sang as he sang—
Never man has sung the same—
And the ship flew till they came
Where the olive trees are gaunt
By the winding Hellespont,
And the Cian oxen wear
Water bright the bronze plowshare.

On a fallow meadow hollow,
Where the Cian cattle wallow,
There they landed two by two;
They the grass and rushes strew
For their bed,
Leaves and pointed flag stocks callow,
Foot and head.
And the evening coming on
Herakles and Telamon
Set the supper fires upleaping
And the shadows swooping, sweeping
Overhead.
Meanwhile, Hylas with a vase
Wandered inland for a ways,
Hoping there to fill his bronze,
Girt about with little fawns,
Polishèd.
And around and twice around it,
Where an inwrought girdle bound it,
Fled the rout of chaste Diana,
Goddess led.

Inland in a cup-shaped vale
Willow swart and galingale
Grew with swallow wart, and sparsley,
Maiden hair and blooming parsley.
And the shallow's level glass
Mirrored back the yellow grass
Where the swallow dipped his wings,
Making rings on rings in rings.
There a nymph dance was afoot
Where the country people put
Cloth and oaten cakes and bread
For the water spirits dread—
Two and two and in and out,
Three and two, around about,
Hands around, and then they vanished,
Leaving Hylas there astonished.

But at last he stooped to dip
And the eager water slipped,
Stuttering past the metal lip,
Choking like a sunk bell rung—
Suddenly white nymph hands clung
Cold as iron about his arm
Till he cried out in alarm.
Gave a little, silver cry
And the swallow skimming nigh
Darted higher in the sky,
And the echo when he spoke—
Awoke.

Now the white hands tighter cling,
Now the funneled water ring
Fills and flows till in its glass
Nods again the nodding grass.
Alas! Alas! for thee,
Hylas — Alas!

Then it was that Herakles,
For his Hylas ill at ease,
Left the heroes by the fire,
Strung his bowstring taut as wire,
Went to look for Hylas inland,
Past a little, rocky headland,
Rising higher ever higher.
Till he found the cup-shaped vale,
Where he called without avail,
Shouting loudly, " Hylas, Hylas,"
Echo answered back, " Alas,"
Echo answered very slowly,
Speaking sorrowfully and lowly,
When he called the lad, " Hy-*las,*"
Hollow echo said, " Alas."

But he never found him more
On the hill or by the shore,
On the upland, on the downland,
Never found him where he lay
Down among the boulders gray,
Limp among the watery rocks
Where the lily raised its chalice
And the dread nymphs combed his locks,
Pale Nycheia, April-eyed,
And white Eunice and Malis.
For his voice came down to these
Vague as April through the trees,
Filtered through the water clear,
Very faint but strangely near,
Very thin—
And no echo could they hear,
Only ripples' silver din
And the dull splash of an otter;
Echo cannot live in water.

But that echo comes to me
Down through half eternity,
Crying out, " Alas! Alas! "
For all beauty that must pass
Like a picture from a glass—
When Time breathes it is not there—
Bony hands and coffined hair!
Alas! Alas! Alas!

—Hervey Allen.

FOREBODING

HORTENSE FLEXNER

There is an ache close to the heart of things
  This night, and tears are in the air,
A lurking heaviness the far wind brings,
  And blows across the grayness of the square.
I do not know—tomorrow will be May,
  And yet there is no song, no whispering mirth,
Only a burden left behind the day,
  A shadow fallen dimly on the earth.
Is it that Spring, out-done with flowers and light,
  Has flung herself upon the grass to rest,
And dreamed, as I, of drouth and storm and blight
  On growing things—her gift with fruit unblest,
And waking in the dusk from this strange sleep,
Found in her laughing heart mad tears to weep?

A THOUGHT AFTER TAPS

S. FOSTER DAMON

When we were smiling in our last goodbyes,
  I hid your handkerchief deep in my coat;
  And then a sudden sickness in my throat
Swept over me, a swift, complete surprise.
That was the first time that I saw your eyes,
  The first time that I felt their tender note
  Making the entire world grow dim, remote;
And in my breast it seemed like star-rise.

I feel you still, a firm, strong tremulo,
  Such as the trees feel in the early spring
When the sap drips from the snapped boughs into the snow;
  While I am to you no more than an old tune
Five years worn-out, whose still familiar swing
  Faintly recalls some evening under the moon.

JOHN MASEFIELD: A STUDY

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE two most justly celebrated poets in England today are John Masefield and Thomas Hardy. Masefield is equally well known in America as in England; but Hardy still has to conquer the American public for his poetry. And indeed it is only natural that the American public should have been so much more readily attracted to the younger and lesser writer. Something in the crude, rough vigour of the style, something in the strong command over intense, rapid narrative, something in the restless, adventurous, exploring temper of the man himself, has made of Masefield an appealing figure to most Americans. We are too young as a nation, too restless and heterogeneous as a people, too romantically unsettled in our convictions, to be able to appreciate Hardy's classic fatalism, his pagan sense of the dependence of man upon nature, his tragic detachment and sympathy. We prefer the poet who recalls in our own day the romantic freshness of Chaucer, to the brooding, patient, tireless craftsman who recalls Aeschylus and the middle period of Shakespeare. Yet though it is possible to think of Hardy alone, it is impossible for those who have read both poets to think of Masefield without reference, expressed or unconscious, to Hardy.

John Masefield is a poet who has already passed through two well-defined periods of development. There is the early Masefield, the poet of *Salt-Water Ballads, The Everlasting Mercy, Dauber, Biography.* There is the more mature, more philosophical, questioning and brooding later Masefield, the poet who has largely developed since the war, the writer of the *Sonnets,* of *August, 1914,* of the poems in *Lollingdon Downs.* In the early phase Masefield was altogether the romantic realist, the rediscoverer of a type of a poetry practically lost to English literature since the days of Chaucer. An exaltation of crude

physical vigor, a crude, religious ecstasy, a surging sweep of narrative, immense vividness of descriptive writing, an almost melodramatic passion for the violent and the vulgar sides of life, marked this early phase. In the later phase, came a deepening sense of fatalistic tragedy, a sombre, darker skepticism; a heart-searching appeal for the beautiful, a quieter and more developed technic. One felt somehow that the war had broadened the poet's character, had developed him in many directions which he himself had been the last man to suspect possible. One looked forward with wider hope to the appearance of works showing a more rich and various imagination, once the immediate pressure of the war was relieved.

Since the war, Masefield has published two volumes, in such rapid succession that the critics have scarcely had time to deal completely with either, and I believe that I am right in saying that no parallel handling of both has as yet been attempted. *Reynard the Fox,* the earlier of these two, is, on the face of it, the apotheosis of the early narrative style. One almost suspects it of being an early poem, rehandled perhaps;—in *Lollingdon Downs* there is a short fragment about a fox which reads like the rejected variant of one of its pages. It certainly reveals a wider mastery and maturity than any other of the narratives which Masefield has written. The burst of exultation at the close of *The Everlasting Mercy,* the description of rounding Cape Horn in *Dauber,* must yield place to the pictorial sweep, the concentrated drama, the knowledge and appreciation of animal psychology, which fill the entire second part of this poem. Here the later Masefield has triumphantly given place to the earlier; the description of the hunt itself, never before attempted on such a scale in English literature, is a triumph. It is interesting to note that the poet's sympathies are rather with the hunted than with the hunters; the fox is not only allowed to escape at the close, but we are given a clear picture of all that went on in his brain during those tense hours of adventure and tragedy. Had Hardy treated the theme, we feel certain that the centre of interest would have been reversed, and the sense of human, as opposed to animal nature, been given greater prominence.

When we turn from *Reynard* to *Enslaved,* the poem which stands at the head of Masefield's latest volume, we

are struck with a certain amount of bewilderment. *Enslaved* is, like *Rosas,* essentially a reversion to a more primitive type of romantic poetry than that contained in *The Everlasting Mercy,* in *Dauber* and in *Reynard.* Here we have no longer romantic realism, but picture-book, swashbuckling adventure of the sort that delighted our boyhood. If a parallel is to be found in the poet's own work, one may recall some novels Masefield has written: *Captain Margaret, Lost Adventure, Martin Hyde. Enslaved* is another tale of wild and lawless adventure, carried up to the verge of tragedy, saved from tragedy by an almost miraculous interposition of Providence, and, like the tales I have mentioned, essentially unconvincing. The skill displayed in the descriptive passages is very great; but the subject-matter itself covers no new ground, nor is it sufficiently strong in itself to hold up the wealth of detail lavished upon it. Except for the passages describing the escape from the quarry, and the scene in the apartment where the women captives are confined, this poem is one of Masefield's failures.

The rest of the volume contains entirely the later Masefield, and is, so far, the most complete vindication of the direction in which he is likely to travel in the future. *The Hounds of Hell,* the second poem in the volume, is a full-length ballad constructed out of the familiar fragment in *King Lear,* about St. Withold and the nightmare. It is decidedly a fine ballad, far more akin in spirit to the finest of the old English ballads, than Wilde's overrated *Ballad of Reading Gaol* or Swinburne's deliberatively imitative *Border Ballads.* It recalls largely Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner,* and like that poem, it gains its effect through the employment of supernatural machinery, and through its insistence upon a note of weirdness and horror. This last is almost a new note for Masefield. It was attempted before with small success in *The Daffodil Fields,* but here it dominates the poem. And the result is an impressive work, direct and vivid in transparent simplicity, and unmarred by didacticism. *The Hounds of Hell,* if not so supremely great in imaginative originality as *The Ancient Mariner,* is at least worthy of a place beside it. I cannot say more.

But even more interesting than this ballad to those few, among whom I count myself, who demand that every great poet give us the concentrated quintessential fruit of his life-

experience, are the poems entitled *Sonnets, The Lemmings,* and *On Growing Old.* Here Masefield speaks with the ageless voice of maturity, of that maturity which is at once a tragic burden of knowledge, and yet an unsurpassable and indestructible treasure-house of beauty. To some these poems may sound like a definite farewell to the world, but I feel that it is not so, and that Masefield will write even greater poems than he has already written. He has only exchanged the fierce exultant enthusiasm of youth and young manhood for the penetrating wisdom of middle-age. To be able to say, once and for all, "Be with me, beauty, for the fire is dying," is to state in a phrase the full significance of the past and to hold forth a lonely torch of hope for the future.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYWRITING

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WE have no right to expect that a creator of art should be also a critic of art. He is a creator because he can create, because he can paint a picture, model a statue, tell a story in action on the stage or delineate character in narrative; and he needs only enough of the critical faculty to enable him to achieve the obligatory self-criticism, without which he may go astray. If he is a born story-teller, for instance, he may tell stories by native gift, almost without taking thought as to how he does it; and even if he does it very well, he may be an artist in spite of himself, so to speak. He may achieve his effects without analyzing his processes, —perhaps without understanding them or even perceiving them. His methods are intuitive rather than rational; they are personal to him; and he cannot impart them to others.

He may, in fact, misconceive his own effort and see himself in a false light, sincerely believing that he is doing his work in one way when he is really doing it in another. Zola, for one, was entirely at fault in the opinion he held about his own novels; he was so uncritical that he supposed himself to be a Realist, avid of facts, whereas he was unmistakably a Romanticist planning epic edifices symmetrical and fantastic, and forcing the facts he diligently sought for to fit as best they could into the structure of the dream-dwelling he was building. Zola was a tireless worker, dowered with constructive imagination, but he was not more intelligent than the average man; and he was distinctly deficient in critical insight as was swiftly disclosed when he ventured to discuss the principles of novel-writing and the practices of his fellow-craftsmen.

But there are artists, and not a few, who are keenly intelligent and who are able to philosophize about their calling; and whenever they are moved to talk about the technic of their several arts we shall do well to listen that we may

learn. We can make our profit from what Horace and Wordsworth have to say about poetry and from what Pope and Poe have to say about versification. We can gain enlightenment from the remarks of Reynolds and Fromentin and Lafarge on painting and from the remarks of Fielding and Scott, Howells and Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson about fiction. We must, of course, make our allowances in each case for the personal equation and for the predilection the artist-critic is likely to possess for the special school of art to which he himself belongs,—and also for the forgivable intolerance he sometimes reveals toward those who are attached to other schools.

When the artist who is also a critic addresses the public, he has his eyes directed, more often than not, particularly to his fellow practitioners. Thus it is that he tends to deal more especially with technic and to talk about the processes of the craft and about the best method of achieving needed effects. Nor is this to be deplored, since we need all the information we can get about technic to enable us to appreciate his accomplishment,—and who can supply this information so satisfactorily as the artist himself? There may be other points of view than the artist's; there is that of the public, for one; but the artist's must ever be the most significant; and what it is we can learn only from him. He at least has practised what he is preaching; and this fact gives a certain validity to his discourse.

It is a misfortune for a critic when he has lacked opportunity to get intimate with the art he has undertaken to analyze; and in default of this intimacy he can hardly help developing into a mere theorist, borrowing from the theorists who had preceded him along the misleading path, and who, like him, had been forced to grope in vacant darkness. When Horace in his time, Sidney in his and Castelvetro and Minturno in theirs, essay to lay down laws for the drama we discover at once that they have no knowledge of any actual theater, that they are totally devoid of that intimacy with the stage which sustained and nourished the criticism of Aristotle and of Lessing. There was no living drama in Rome when Horace wrote about the playwright's art; there was no living drama in Italy when Castelvetro and Minturno and the rest of the supersubtle Italian critics were proffering themselves as pedagogues for all intending playwrights; and in England when Sidney

defended poetry the drama was just about to be born. So far as we know neither Horace nor Sidney, Castelvetro nor Minturno, ever had occasion to see a good play well acted before an audience ready to respond to its emotional and intellectual appeal.

Even in this twentieth century there are critics not a few who persist in dealing with the drama as literature only, deliberately ignoring its necessary connection with the theater, with the playhouse where only it discloses its full power, with the players who represent it, and with the playgoers for whose high pleasure it exists. This is a wilful error, which vitiates only too many estimates of the masters of tragedy and comedy, Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Molière. Perhaps the best corrective is a consideration of the utterances of the dramatists who have discussed the principles of playmaking. Here we may find light, even if it is sometimes accompanied by more or less heat.

The list of the dramatists who have been tempted to talk about the drama as an art is long,—far longer indeed than is suspected by those who have never sought to seek them out. It includes Lope de Vega, Ben Jonson and Dryden, Corneille and Molière, Goethe, Lessing and Grillparzer, Voltaire and Goldoni, Victor Hugo and the two Dumas, Ernest Legouvé and Jules Lemaitre, Bronson Howard and William Gillette, Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. These are all the names of professional playwrights whose dramas, comic and tragic, survived the ordeal by fire in the theater. Yet it may be well to point out that they divide themselves into two groups, putting into the first those who were critics by profession and whose reputation is due rather to their critical acumen than to their playmaking skill, Ben Jonson and Dryden, Lessing and Jules Lemaitre, and setting apart those who were critics only on occasion, their fame being based on their plays—Lope de Vega, Corneille and Molière, Grillparzer and Pinero, to name only a few. It is from these latter that we have a right to expect the most significant statements.

II

The first thing we discover when we compare the opinions of the professional playwrights is that they agree in accepting the judgment of the audience as decisive and

final. As their plays were composed for the delight of the spectators, they all feel that they are bound to accept the verdict rendered in the theater. They know better than any one else how vain is the hope of an appeal to any other tribunal. They were seeking success on the stage, not in the study; they desired to arouse and retain the interest of their own contemporaries in their own country. They gave no thought to posterity or to foreign nations. They recognized that they had no right to complain if they could not win over the jury by which they had chosen to be tried. In so far as the dramatists have expressed their opinion on this point they are unanimous.

In Professor William Lyon Phelps' lively little book, *The Twentieth Century Theater,* he has told us about an unnamed author, who "profoundly influenced not only the stage but also modern thought" and who nevertheless maintained that the "true dramatist must not think of the box office while he is writing his plays. He must express himself, which is the only reason for writing at all. If what he writes happens to be financially successful, so much the better. But he must not think of popular success while at work." We cannot doubt the sincerity of these sentiments, since Professor Phelps frankly informs us that the majority of this author's pieces "have been failures on the stage."

The practice of this unnamed author is in sharp opposition to that of Shakespeare and Molière, who were shrewd men of business, both of them and who had each of them, a keen eye to the main chance. Shakespeare was susceptible to every veering shift in popular taste, giving the public sex-plays, *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well That Ends Well,* when other playwrights had stimulated the taste for that type of piece, and following in the footsteps of Beaumont and Fletcher after these collaborators had won the favor of playgoers with their more or less spectacular dramatic-romances. Molière made haste to bolster the bill with a robust farce when the box-office receipts revealed to him that the *Misanthrope* was not financially successful. Goethe displayed his customary insight when he told Eckermann that the greatest of English dramatists and the greatest of French dramatists, "wished, above all things, to make money by their theaters."

This wish of theirs did not interfere with the ability of

Shakespeare and of Molière "to express himself." Of course, the dramatic poet desires to express himself; but if he is a born playwright, he never thinks of trying to express himself except in conformity to the conditions of the dramatic art, with its triple dependence on the playhouse itself, the players and the playgoers. Professor Phelps's unnamed author may have "profoundly influenced" both the stage and modern thought, but he was not a born playwright or he would have ever had "popular success" in mind while he was at work. If he did not value the winning of the suffrages of his constituents, why did he present himself at the polls? There are abundant facilities for self-expression in the novel and in the lyric. In the drama self-expression must take thought of the public, of its likes and its dislikes, of its many-headedness and of the variety of its tastes.

The opinions enunciated by this unnamed author are contrary to the practice of Shakespeare and Molière, and they are also contrary to the precepts of Lope de Vega and Corneille, who also profoundly influenced the stage, and also influenced what in their own day was "modern thought." Lope de Vega paid lip-service to the Italian theorists of the theater, regretting only that the playwrights who worked according to their precepts died "without fame and guerdon." Then he tells us (with his tongue in his cheek) that "when I have to write a play I lock in the precepts with six keys . . . and I write in accordance with that art which they devised who aspired to the applause of the crowd, for since the crowd pays for the plays, it is fitting to talk foolishly to it to satisfy its taste." Less than a quarter of a century later Corneille said almost exactly the same thing, perhaps sadly but certainly not ironically: "Since we write plays to be performed, our first object is to please the court and the people, and to attract many to the performances. We must, if we can, obey the precepts, so as not to displease the learned and to receive unanimous applause; but above all we must win the vote of the people." And Molière less than thirty years later is equally plain-spoken: "I am willing to trust the decision of the multitude, and I hold it as difficult to combat a work which the public approves as to defend one which it condemns."

It may be noted that Corneille desired to gain, if pos-

sible, the good opinion of the learned, while he held it essential to gain that of the crowd. The younger Dumas once imagined his father replying to those who had asked him if he would not be satisfied if he had achieved the commendation of the best judges only: "No, the approbation of these judges would not amply indemnify me for the coldness of the others, because the drama, which appeals to the many, cannot be satisfied with the approval of the few." In putting this opinion into the mouth of the elder Dumas, his son was but expressing the belief of every successful playwright who has been moved to discuss the art of the drama; and it may be well to recall the fact that in their own day all the great dramatists were only successful playwrights, their popularity being beyond question even if their greatness was still in doubt.

III

There are other beliefs of the successful playwrights, perhaps not so unanimously expressed, yet widely held. One of them is that the playwright, like the poet, is born and not made. The younger Dumas declared that a man "may become a painter, a sculptor, even a musician, by study—but not a playwright. . . . It is a freak of nature, which has constructed the vision as to enable him to see things in a certain way." He added that this very rare faculty is revealed in the first attempt at play-writing, however unambitious this juvenile effort may be. Goethe had said almost the same thing, asserting that "writing for the stage is something peculiar. . . . It is a craft which one must understand and it requires a talent which one must possess." In other words, the playwright, like the poet again, must be born, and he must be made also, after he is born, since he needs to master the technic of the trade.

On another occasion Goethe spoke of the prolixity of Schiller's earlier pieces, a fault which Schiller was never quite able to overcome. Goethe commented that it "is more difficult than is imagined to control a subject properly, to keep it from overpowering one, and to concentrate one's attention on that alone which is absolutely essential." The younger Dumas, who always knew what he was driving at, declared that the first qualification of the accom-

plished dramatist was logic, which "must be implacable from beginning to end. . . . The playwright must unfailingly place before the spectator that part of the being or thing for or against which he wishes to draw a conclusion."

Sir Arthur Pinero agrees with Dumas in holding that "dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study and generally by long practice. For theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters, not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theater." This theatrical talent has to be exercised within the limits of the theater as this exists at the time when the dramatist lives. The principles of playmaking are eternal, no doubt, but the practices of playmaking are modified by the constantly changing conditions of the stage.

Pinero likens the art of the drama to the art of war, the permanent principles of playmaking to strategy, and its variable principles to tactics. Strategy is today what is was yesterday; and it was succinctly defined during our Civil War by General Forrest, when he said it consisted in "getting there first with the most men"—that is to say in gaining an advantageous position for yourself, and putting the enemy in a disadvantageous position. It is therefore unchanging in its essential elements, Joffre and Foch profitting by the example of Napoleon and Caesar, Hannibal and Alexander. But tactics are in incessant modification, as the soldier has new implements put in his hands by the inventions of the ages, gunpowder unhorsing the man in armor, and tanks taking the place of elephants. While the strategy of the drama is constant, its tactics "are always changing." So Pinero has put it; and "every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation."

The strategy of Shakespeare is that of Sophocles, of Ibsen that of Molière, even if the later men did not recognize

their own obedience to the laws which had governed the earlier. The tactics of Sophocles were diametrically opposed to those of Shakespeare, because the Greek dramatist built his massive plays to conform to the conditions of the immense open air theater of Athens with its extraordinarily intelligent spectators, whereas the English dramatist had to adjust his pieces, comic and tragic, to the bare platform of the half-timbered London playhouse with its gallants seated on the stage and its rude and turbulent groundlings standing in the unroofed yard. So the tactics of Molière and Ibsen are strangely unlike, the French author fitting his comedies to a long, narrow theater, dimly lighted by candles, with the courtiers accommodated on benches just behind the curtain and with the well-to-do burghers of Paris making up the bulk of the audience, while the stern Scandinavian found his profit in the modern picture-frame stage, with its realistic sets and with its spectators comfortably seated in front of the curtain. Each of the four followed the tradition of his own time and place; and each in turn made the best of the theatrical conditions which confronted him. But however much they may differ in practice, in tactics, they worked in accord with the same principles, and employed the same strategy.

Bronson Howard admitted that Aeschylus "taught the future world the art of writing a play" but he "did not create the laws of dramatic construction. Those laws exist in the passions and sympathies of the human race." A little later in the same address, Bronson Howard declared that the laws of dramatic construction "bear about the same relation to human character and human sympathies as the laws of nature bear to the material universe." In other words, the drama is what it is, what it always has been, what it always will be, because human nature is what it is and was and will be. And this brings us back to the inexorable fact that the eternally dominating element in the theater is the audience. "The dramatist," so Bronson Howard reminded us, "must remember that his work cannot, like that of the novelist or the poet, pick out the hearts, here and there, that happen to be in sympathy with its subject. He appeals to a thousand hearts at the same moment; he has no choice in the matter; he must do this." That is to say the drama is immitigably "a function of the crowd," as Mr. Walkley has called it.

Finally, Bronson Howard pointed out that there was no great difficulty in obeying the laws of dramatic construction, even if it may be impossible to declare them with precision. "Be honest and sincere" in using "your common sense in the study of your own and other people's emotions. . . . The public will be your jury. That public often condescends to be trifled with by mere tricksters, but, believe me, it is only a condescension, and very contemptuous. In the long run, the public will judge you, and respect you, according to your artistic sincerity."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

The Equal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution, first urged by Susan B. Anthony half a century ago, was at last completely ratified and validated by the action of the Tennessee Legislature and immediately became a part of the "supreme law of the land," superseding or annulling all State constitutions or laws and judicial decisions to the contrary. The effect of this enormous expansion of the electorate remains to be fully seen, but judging from the result in the New Hampshire primaries it is to be awaited with equanimity and confidence.

At the end of the Civil War there was much favorable comment upon the expedition and facility with which an army of a million men was disbanded and returned to civil life. But a few weeks ago we saw the complete demobilization and demolition of an army of more than three and a half millions, passing as a scarcely noticed minor item of the day's news. The incident was in itself gratifying, as proof of the essentially non-militaristic disposition of the American people. It was unspeakably deplorable in its reminder of the unprecedented breach of faith of which the Administration has been guilty toward that army. We refer to the failure to do the promised work of vocational education and of restoration of injured men to self-supporting efficiency. A numerous Government staff was organized at great expense for doing that work, which devoted its energies chiefly to repelling worthy applicants and to drawing for its own salaries the funds intended for the benefit of veterans. The result is that the legendary fate of Belisarius is realized and repeated ten thousand times in real life. The fault lies, of course, with the Administration, since the President under a special law, was invested with plenary

power in the matter, and power predicates commensurate responsibility.

The Department of Labor reports that there are about eight million unnaturalized aliens in this country, and asks the Legislatures of half the States to enact laws calculated to facilitate and to promote their naturalization. We are told that sixty per cent of them are desirous of becoming citizens, but are prevented from doing so by various technical conditions, chiefly their own illiteracy. Twenty-five per cent more are restrained from naturalization by ignorance of its methods, by superstition, and by the fact that they have relatives or property in the old country, and do not wish even to seem to alienate themselves therefrom. That leaves an insignificant fraction of the whole number actually opposed, *per se,* to naturalization. It is impossible to approve or to condone a system or practices through which it was possible to accumulate so vast a number of unnaturalized aliens in this country, and the abatement of the evil is urgently to be desired. Yet it would not be well to take so vast a mass of illiterate aliens at once into our citizenship. It will be worth while—it is incumbent upon them—for the various States to make earnest efforts, even at great expense, to educate the strangers within their gates at least sufficiently to enable them to gain some rudimentary knowledge of the rights and privileges of American citizenship and of the American political, industrial and social systems; and it will be best to wait until considerable progress has been made in that direction before making any omnium gatherum of aliens into citizenship.

The British Government has adopted an admirable method of utilizing the equipments of war for the service of peace. A number of its warships, largely obsolete for fighting purposes but fully efficient in all other respects, are being assigned to the uses of the Ministry of Agriculture, to be used as floating laboratories for the study of the formidable "foot and mouth disease" and the discovery, if possible, of a certain preventive or cure for it. These floating laboratories will not only be as perfectly equipped as any on shore could be, but also will have this immense additional advantage of being so isolated as to avoid any possible

danger of spreading the disease by contagion or even—it is conceivable—by air-borne infection. It will not, of course, be the first time that militant agencies have thus been employed for the welfare of humanity. While it was a civilian who first enunciated the theory of the insectile propagation of yellow fever, it was the United States Army that, at deadly risk and indeed at actual cost of precious life, demonstrated to the world the correctness of that theory and put it into effective practice. They were military men, also, who similarly dealt with the protean plagues of "malaria." The services of the navies of the world in exploration and survey and investigation have added immeasurably to the sum of profitable human knowledge of the world, while in the charting of reefs and destruction of derelicts they have made safe the highways of the Seven Seas for peaceful commerce. In now grappling with one of the most elusive and destructive of animal maladies, the economic cost of which to the world is enormous, a new and not insignificant item will be added to that fine record.

After Admiral Kolchak and General Denikine, Baron Wrangel; aiming to win where they were beaten. The bearer of an illustrious name, he commands sympathy by his methods rather than by his lineage. The fundamental principle of his campaign against Bolshevism in Southern Russia appears to be that of self determination for the people. We hear of no flamboyant schemes of extensive conquest, but merely of the redemption of those who desire it from Soviet despotism and the endowment of all behind his lines with the fullest measure of democratic rule. Such a campaign rests upon a substantial basis and deserves success. It may be the part of prudence and of wisdom thus to let Russians work out their own salvation, since any intervention might arouse suspicion and resentment and actually strengthen the hands of the Bolshevist tyrants. But there should be no objection whatever to recognition of accomplished facts. When Baron Wrangel wins the independence of a considerable region and establishes in it a government founded upon the will of the people and capable of performing the essential functions of a government, it will be fitting and indeed a moral duty to give it recognition. We are not, of course, to take advantage of the chaotic con-

dition of Russia to promote the partition or dissolution of that empire; but neither are we legally or morally bound to raise a hand or to speak a word to protect it from such partition or such revolution as its own people may desire. We must remember that our own Government was founded upon a revolution.

One of the strangest of political turn-overs is occurring in Cuba, where a general election for a new President and Congress is about to occur. Senor Montalvo, who was nominated for President by the Conservatives, the present Administration party, has retired from the race, for reasons doubtless appreciated at par value by himself, and in his place Dr. Alfredo Zayas has been selected. Now Dr. Zayas has always been an aggressive Liberal leader, and figured very conspicuously in at least one formidable attempt at revolution. He was the right-hand coadjutor and spokesman of José Miguel Gomez in the great treason which, with inexplicable American acquiescence, expelled Tomas Estrada Palma from the Presidency and caused a second period of American occupation, followed by the unfragrant administration of President Gomez. After that Dr. Zayas and General Gomez quarreled, over the spoils, and each of them became the leader of a faction of the dissevered Liberal party, the Zayistas being probably more numerous and more influential than the Miguelistas. Now Dr. Zayas becomes the candidate not only of the Zayista Liberal faction but also of the Conservative party, and should thus be assured of a handsome majority over General Gomez and the Miguelistas. He is a lawyer of unquestioned ability, as well as an astute politician, and his attitude toward the United States will, if he becomes President, probably be opportunist and usually friendly—more so than would be that of General Gomez, whose former administration bespeaks his unfitness for the place.

The British Government is confronted with an ominous attempt of the labor unions to dictate not merely its economic policy but also its general political and even its foreign policies, under pain of a universal strike which would paralyze its functions. The power of the unions may be estimated from the fact that they include in their mem-

bership 60 per cent of the male and 30 per cent of the female adult workers. Every important industry is unionized, and the union organization is strongest in the most important industries, such as railroads, shipping, mining, and agriculture. In such circumstances, the Government thinks it inevitably incumbent upon it to give most serious heed to a threat of universal strike as a protest against any action unfavorable to Soviet Russia. Obviously such yielding to trade union dictation weakens the authority of the Government and may cause it grave embarrassment. Yet to deny and defy it would probably precipitate a crisis in economic affairs if not an attempt at political revolution.

The peaceful and orderly election of Senor Alvaro Obregon as President of Mexico—though a General he prefers to be regarded as a civilian—is the most auspicious event in that much-troubled country since the abdication of Porfirio Diaz, and should be thus regarded and treated by our own Government. We have, of course, grievances against Mexico which must be righted. But the first step must be to give the new administration in that country full and cordial recognition. Then we can proceed with negotiations for the settlement of controversies. We could not thus proceed without such recognition. All that is known of the new Mexican President is favorable, and warrants hope that he will be able to restore that country to the peace, prosperity and friendly foreign relations which it enjoyed under Diaz, while, let us trust, giving it a more truly democratic government.

The Red revolts in Italy are the culmination of processes which have been in existence since long before the war. The fundamental trouble is the rivalry and clash of interests between agriculture in the south and technical industries in the north. Each section has been demanding legislation favorable to itself, and the Government has been unable to please both. For prudential reasons it has recently seemed wise to promote agriculture to a degree, and at that, deeming themselves neglected, many industrialists have revolted. Genuine Sovietism and Bolshevism can scarcely, however, flourish in the peninsula, and the restoration of law and order should speedily be effected.

The great improvement in the aspect of Polish affairs is cause for gratification, and for admonition. It is well to have that country redeemed, through its own gallant efforts, from Bolshevik invasion, and we must admire its spirit in declining to be bound literally by the highly artificial boundary lines drawn by the Great Powers. Seeing how scandalously the League of Nations repudiated its own primary purpose, and declined to intervene for the protection of Polish boundaries to which it was pledged, it is impossible to blame Poland for repudiating in turn the "ethnographic" boundaries which the Versailles Congress prescribed, and for seeking, pending Russia's acceptance of an armistice, the strongest strategic position she can find. Now she has requested the League of Nations to mediate between herself and the Lithuanians, to check if possible the aggressions of the latter.

To the incessant slaughter of men, women and children by recklessly driven automobiles has been added the menace, fulfilled with ominously increasing frequency, of like slaughter by aeroplanes. An aeroplane driven by two men recently cruised about over a great gathering of spectators at a tennis tournament, at a dangerously slight elevation. In the midst of its performances its engine gave out, and it was with great difficulty prevented from crashing down into the crowd, where it might easily have killed dozens of persons. As it was, it struck the ground just outside of the crowd, with such violence that it was completely wrecked and burned and both its occupants were killed. The incident elicited the startling discovery that there is no law forbidding aeronauts to cruise, as low down as they please, over crowds of people and over thronged thoroughfares of travel. Obviously a stringent law on the subject is urgently needed.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LIFE OF LORD KITCHENER. By Sir George Arthur. In Three Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Kitchener's greatness is of the sort that is difficult to estimate succinctly. To say that he was a great organizer is to give but a trite and specious summing up of a character too big to be included in a formula. To perceive that he was at the same time absolutely independent in his final judgments and eminently capable of co-operation, and of taking counsel, even to the extent of submitting his own opinions to authority, is to take a further step in understanding the man: these qualities are, indeed, essential to a great public servant, though not to an autocrat. Yet there was something more in Lord Kitchener—something that eludes the analysis both of the critic and the biographer.

The problem is rendered more difficult by the fact that his individual successes do not greatly strike the imagination; it is only the results, understood after some reflection, that are impressive. His strategy in the Boer War seems commonplace, though finally effective—and there were some mistakes, as at Paardeberg. "From the very nature of the campaign," says Sir George Arthur, "it might seem as if our signal successes in the field had been few in number and never sensational in character, whereas reverses to our arms had been salient features in the operations. But the secret of the ultimate British success lay in the folds of a steadfast continuity of logical purpose, while the 'setbacks' . . . were for the most part unavoidable incidents in a long and wearing, but coolly calculated, process, from which there could be no turning aside, and to which there could be but one end." It is all the more remarkable, under these circumstances, that Kitchener, though not exempt from criticism, should have been able to retain the entire confidence of the English people.

His fame might have shone brighter, one would think, if, in the manner of the "strong man" of fiction, he had completely steered his own course and imposed his judgment upon others above and below him. This, however, was not his way; he had the opposite disposition, even to excess. Though the Dardanelles Commissioners, "with their strange *penchant* for pecking at the reputation of a soldier who had just laid down his life for his country, chose to hold up Kitchener as habitually neglecting to consult his subordinates and as frequently giving orders over the heads of the Chiefs of Departments," this charge, as Sir Arthur conclusively shows, was without foundation. "When the Commission sat again, the members of the Army Council severally put on record their declaration that the Secretary of State

had never failed to consult them, had almost invariably accepted their advice on matters concerned with their respective departments, and had never given orders over the heads of these." Said Sir David Henderson: "I laughed when I read the Dardanelles Commission's Report and the accusation that Lord Kitchener did not take his military staff into his confidence. I have never dealt with a Senior Officer who took me so much into his confidence and gave me his opinion so frankly as Lord Kitchener."

In regard to the military operations at Gallipoli, he accepted unwillingly, and against his better judgment, the view of the First Lord of the Admiralty as to the power of battleships to force the straits. After the failure of the Navy, he had no illusions, as others did, about the possibility of winning the war through a continuation of the Gallipoli campaign; but he undertook land operations chiefly because he felt that only in this way could the position of Britain in the East be made secure—and safety in the East was "a main plank in his military policy." His principal object being, not to win the war by a single great stroke, but to punish the Turks, defend Egypt and impress the Moslem World, he wisely pressed, when the more ambitious attempts had failed, for the Ayas Bay project; and after this had been rejected, he advised evacuation—with the deepest regret, it is true, but without moral compromise or agitation of spirit,—his strongest feeling, we are told, being the fear that the withdrawal would be accompanied by undue loss of life.

Tenacity, steadfastness, consistency, and besides these the ability to consult and the self-command to give way without losing faith or loyalty—such traits are rare enough and great enough, but they do not explain the whole man. Lacking certain intellectual elements, a person possessing all these traits might fail of any large achievement. What were in Kitchener's case the intellectual factors?

A review of his whole career reveals not so much brilliancy, originality, or special insight as comprehensiveness, thoroughness, directness, with, as a corollary, a powerful, though not an unbending, will. A large grasp of the work before him and a meticulous attention to detail are as manifest in his surveys of Palestine and of Cyprus as in his later political and military activities. In Egypt he proceeded methodically, reckoning in every factor, minimizing the likelihood of error, and making sure of large results. In South Africa, his success was due to that far-reaching grasp of the whole problem which gave effect to patient methods. As to the defense of India, he had no very sensational or sweeping suggestions to make; and at no time did his policy as Commander-in-Chief seem revolutionary. Yet it is said on high authority that "but for Lord Kitchener's work India could never possibly have given the great help she has to the Empire during the War."

Perhaps, the biographer comes closest to the heart of the matter when he quotes the saying of William James that "in all ages the men whose determinations are swayed by the most distant ends have been held to possess the greatest intelligence." This is the thing in Kitchener which lesser men cannot copy,—which good intention, strong will, wide knowledge, and shrewd reasoning cannot duplicate.

One may express the truth in a different way by saying that Kitchener's character was magnificently rounded; for the greatest practical intelligence is associated, not always, indeed, with a many-sided culture, but most frequently, with an all-round development, with the exercise and growth of all the powers that make up a *man.* Kitchener was certainly not a man cut to formal pattern, no *factus ad unguem homo,* but the range of his sympathies, interests, energies, witnesses that vigor in every part which commonly means strength of the whole personality. He had a special love for engineering and for finance; he had archæological tastes and a particular fondness for old china; he had great diplomatic gifts and a zeal for education; he had a warm feeling for the East, he loved flowers, he was by no means lacking in humor; he was, in his later phase, sociable in a high degree; he was deeply religious. No practical knowledge or problem came amiss to him. "He would immerse himself agreeably in such subjects as the interplay between the Sunnis and Shiah sects or the place of the Sultan of Turkey *vis-à-vis* the Sherif of Mecca as religious hierarch of Islam." His mind was mathematical in its accuracy and definiteness, sane in its ability to allow for non-mathematical factors. It is from a man of this type that we can expect the kind of insight which caused Kitchener at the beginning of the War to plan for an army of seventy divisions, "coolly calculating that its maximum strength would be reached during the third year of the war, just when the enemy would be undergoing a sensible diminution of his resources in man-power."

The message that seems to come out of this book is that what the modern world requires is big men, rather than brilliant men. The lesser minds, in the big affairs, turn out to be not sufficiently well-rounded. One who is altogether military commander, politician, diplomatist, philosopher, or theorist, is not fit, however great his specialized ability, and however keen be his insight within his special province, to be placed in control of large issues. The combined wisdom of a people cannot save it without leadership, and the leader must have the comprehension, though not necessarily the proficiency, of all the specialists whom he employs, besides something else that perhaps none of them possesses.

THE PLAINSMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Rhys Carpenter. New York: Oxford University Press.

Rhys Carpenter, like the late Francis Thompson—so different from him!—belongs undoubtedly to the classic line of English poets. In fact, Mr. Carpenter is much the more representative of the two. Thompson, clearly a genius, seems to show a certain decadence in the great tradition. Inheritor of the older ideas of beauty in thought and, particularly, in expression, he was carried so far by his peculiar temperament that we can scarcely tell, sometimes, whether he writes great poetry or inspired nonsense. His unrest, at least, is modern, and there is no serenity in him except a religious serenity sometimes forced. Mr. Carpenter, on the other hand, owns no distressing idiosyncrasies, and his appeal is truly impersonal—though to say "imper-

sonal" implies no lack of warmth. He goes back in spirit to the mood of Keats and Shelley, quite passing by the pure emotionalism of Swinburne, the realism and skepticism of Masefield, the decorative artistry of Alfred Noyes.

To say that Mr. Carpenter is "classic" is to imply high compliment; but the compliment is not unambiguous—it requires explanation. Only a rash critic would affirm that the kind of poetry written by Mr. Carpenter is the only kind that is indefeasibly right and good. To be sure, poetry, like everything else, has to develop in evolutionary fashion, and hence there is a general presumption that what is in line with the best work of the past (though not merely reproductive of it) is best. But it will not do to set up such a principle as a rigid criterion of poetic merit. The "Imagists" and the practitioners of "free verse" (*pace* the whole evolutonary idea!) have a right to their own points of view. So have Mr. Masefield and Mr. Noyes.

Just what does one mean, then, by the assertion that Mr. Carpenter's poetry is in a good and rare sense classic? What is the secret of the resemblance to Shelley and Keats, whom we may regard (despite their "romanticism") as classic in comparison with the moderns, using the word *classic* to include what has seemed to the majority of readers as best and truest in the tradition of poetry?

It is not safe to attempt a definition of poetry, for any exact formulation is liable to result in unjustifiable exclusion. A definition that should rule out Pope, Kipling, or even Longfellow, would do more harm than good! And so the attempt to define poetry usually ends either in dogmatism or in simple description. But one may properly venture an opinion as to the natural province of poetry—as to what is most characteristically poetic.

Is not the special business of poetry to express—not merely what is clearly *perceived* or strongly *felt*—but what is *apprehended?* Ideas or feelings that are below, or above, the threshold of distinct consciousness, cry out for expression, and receive an imaginative interpretation. Even a profusion of brilliant and shifting imagery does not destroy the sense of unity and achieved purpose, provided all is used in the service of the apprehended mental state.

Is it not precisely this that explains the *magic* of the greatest lines? Keats' "casements opening on the foam . . ."; Wordsworth's "trailing clouds of glory . . ."; Shakespeare's "We are such stuff as dreams are made of . . . " are not simply "images" or simply truths, though such lines employ imagery and sometimes even use philosophic language. Virgil's "*Sunt lachrymae rerum* . . . " is not merely a stall pessimistic pronouncement, nor a trite observation to the effect that life is rather hard upon us sometimes.

This theory would, if true, provide an explanation other than mere mental indulgence and luxuriousness, for Keats's glorification of fancy, and of Shelley's surrender to imagination. It would give at least a half-meaning to Keats' conviction that truth and beauty are eternally the same. Only by some such conception, it would seem, can we view the poets as something more than entertainers, decorative artists, metrical essayists, or story-tellers, and see that they make

their own special and necessary contribution to the richness and fulness of life.

This digression has seemed necessary in order to make clear the nature of one's liking for Mr. Carpenter's poems, and one's reasons for assigning him a high place among the poets of the day.

Certainly his lines have magic. The first stanza of the poem, "A Plainsman to the Mountains," is sufficient to show that we have to do with a poet whose thought is neither incoherent nor obvious but (in a true psychological sense) "inspired."

> You come again, fainter than smoke at morning,
> Dim guardians of heaven, shadow-fair;
> Like an enchanted isle earth's harbour scorning
> You drift upon the ocean of the air.
> You are moon-shadow crossed with daylight's gleam;
> Faint as blue iris on a summer stream,
> You float above my shadows, clear and pale
> As the star-ships at sunrise ere they sail
> Beyond the daystorm; over misty leas
> You rise, unbodied, like the magic trees
> Of fairyland where golden throstles perch
> And ogres snore by rainbow-guarded springs.

The last three lines, especially, show fancy used as Keats used it.

What does such a poem as this express? Let us not attempt pedantically to formulate its "message." If the poet could tell us in a few simple words just what he means, he would scarcely need to write a poem, and his office would be simply the decoration of truth with fanciful images—in short, "fine writing." If he meant nothing in particular, his office would be to produce beautiful expression for its own sake. But this last can scarcely be in the case of any true poet. People do not tear their hearts out for the sake of beautiful expression or give themselves pain through loyalty to the word as divorced from the idea. If they serve beauty—"that impitiable daemon,"—with self-abnegation, they do so because they feel that it is in some obscure way akin to truth. In the poem of which the first verse has been quoted Mr. Carpenter has apprehended and convincingly expressed the secret of a certain kind of aspiration. It is not wise to carry analysis further.

There is not one of Rhys Carpenter's verses that does not possess in its degree magic and power. The poet's thought is beautifully instinctive and confident; his expression is beautifully artistic and considered. In the service of a genuine and keen apprehension, the taste for beautiful expression through words and metre, ceasing to be merely fastidious or ingenious, does its best work, and the fancy, while free to roam far beyond the commonplace is harnessed to a definite and finely felt motive. As a consequence we have in these poems an apparent union of abandon and restraint, perplexing and dazzling.

THE KINDS OF POETRY. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company.

Of the four essays which make up Professor Erskine's book, that which gives its title to the volume is much the most notable. Here we have a distinction that seems profound and is certainly striking. The three great kinds of poetry are determined, according to the author, by the point of view of the writer as regards time. Lyric poetry deals with the present moment, dramatic poetry with the past, epic poetry with the future. Without any appearance of straining the argument, Professor Erskine is able to make this distinction seem much sounder than the ordinary attempts at discriminating the forms.

Certainly such an account of the matter does, at least, aid comprehension and appreciation by setting in strong relief some of the leading characteristics of the several forms of poetry. On reflection, however, the suspicion rather grows upon one that the time-quality is an accidental, and not an essential, principle of classification—though it happens to cover most of the ground.

Of course, the fact that the epic is written in the *past tense,* and that the dramatic poem, if it is really dramatic in *form,* makes many of its statements in the present tense, has nothing to do with the matter. The *point of view* may be really future while the tense is present or past. The real question is whether we think about the present, the past, and the future, in ways so different as to justify us in basing our notion of the kinds of poetry upon this distinction.

That lyric poetry dwells upon the present moment can scarcely be contested. This mode, therefore, tends to exclude reflection as a prime element and to leave us with little but description, or "realization" of feeling. But how about the drama? Its point of view is past, it would seem, only in that it makes use of the results of past experience. The drama, it is assumed, must be logical—must show a true *nexus* of cause and effect: it must, therefore, depend upon reason, and reason depends upon memory. Precisely the same method, however, is used in any rational attempt to forecast the future. The epic, again, does clearly differ from the drama in that its premises are different—in that it substitutes for the finite causes at work in the drama, a more or less clearly conceived notion of individual fate, national destiny, human greatness. It is thus, in a sense, prophetic. But is the underlying difference simply that the drama deals with the past, while the epic deals with the future? Is not the truth simply this: that the drama is not primarily reflection about the past, but primarily reflection that the epic is not primarily reflection about the future, but primarily imaginative thought based upon some faith or assumption that is in itself neither past, present, or future, but that is taken for eternal truth? The drama reminds us of our meditations concerning the past just because it is logical, or "scientific,"—not because it looks toward the past, dwells in the past, or starts from some point in the past. The epic has a prophetic slant, not because it has anything in particular to do with the future, not because it aims in any special way to forecast the future, but because it takes its cue from something that is accepted by the writer and his readers as

a universal truth—the necessary greatness of Rome, or the foreordained fate of mankind. The question, therefore, arises whether it would not be simpler and better to say merely that the drama tends to be logical, while the epic contains a large element of faith or assumption than to try to distribute the forms among time-categories.

On the whole, it seems obvious that the fundamental distinctions between the kinds of poetry must be distinctions of function or purpose. And it appears, at once, a trifle absurd to say that the *purpose* or *function* of epic poetry is to point toward the future, or that the human need satisfied by the drama is the need of reflecting upon the past.

The remaining essays treat of the teaching of poetry, the "new poetry," and the relation of scholarship to poetry. They are characterized by a fine mingling of discrimination and common sense. Professor Erskine is wise in requiring some sort of real definition of poetry and of its *genres,* and in not being satisfied with a mere historical account. He is wise in attempting to make the definition broad enough to correspond with real human instincts. His breadth of view, his refusal to rest content with mere special scholarship, gives value to his advice about the teaching of poetry. "Instead of teaching poetry as philosophy or literature," he writes, "we need to draw on history and philosophy in order to understand poetry." Looking at the new poetry from much the same angle, he points out acutely the relation between all poetry and a broad and humane scholarship.

"When the language of poetry was developing toward the hope of complete communication between man and man, the confession that you did not quite understand him would have worried the poet. Nowadays the confession only indicates to him that you do not move in this world." The criticism is fundamental.

THE COLLEGE AND NEW AMERICA. By Jay Williams Hudson, Ph. D., New York: D. Appleton and Company.

When will men generally come to realize that *abstractions* are practical things? The fact has a two-fold meaning: It means that abstractions are of no use in themselves, and that they *are* of use as means to ends. The academic mind tends to regard its own abstractions as having intrinsic value and truth, and to ignore the more vaguely conceived, but absolutely essential human notions of worth: it is guilty of "hypostasis of function." The ordinary mind tends to reject abstractions as having no direct connection with its ideas of value and practical truth. Thus life and learning grow apart and it is possible for Veblen to maintain that they have not now, and never have had, any necessary interdependence, the higher learning being motivated solely by "idle curiosity."

Of course, the solution of the difficulty does not lie in making learning subservient to immediate practical ends, in shackling education with vocational restrictions. To do so would be to stultify the teacher and to discourage in the pupil that intellectual curiosity which, in any view, is of value. The real problem is to discover an ideal of

worth that shall include scholarship, since scholarship can neither include our ideal of worth nor be safely substituted for it.

To find such an ideal is not easy, because learning does not readily submit to a process that subordinates it to other aims. "Higher" knowledge is generally brought to light by men who seek it for its own sake, and is seldom really understood except by those who study it for its own sake. If we ask what made Newton discover the law of gravitation, or urged Darwin to formulate the theory of evolution, or Morse to invent the telegraph, the answer must be that, while these men were well disposed toward mankind, their primary motive was not anything like philanthropy or good-citizenship, but rather a passionate interest in their special subjects.

Let us be content, however, with the rejoinder that the college is not intended for the *genius,* and that there is little danger of thwarting the intellectual enthusiasms of the few by establishing an educational system really conceived in the best interests of the many. "Education," says Dr. Hudson, "is the teaching of right wants and of how to get them," and the formula is acceptable. The exercise of a special talent *may* be a right want, but it is not *the* right want.

That some change of policy on the part of the colleges is desirable becomes more and more evident, as the young men and women of this country crowd into our class-rooms in ever-increasing numbers. The pure-scholarship ideal, which never appealed to more than a moderate percentage of undergraduates, tends now to become grotesquely irrelevant as applied to large numbers. Dr. Hudson has analyzed the condition with uncommon penetration. His criticism of American college education is at once sensible and radical. "The college graduate attains not only one, but two great modern abstractions: not only the abstraction of subjects from one another, but the abstraction of all of them from life." Little or nothing is done to correct these unfortunate separations. "We may have one reason for including mathematics among the things the student must master; and another, perhaps a wholly contradictory reason, for including political science; but no one reason or ideal that might create a unified curriculum." Finally, to express the severest and least answerable criticism in a nutshell: "Perhaps there is only one thing worse than that the college student should forget his subjects; and that is that he should remember them. For to remember them is most often to go into life confidently solving its problems with abstractions that do not fit."

In thus formulating the educational problem of the colleges, Dr. Hudson has performed a real service such as one could scarcely expect from any one but a practical-minded philosopher, at home alike with realities and with abstractions. It is almost an inevitable criticism, however, of any such attempt at analytical plus constructive thinking that the constructive part is not equal to the analytical. Dr. Hudson's remedies are not so convincing as his criticism.

There can be no quarrel with the suggestion that "the aim of American education is to produce a definite American social order, in relation to a definite world order." The proposed ideal, it is well said, is "not too narrow, as the utility of vocationalism; nor too broad and vague, as the familiar slogan of 'education for character' or 'edu-

cation for social service' or 'education for democracy'—vagaries in terms of which most well-intentioned reforms in education have been damned." No one who understands this ideal will consider it too narrow, and if it seems, on slight consideration, a trifle vague, one may defend it, first, by saying that Dr. Hudson does succeed in making it fairly definite, and, secondly, by calling attention to the fact that every true ideal becomes clearer as we approach it—the main thing being to start in the right direction.

It is only when one considers the practical working out of the theory, the means to be employed, that one becomes skeptical. When one thinks what is implied in the (ultimate) rewriting of text-books and in the giving of thorough and comprehensive correlation courses through the co-operation of several departments, one is somewhat disheartened. When one reflects upon how little is likely to be accomplished by correlation courses that are merely added to the special courses—the latter remaining, as they are now, the core of the curriculum; and upon the probably slight effect of further tinkering with the group system of electives, or of teaching ethics in a somewhat more vital way, one is not encouraged.

Every special subject probably leaves in the mind of the student a residuum of knowledge that is of general use, that can be readily correlated with other knowledge, be made to serve a general ideal, be transmuted into wisdom. As civilization advances, this residuum tends to become larger; yet it must always remain relatively small. May it not be, then, that anything like advanced instruction (such as colleges profess to give) in special subjects, is *incurably special;* that education and "life" do necessarily tend to part company at about the high-school stage, and that the only way in which to obtain that broader education toward a worthy life which Dr. Hudson wants is *to live?*

If this be true, then, granting the truth of Dr. Hudson's criticism, one might conclude that the real trouble with the colleges is that they are trying to teach too much, and to teach it—not, indeed, too *thoroughly*—but too *minutely*. And the corollary would be that if the high-schools and preparatory schools would do what Dr. Hudson says the colleges ought to do, the colleges would be relieved of the dubious task of making special and advanced subjects, numerous and varied, serve the ends of "general education."

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO. By Robert T. Kerlin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The collection of extracts which Professor Kerlin has taken from the colored press to form his volume, expresses the negro's views on a great variety of subjects. Some of the principal topics under which the excerpts are grouped are the new negro and the old, the negro's reaction to the World War, the negro's grievances and demands, riots, lynchings, labor unionism and Bolshevism, negro progress. The clippings cover the four months immediately succeeding the Washington riots; they are designed especially to show the negro's reaction to that and like events following, and to the World War.

The significance of the book is two-fold and lies, first, in the character of the negro papers themselves, and, secondly, in the facts that they emphasize.

The ability and influence of the colored press is well worth noting. Its unanimity is remarkable. Every unprejudiced reader will recognize that despite uncouthness, it is extremely capable, and that despite errors of judgment it is well-meaning. We may not ignore or attempt to brush aside anything so obviously real in a moral, intellectual, and practical sense.

The tone of the papers is predominantly one of outraged pride. This pride is, perhaps, somewhat crude and excessive—what else could one expect of a people so notoriously abused? But it is, on the whole, a better sort of pride than one might have feared it would be. At any rate, there it is; and it is a force to be reckoned with. While the ideal of "social equality" is disclaimed by practically all the papers, one cannot resist the feeling that it is very close to the heart of the whole problem. Social equality is not easy to distinguish from recognition of manhood and womanhood, and such recognition the race certainly craves. What the colored press distinctly says that the negroes want is justice, civil rights, freedom from persecution, a square deal.

For the rest, whoever thinks that the negro is not foully abused will find Professor Kerlin's book wholesome, though unpleasant, reading.

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THE BETRAYAL OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

IN discussing the League of Nations much emphasis has been placed on the consequences of accepting Article X, which binds every member of the League to preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of every other member. Very little attention has been directed toward the origin and development of this article, which has been called "the heart of the Covenant," and yet it is only in the light of the motives that inspired it that its real purpose and true import can be comprehended.

In order to comprehend the development of this provision of the Covenant, it is necessary to recall some almost forgotten incidents of recent American history, which, disturbing as they were to thoughtful persons at the time of their occurrence, have since been obscured by events of greater magnitude.

As the oldest and most powerful of the American republics, until 1913 the United States had always held resolutely to the declarations of President Monroe, of December 2, 1823, which had come to be regarded as expressing the settled policy of this country in relation to the affairs of the Western Hemisphere, in which it had maintained a moral primacy never more firmly asserted than by President Cleveland in demanding arbitration of the boundary claims between Great Britain and Venezuela in 1895.

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It is timely to recall the fact that, in 1913-14, the Doctrine of Monroe ceased to be asserted, and that a new policy of personal intervention and of concessions intended to safeguard it came into operation. It will presently be shown that Article X, as the culmination of this new policy, was intended to abolish the Monroe Doctrine and substitute for it a form of Internationalism based on the idea of a super-government by the Great Powers.

A right valuation of the Monroe Doctrine requires a clear understanding of what is essential and distinctive in it as a national policy. Leaving aside the unimportant details, the Monroe Doctrine as an American policy may be accurately expressed in the following three declarations, taken verbally from the text of Monroe's message:

1. The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

2. In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so.

3. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. . . . We could not view any intervention for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

These statements cannot by any legitimate interpretation be construed as constituting an "agreement," an "understanding," or a principle of international law. They admit no participants. They are subject to no one's approval or disapproval. They cannot be submitted to judicial decision. They simply express the self-protective policy of the United States as a nation; and are intended, as they clearly declare, to prevent the advent or intervention of any foreign Power upon the Western Hemisphere for any purpose that menaces the peace and safety of the United States.

Starting with an assumption,—shared with his Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan,—that all "peoples" are naturally pacific and politically virtuous, President Wilson believed that the revolutionary régime in Mexico, which involved so much danger to peace, could be ended, if the people of Mexico would submit to his personal direction. Refusing

to recognize General Huerta, in 1913, as Provisional President of that country,—although he had under his control 18 of the 27 States and the 3 Territories in accordance with the laws and Constitution of Mexico, and had been officially recognized by several of the European Governments,—Mr. Wilson decided never, under any circumstances, to deal with any government of which Huerta was the head, even though elected by the Mexican people, and resolved to overthrow and destroy his authority.

The one fact, however, which it is now important to remember is the fear with which Mr. Wilson was obsessed that his forcible intervention in Mexico would be resented, and possibly resisted, by other countries, which would naturally think it incredible that the United States should formally declare war and invade Mexico for the sole purpose of destroying a single individual.

As a means of preparing the mind of the public for his intervention in Mexico, and especially of quieting the apprehensions of Europe and Latin America, Mr. Wilson announced in his speech at Mobile, on October 27, 1913: "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity." On December 2nd, in his first annual message, the President announced: "There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico;" and trusting to the assurance of his private agents that the bandit Villa was the hope of "constitutional government in Mexico," the President entered upon a short period of "watchful waiting" to see what effect his words would have.

The time before action was diligently improved. Central and South America were ostentatiously propitiated in preparation for the war with Huerta. During 1913, treaties for peace were negotiated and signed with Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Honduras, and Nicaragua, followed in 1914 by similar engagements with Bolivia, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Ecuador, in the order named, providing that

all disputes "of every nature whatsoever" should be referred to an International Commission, in which these republics should have equal representation with the United States and that no action in any case of disagreement should be taken for one year. What value these treaties would have if *de facto* governments, whatever they might be, were not to be recognized, seems not to have been taken into account. Nominally, at least, all American Governments were to be treated as equals, provided they could first obtain recognition by the President of the United States. Otherwise, they were to be outlawed. Having made this preparation, Mr. Wilson proceeded to outlaw the Government of Huerta in Mexico.

This process of outlawing a government recognized by other Powers put the Monroe Doctrine, which debarred European Governments from interfering, in great jeopardy. Protest was sure to follow. European Governments were interested in all the Latin-American republics, especially in Mexico. The Latin-American republics had a still more vital interest in this encroachment. It was evident that, if Mr. Wilson was to be allowed to exercise his will as to who should govern Mexico, there would have to be some abatement of the pretensions of the United States further South. The future of Panama and its Canal suddenly came to have a new interest in Europe and in both Central and South America.

It requires no unusual faculty of divination to comprehend in this connection what was behind the mysterious language of the President's brief message to Congress of March 5, 1914, in which he demanded the immediate repeal of the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912, providing for the exemption of tolls for our coastwise vessels—legislation which his own party platform of 1912 had specifically approved. "Without raising the question whether we were right or wrong," on the ground that foreign nations did not take our view of this exemption, Mr. Wilson declared: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

Opinions differed, and still differ, regarding the legal rights of the United States under the treaty. Mr. Wilson's plea was for repeal merely as an act of political expediency,

for the declared reason that it was necessary for carrying out the "foreign policy of the Administration."

Of what was the President afraid? The occasion for his alarm is evident. How could he insist upon his right as President of the United States to depose a recognized ruler of Mexico, and at the same time maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which forbade the European Powers to intervene in Mexico for any reason? European nations had important interests in Mexico, particularly in the oil-fields and silver mines. If Mr. Wilson abolished the only government that could be held responsible for the destruction of European life and property in Mexico, to whom could they look for the protection of their interests? What assurance had they that, under cover of his personal war on Huerta, he did not intend to set up a government that would make Mexico a virtual protectorate of the United States? As for Panama, that was, they thought, already treated as a protectorate, and even as an extension of the coast-line of the United States.

There had been no European attack on the Monroe Doctrine in so far as it was a policy of self-protection maintained by the United States. The European Powers had recognized Huerta's Government and expected to be fairly treated by it; but, when Mr. Wilson announced his intention to destroy it by a military invasion of Mexico, the situation took on a different appearance. If Mr. Wilson wanted to invade Mexico and change its government, he must give new pledges or abandon the Monroe Doctrine altogether. Hence the reference to "other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence" than the Panama Tolls question.

Mr. Wilson saw clearly that he must either renounce his personal intention to crush Huerta by invading Mexico, or he must make it plain that the United States had no territorial designs upon that country. He decided to lower the flag of the Monroe Doctrine and to raise a new standard, Pan-Americanism.

Having satisfied Europe that he did not intend to do more than overthrow Huerta, President Wilson demanded that the Mexican Provisional President should salute the American flag "with special ceremony" dictated from Washington, on account of a trivial incident for which a formal apology had been offered. Huerta's request that

the matter be referred to The Hague was refused; and, on April 20, 1914, Mr. Wilson requested Congress to authorize an armed attack on Huerta, expressing the "hope" that our Government "would not be forced into war with Mexico." "But," he continued, "if armed conflict should unhappily come, we should be fighting only General Huerta and those who adhere to him and give him support;"—a support which, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, no Mexican had a right to give!

There was no pretense that Huerta had either destroyed or refused to protect American life and property; yet, on April 21st, before Congress had given its approval, Mexican soil was invaded, and a pitched battle was fought in which 126 Mexicans were killed and 195 wounded, among them women and children, and nearly a hundred American soldiers were either killed or wounded. Four days later, inspired by a wave of Latin-American protest against this action, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile offered their mediation which was accepted. A new policy of intervention was thus introduced. For the first time the Latin-American republics had found it necessary to take a step of virtual protest against the action of the United States. From their side also it was evident that the Monroe Doctrine, which had in their infancy protected them, was no longer regarded without suspicion. It rendered impossible to them the support of a European alliance while the President of the United States overthrew a recognized government.

Determined to have his way with Huerta, Mr. Wilson saw himself obliged either to find the whole of South America arrayed against him, or to assume an attitude of propitiation. To give the conference of the mediators the dignity of a truly international assembly, it was held on neutral soil, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, where all the delegates were treated by the Canadian authorities as co-equal international guests. At first Carranza refused to be represented, leaving the mediation to operate between the United States and Huerta, whose plenipotentiaries were received on a par with those of President Wilson.

Huerta's delegates asked for the appointment of a neutral commission, in order that a fair election might be held; but President Wilson insisted that a government acceptable to Carranza must be chosen. Thus the conference failed to

pacify Mexico. In November, our forces evacuated Vera Cruz, turning it over to the refractory and obstreperous Carranza, whose later trouble-making we need not here recall.

Never in its history did the United States appear so feeble, so irresolute, and so ineffectually meddlesome as when the American forces retired, emptyhanded, from their fruitless expedition to Vera Cruz. Not only Mexico, but every Latin-American country, entertained a sentiment of mingled hostility and contempt for the government at Washington.

The complete fiasco of the invasion of Mexico had rendered the United States an entirely negligible quantity in the European situation of August 1, 1914. Mr. Wilson's proposal of mediation to the German Emperor awakened no interest. His failure to rebuke the violation of Belgian neutrality created no surprise. With what grace or effect could he offer such a rebuke, when he had just invaded neighboring territory for a reason which no European Power considered justifiable? Had he intervened to defend American life and property, the case would have been different; but in these he showed no interest, and suffered such injuries to continue without effective protest.

The invasion of Mexico to overturn a government because it did not conform to Mr. Wilson's conception of what a government should be, created for him a new problem. He could not find, and did not even pretend to find, in the Monroe Doctrine any justification for his action. On the contrary, it plainly prohibited to Europeans such a course as he had taken. His conduct had made the Monroe Doctrine seem odious and impossible; not because of what it really was, or of the purpose for which it had originally been declared, which all nations had learned to respect, but because he had put the Government of the United States in a position of arrogant inconsistency, which the mediation of the A. B. C. Governments had completely exposed. If the United States Government was not to remain in a state of permanent misunderstanding with its neighbors on this hemisphere, apology and a new policy seemed to Mr. Wilson to be necessary.

The reparation made was the doctrine of Pan-Americanism. In order to efface the ugly remembrance of the unwarranted action in Mexico, assurance must be given that

the United States had no designs on the territory of other republics on this continent. The declaration at Mobile had not been sufficient to remove all fears in this regard. To impress it upon them more emphatically, President Wilson proceeded to approach the Latin-American republics with a new proposal.

At this point the President's own testimony is pertinent. At the conference with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, at the White House, on August 19, 1919, inquiry was made by Senator Brandegee regarding the American draft of a League of Nations. "Was there any draft, no matter how incomplete," asked the Senator, "any skeleton draft or enumeration or substance for a draft for the so-called American plan for the Covenant of the League of Nations which you took with you from the country or was prepared over there by you?" To this the President replied: "Only the one that I referred to earlier in this conference, Senator, when I had taken the Phillimore report as more or less a basis of my work." "Did the Phillimore draft or report, whatever the proper term may be, contain anything like what is now Article X of the Covenant of the League?" asked the Senator. The President did not recall that it did, but made the following statement:

> Let me say this in regard to Article X. I believe this to be a part of the history of it. It is so far as I am concerned. Early in my administration, as I think many of the members know, I tried to get the American States, the States of Central and South America, to join with us in an arrangement in which a phrase like this constituted the kernel, that we guaranteed to each other territorial integrity and political independence. "Under a republican form of government," was added in that case. But that is another matter. As I represented to them at that time, it was a desire on my part at any rate to show the way to them of keeping things steady and preventing the kind of aggression they have had.

The following interchange then occurred:

> The CHAIRMAN. That was the subject of the Niagara conference?
>
> Senator BRANDEGEE. The A. B. C. Powers.
>
> The PRESIDENT. I do not think it was discussed there, Senator. We discussed it diplomatically.
>
> The CHAIRMAN. It was taken up at that time?
>
> The PRESIDENT. It was taken up at that time.
>
> Senator BRANDEGEE. Who was the author of Article X?
>
> The PRESIDENT. I suppose I was as much as anybody.
>
> Senator BRANDEGEE. And you recommended it to your fellow American commissioners?

The PRESIDENT. Yes.

Senator BRANDEGEE. How many Americans were on the commission which framed the Covenant for the League of Nations?

The PRESIDENT. Two—Colonel House and myself.

It was, then, by guaranteeing to each other "territorial integrity and political independence" that the American republics, including the United States, were to "keep things steady" and "prevent the kind of aggression they have had;" and this, it appears, was the first suggestion of what afterward became Article X in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The President did not state to what particular "aggressions" he referred; and he made no attempt at that time to show that this new doctrine is identical with the Monroe Doctrine or in any way derived from it. In fact, such an attempt would have been futile; for the Monroe Doctrine never went to the length of guaranteeing the territorial integrity or political independence of any American State against any other American State; or, in fact, against any one whatever; much less did it imply that the territory or independence of the United States was guaranteed by any other nation. What Mr. Wilson proposed to the Latin-American republics was a system of reciprocal guarantees such as had never before existed, and which was designed to supersede the Monroe Doctrine and serve as a substitute for it. In brief the self-protective policy of the United States, to be carried into execution in each case as the circumstances might seem to require, was to be displaced by an international compact between the American republics in which the United States would assume the obligation of defending the territorial integrity and political independence of every one of them.

That Secretary Lansing understood and appreciated this difference was made clear in the course of his examination by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, on August 6, 1919. In explaining the Lansing-Ishii Agreement between the United States and Japan, he read to the Committee a passage from his public statement on that subject in which he referred to "Pan-Americanism as interpreted by this Government;" whereupon Senator Fall inquired: "Do you understand that the Monroe Doctrine and the Pan-American Doctrine as declared by President Wilson are the same?" To this Secretary Lansing replied: "No,

sir. They come to the same result but they are entirely on a different basis. The Monroe Doctrine is purely a national doctrine. Pan-Americanism is an international policy."

It is unnecessary for the present purpose to compare the value or effects of these different and opposing policies; but it would seem to be clear beyond the possibility of dispute, that the two doctrines are different and not to be justified by the same reasons. At no time, prior to Mr. Wilson's rule, has the United States undertaken to interfere with the self-determination of other peoples, or thought it needful to guarantee their territory or their independence, excepting as interference with their affairs by others was a menace to the peace or safety of the United States. No reason has been stated why a new obligation in this respect should be undertaken. No obligation to other countries is implied in the Monroe Doctrine, which is avowedly a self-protective policy; while Mr. Wilson's proposal claims to be based on mutual protection. The acceptance of the new obligation would be an abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine; for, instead of being in the interest of national safety, it would involve this nation in new dangers by making it responsible for the relations of all the American republics to one another.

In this connection it should not be overlooked that a guarantee of the territorial integrity and political independence of a people involves very grave responsibilities for the guarantor; for the reason that a nation, confidently assured of immunity so far as the possible loss of territory and political independence are concerned, is likely to feel less accountability for its conduct than when these would be placed in jeopardy by its misbehavior.

The essential quality of a good neighbor among nations is responsibility under law. Only such nations as are capable of maintaining a responsible government, answerable to International Law, are deserving of security in their territorial integrity or political independence. To assume that these possessions should be preserved for a people regardless of their conduct, is to assert that it is a duty to defend the existence of a State even when it becomes a nuisance or a menace. If, for example, such a territorial guarantee had existed in 1898, and Spain had been under its protection, revolutions would probably still be going on

in Cuba, the intervention of the United States would have been precluded, and Cuba would not be the free, self-governed country that it is today. It is a good principle of international morality that a people must make life and property safe within their borders or expect their country to pass to the control of others who will enforce justice. There are, in truth, cases where external aggression is necessary to civilization, and where political independence should be made contingent upon the demonstration of national responsibility, without which no nation can rightly claim protection. The whole theory of unconditional territorial guarantees is unsound. The real sanctities, the things which nations may rightly go beyond their own borders to fight for, or to preserve by economic pressure, are not lines drawn upon the map by previous conquests or military occupation, setting up a fictitious claim to independent statehood where order and justice do not prevail, but the inviolability of the innocent and the dignity and authority of righteous law. Pan-Americanism and every form of Internationalism ought to be founded on International Law administered by a tribunal of justice, and not on territorial guarantees unqualified by the maintenance of a responsible government. It is good for the world that a people should know that their control of territory and the preservation of their independence depend upon their integrity of character and the justice of their transactions.

The Monroe Doctrine never included the claim that an American country which persistently refused to redress a wrong to another country, or its citizens, should be protected by the United States. It has never assumed to guarantee anything. It has never been settled, and it need not be settled in advance, what would happen to any nation that absolutely refused to adjudicate a justiciable case.

The part played by the United States in the Great War gave Mr. Wilson an opportunity to propose at Paris the theory of guarantees he at first intended to apply only to the American republics. We now have in hand documents of unquestioned authenticity which disclose the process by which this was accomplished. The most important of these is the report prepared by the President's expert advisers in International Law, in which we have, in parallel columns, (1) the text of the American plan of a League of Nations elaborated by the President; (2) the "Comments"

of the advisers upon it; and (3) the draft of the plan as modified by these experts.

There are in this document many very interesting passages, but we must confine our attention here to the evolution of Article X. The original text, being Article III of the American plan, is as follows:

The Contracting Powers unite in guaranteeing to each other political independence and territorial integrity; but it is understood between them that such territorial readjustments, if any, as may in the future become necessary by reason of changes in present racial conditions and aspirations or present social and political relationships, pursuant to the principle of self-determination, and also such territorial readjustments as may in the judgment of three-fourths of the Delegates be demanded by the welfare and manifest interest of the peoples concerned, may be affected if agreeable to those peoples; and that territorial changes may in equity involve material compensation. The Contracting Powers accept without reservation the principle that the peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of Political jurisdiction or boundary.

Upon this passage the expert advisers offer the following comments:

Aside from any questions of several, joint or collective guarantees and their proper language, the question of policy presented by this Article in its first sentence is whether the United States should favor a guarantee of independence and integrity of every State by every other State.

Such an agreement would destroy the Monroe Doctrine. Under such an agreement, Germany, as well as the United States and even despite the United States, would have been bound to support Venezuela against Great Britain in 1895. Under such an agreement, Great Britain, France, and Japan might be bound to intervene in Chili or in Peru according to their views of the Tacna-Arica dispute. . . .

Indeed any guarantee of independence and integrity means war by the guarantor if a breach of the independence or integrity of the guaranteed State is attempted and persisted in.

What the United States has done, is doing, and will do for Europe, is enough, without making an unasked sacrifice of her interests and those of Latin-America, by giving up a policy which has prevented the countries south of the Rio Grande from being like Africa, pawns in the diplomacy of Europe.

That each Power should covenant for itself to respect the integrity and independence of every other Power in the League of Nations, and that failure to observe such a covenant should subject the covenant-breaking Power to the sanctions of the League of Nations, is undoubted. That policy looks toward the peace of the world and accords with the spirit of a community of nations. But the general policy of a guarantee against the acts of other States looks toward intervention and war by one or more of the guarantors, and is in accord only with the spirit of the old diplomacy.

That the future attitude of the United States and its policy and that of Latin-America should not be left to inference but be beyond doubt or question, the constitution of the League of Nations should contain an express recognition of the Monroe Doctrine.

That the territorial adjustments made by the Peace Conference will not satisfy all claims, is the only thing now certain about them. Such general provisions as above mentioned will make that dissatisfaction permanent, will compel every Power to engage in propaganda and will legalize irredentist agitation in at least all of Eastern Europe.

The principle stated in the last sentence of Article III "that the peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of political jurisdiction or boundary" is not of universal application. It would not apply, for example, to the political jurisdiction of the United States over the Canal Zone, nor to the change in the boundary of the United States and Mexico, which was suggested by Germany. Further, and generally, if a country can not fight for its territorial integrity, why should it be regarded as the subject of guarantees?

As a result of these observations, the recommendation of the advisers, for the reasons given in their comments, took the following form:

Each Contracting Power severally covenants and guarantees that it will not violate the territorial integrity or impair the political independence of any other Contracting Power.

The Contracting Powers recognize as a binding principle that the American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any extrinsic Powers.

The recommendations of his advisers having been rejected by Mr. Wilson, Article III was finally offered to the Commission in the following form, with all reference to the Monroe Doctrine omitted:

The Contracting Powers undertake to respect and to protect as against external aggression the political independence and territorial integrity of all States members of the League.

This last formula, with the word "preserve" substituted for the word "protect," reappears as Article X in the Covenant finally adopted, which reads as follows:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

Article XI adds, that

Any threat of war, whether immediately affecting any member of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the *whole*

League, and the *League* shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations.

The British Memorandum on the meaning of the Covenant was, therefore, justified both by the text and by the history of the proceedings, in saying, "Should any dispute arise between American and European Powers, *the League is there to settle it.*"

Indisputably, the Monroe Doctrine was knowingly and deliberately abandoned by the Covenant.

Promptly called to account by the most eminent jurists and statesmen in the United States for this abandonment of the most vital part of American foreign policy, Mr. Wilson endeavored to show that what he had done was not to abolish the Monroe Doctrine, but to extend it to the whole world!

The inconsistency of Mr. Wilson's reasoning in defending this transaction is best shown by allowing him to speak for himself.

In justification of Article X, in his speech at Sioux Falls, on September 3, 1919, Mr. Wilson said: "I have heard gentlemen say, 'America can take care of herself.' Yes, she can take care of herself. Every man would have to train to arms. We would have to have a great standing army. . . . You would have a military government in spirit if not in form." The only way to avoid this danger, Mr. Wilson declared, is to abandon our policy of self-protection, and insure universal peace by undertaking to preserve the territorial integrity and political independence of all other nations!

At Portland, Oregon, on September 15, 1919, Mr. Wilson was saying: "As a matter of fact, the Covenant sets up for the world a Monroe Doctrine; . . . and, inasmuch as the Monroe Doctrine had been made a universal doctrine, I did not think it was necessary to mention it particularly."

What happened when Mr. Wilson, under compulsion from the United States, at last did mention the Monroe Doctrine, reveals the wide difference between it and Article X. Article X was received gladly, for it guaranteed the European nations. The Monroe Doctrine, as soon as the name was pronounced, created a storm that lasted ten days and ended in an ingenious compromise.

The difference between the two was instantly evident to

all. The Monroe Doctrine was known to be a self-protective policy, guaranteeing nothing, and designed to keep America out of the quarrels of Europe, and Europe out of the affairs of America. Article X, on the contrary, is a contract to protect everybody, guarantees all the members of the League, takes a hand in all the boundary disputes of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and invites European intervention in American affairs. One is a national policy, the other an international compact.

Notwithstanding Mr. Wilson's contention that Article X *is* the Monroe Doctrine "made universal," it required a strenuous effort, he informs us in his speech at Spokane on September 12, 1919, to have the doctrine even mentioned, as it now is, in Article XXI of the Covenant "Up to that time,"—April 11, 1919,—"there was not a nation in the world," he says, "that was willing to admit the validity of the Monroe Doctrine. I have made a great many speeches in my life, perhaps too many, but I do not think that I ever put so much of what I hope is the best in me as I put in the speech in the conference on the League of Nations in favor of the Monroe Doctrine, and it was upon that occasion that it was embodied. And we have this extraordinary spectacle of the world recognizing the validity of the Monroe Doctrine."

What a pity that this herculean effort was not textually reported; but, unfortunately, no stenographic notes were taken. Why was it "an extraordinary spectacle" to see the Monroe Doctrine embodied in the Covenant, when, as Mr. Wilson claims, it had been already completely included and safeguarded, without the slightest objection from anyone, by the acceptance of Article X?

The truth is, the Monroe Doctrine is nowhere embodied in the Covenant. Mr. Wilson confesses his own inability to define it. "I did try while I was in Paris," he said in his speech of September 12, 1919, at Spokane, "to define the Monroe Doctrine and get it written into the document, but I will confide to you in confidence that when I tried to define it I found that it escaped analysis, that all that you could say was that it was a principle with regard to the interference of foreign Powers in the politics of the Western Hemisphere which the United States felt at liberty to apply in any circumstances where it thought pertinent."

But Mr. Wilson did not need to frame a definition of

the Monroe Doctrine, which is not so vague as he pretends. He needed only to respect the terms in which it was first expressed, and which have not changed; namely, that it "does not comport with our policy to take part in the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves," and that "we could not view any intervention in American affairs in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

These vital elements of the Monroe Doctrine are wholly abolished by Articles X and XI, which expressly implicate the United States in European wars and bind the European Powers to intervene in American affairs.

Article XXI, which Mr. Wilson, by the greatest effort of his life, got "written into the document," does not nullify Articles X and XI. The French text of the Covenant expressly declares this. It is only as an "international engagement" that the Monroe Doctrine has any recognition in the treaty. The words of Article XXI clearly state this:

> Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

"The main thing," said Colonel House, was "to use the two words, 'Monroe Doctrine,' the rest will look after itself," reports Mr. Charles T. Thompson, in his very interesting book on *The Peace Conference Day-by-Day*. On March 31st a formula had been reached, but the committee was unable to agree upon it, so it was reserved for the Council of Four to decide upon its acceptability. On April 11th, "after a spirited session of the league commission lasting till midnight," the amendment presented by the President was adopted. The "main thing," as Colonel House had expressed it, had been accomplished,—the "two words" had been "used"!

But what do these "two words" mean, as here employed?

According to this formula, the Monroe Doctrine is no longer simply the self-protective American policy it was designed to be, but an "international engagement." Between whom is it an engagement? What does it engage? If President Wilson could not define it, what are the foreign Powers to understand by it? Here is clear ground for indefinite controversy. Who is to settle it, if not the

League, with the United States as defendant before the Council?

But, according to Article XXI, the Monroe Doctrine is not merely an "international engagement," it is a "regional understanding." With whom is it an understanding? All the secret treaties, also, are "regional understandings" for securing the maintenance of peace between contestants over territories in which "spheres of influence" have been in dispute. The Monroe Doctrine is nothing of this kind. It is what its text and history show it to be,—the time-honored self-protective policy of the United States. The abandonment of that policy and the acceptance of Article X as a substitute for it, would mean that the United States had decided to renounce self-dependence, and to seek protection in the promises of a group of Powers of various degrees of culture and efficiency, scattered in every part of the earth, which the United States, as a guarantor, would be bound in honor not only to defend against the aggressions of one another but against powerful nations which are not members of the League and not bound by any of its provisions.

And now comes the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, wearing the trailing mantle of Mr. Wilson's apostolate of peace through the pledge of war, repeating as the key-note of his new rôle, "They charge experimentation when we have as historical precedent the Monroe Doctrine, which is the very essence of Article X of the Versailles Covenant."

What a cataclysm the Democratic Party has traversed in the transition from the Monroe Doctrine as understood by Cleveland to that doctrine as understood by Cox!

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

THE WORLD COURT MOVEMENT

BY CHANDLER P. ANDERSON

PUBLIC opinion among the enlightened nations of the world has demonstrated a preference for the regulation of international relations on the basis of law and justice rather than by force and war. It remains for these nations to determine how this preference shall be made effective. The need for some form of international organization is recognized, and the question which at present is awaiting decision is how far the executive, legislative and judicial functions of government shall enter into and be exercised by an international organization.

In the League Covenant of the Peace Treaty, the executive power has been so greatly magnified in importance that it has no well defined limitations, and even includes legislative and judicial powers over international relations and controversies. This exaltation of the executive power under the Covenant has been one of the chief causes of the opposition to it in the United States, because it is incompatible with American principles. It is a departure from the theory of government embodied in the Constitution of the United States, which separates the executive, legislative and judicial powers of government into distinct and coordinate branches, each of which is restricted to the exercise of certain limited powers specifically delegated to it. The theory underlying the League organization seems to have been that the best way to prevent war was to submit all international questions to the control of a political machine dominated by a few select nations. This feature of the League organization is also a departure from the fundamental principles controlling the form of international organization which had already received universal sanction through the Hague Conferences, and subsequent negotiations among nations for the creation of an independent international judiciary to settle international controversies by the application of prin-

ciples of justice on the basis of the equal rights of all nations, great and small alike.

One of the questions at issue, therefore, would seem to be whether the world organization for peace shall rest on the one hand upon the administration of international law by an international court of justice, free from political control and commanding the confidence of public opinion throughout the world by upholding the equal rights of all nations under the law, or on the other hand upon the political domination of a few of the great nations over the rest of the world and over any court of international justice established as an adjunct to that organization.

The difference between an international court of justice and the council created by the League Covenant, as pointed out by Senator Harding in his recent speech on our foreign relations, is that the former is "a judicial tribunal governed by fixed and definite principles of law administered without passion or prejudice," while the latter is "an association of diplomats and politicians whose determinations are sure to be influenced by considerations of expediency and national selfishness." Moreover, the eye of the League, unlike the eye of the law, does not regard the rights of a small nation as equal to the rights of a great Power.

The disadvantages and objectionable aspects of a politicians' league have been thoroughly exposed, in so far at least, as our own participation is concerned, but the fact that for many years past a great world movement has been steadily progressing for the establishment of an international court of justice, together with arbitration tribunals, as the dominating influence in a world organization for the preservation of peace has not received the attention it deserves.

Such an organization was given definite form by the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 and is still in existence. Those conferences were important milestones in the evolution of this organization, and although its development was temporarily interrupted by the lawlessness of the war, the organization has survived, and with the defeat of Germany the only serious obstacle to its progress has been removed. One of the great lessons of the war was that lawlessness cannot prevail against the united opposition of the forces of justice, and the best safeguard against lawlessness is to strengthen the authority of justice and right.

It is important to consider, therefore, what progress this movement has already made through and beyond The Hague Conferences, and what promise it holds for the future.

The Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, adopted at the First Hague Conference in 1899 and readopted with substantial improvements at the Second Conference in 1907, established a system, world wide in its application, for international arbitration, mediation, and the ascertainment and publication of facts by commissions of inquiry in international controversies.

In addition to these accomplishments the 1907 Conference adopted a draft "Convention for the establishment of a Court of Arbitral Justice" and recommended its ratification, which was postponed pending a supplementary agreement upon a satisfactory method for selecting the personnel of this court. There was, however, no disagreement among the nations at that time, and there has been none since, about the importance of establishing a real and permanent international court of justice, as then projected, in addition to the occasional arbitration tribunals provided for in The Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes.

The distinction between these tribunals of arbitration and a permanent court of justice is that such tribunals are not permanent nor impartial nor judicial, because they are formed separately under special agreements and with different arbitrators in each individual case, and these arbitrators are expected to act more as diplomats than as judges and do not constitute a permanent judicial body, and the final outcome is generally a political compromise rather than a decision between right and wrong. This distinction was pointed out in the instructions issued by Mr. Root, as Secretary of State, in 1907, to the American delegates at the Second Hague Conference, in which he said:

> There can be no doubt that the principal objection to arbitration rests not upon the unwillingness of nations to submit their controversies to impartial arbitration, but upon an apprehension that the arbitrations to which they submit may not be impartial. It has been a very general practice for arbitrators to act, not as judges deciding questions of fact and law upon the record before them under a sense of judicial responsibility, but as negotiators effecting settlement of questions brought before them in accordance with the traditions and usages and subject to all the considerations and influences which affect diplomatic agents. The two methods are radically different, proceed upon different stand-

ards of honorable obligation, and frequently lead to widely different results. It very frequently happens that a nation which would be very willing to submit its differences to an impartial judicial determination is unwilling to subject them to this kind of diplomatic process.

On the other hand nations might willingly submit to this diplomatic process of arbitration a political question, or a question of international policy, which did not properly come within the jurisdiction of a court of law. The different functions of the two systems, and the advantage of maintaining both, were pointed out by Mr. Leon Bourgeois, of the French Delegation at the Second Hague Conference, who said:

> In controversies of a political nature, especially, we think that this will always be the real rule of arbitration and that no nation large or small will consent to go before a court of arbitration unless it takes an active part in the appointment of the members composing it.
>
> But is the case the same in questions of purely legal nature? Can the same uneasiness and distrust appear here? And does not every one realize that a real court composed of real jurists may be considered as the most competent organ for deciding controversies of this character and for rendering decisions on pure questions of law?
>
> In our opinion, therefore, either the old system of 1899 or the new system of a truly permanent court may be preferred according to the nature of the case.

In 1910 a draft convention was signed by delegates representing Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States, agreeing upon a plan for organizing this court and putting into force the proposed Hague Convention of 1907 for establishing the court as soon as ratified by 18 Powers. The requisite number of ratifications not having been secured, further negotiations were undertaken early in 1914 for the adoption of another draft convention for the establishment of this court, in a preliminary way, by and for Great Britain, the United States, Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands and Russia. These negotiations were interrupted by the outbreak of the great war, which also prevented the meeting of a Third Hague Conference, arranged for the following year, when the organization of the permanent court undoubtedly would have been accomplished.

In spite of the disappointments and delays attending the negotiations for the establishment of this court, subsequent developments have shown that the proceedings hitherto taken have furnished a sure foundation to build upon

for the ultimate organization of this permanent court of justice.

It is of interest to recall that in Mr. Root's instructions as Secretary of State, in 1907, to the American Delegates, he stated:

> You should regard the work of the Second Conference not merely with reference to the definite results to be reached in that conference, but also with reference to the foundations which may be laid for further results in future conferences. It may well be that among the most valuable services rendered to civilization by this Second Conference will be found the progress made in matters upon which the delegates reach no definite agreement.

The recently published report of the select committee of jurists which met at The Hague this summer, upon the invitation of the League Council, to formulate a plan for a permanent court of international justice, discloses the interesting fact that the plan formulated by that committee is based squarely upon the draft "Convention for the establishment of the Court of Arbitral Justice," which was recommended by the Second Hague Conference in 1907, combined with the above mentioned draft conventions of 1910 and 1914 for putting that convention into force.

This continuity of development is not surprising in view of the universal endorsement of the original plan, and the hopeless confusion which has resulted from the experiment of substituting expediency and politics for justice and equality as the controlling influences in a world organization.

It is also of especial interest to Americans to note that the commanding influence of Mr. Root has supported the project throughout and is chiefly responsible both for laying the foundations in the first place and now for completing the plans for the organization of this proposed court. As Secretary of State in 1907 he directed the formulation of the original plan which was proposed by the American delegates at the Second Hague Conference, and as a member of the select committee of jurists at The Hague this summer he took the leading part in formulating the completed plan which that committee has now recommended unanimously for adoption.

The opening paragraph of the plan declares that a permanent Court of International Justice is thereby established in addition to the court of arbitration organized by the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, and to the special

tribunals of arbitration to which the States are always at liberty to submit their differences for settlement. Recognition is thus given to the importance of maintaining both an arbitral and a judicial system for settling international controversies—the arbitral system to deal with questions of a political nature which require that form of diplomatic adjustment, and a real court of justice to deal with questions of a legal nature which can be decided by the application of legal principles.

A comparison of the new plan with the old will show that there is no substantial difference in their general structure and that, with the exception of the new features noted below, the new plan has the same resemblance to the old that a more highly cultivated growth has to a lowlier ancestor. The only distinctly new features which have been introduced are the provisions defining the jurisdictional powers conferred upon the court, and the subordination of the court to the council and assembly of the League. It is to be organized by and open of right only to members of the League and the judges are to be elected by the council and assembly and are dependent upon those bodies for the fixing and payment of their salaries and expenses. Under the old plan all nations were entitled to participate in the organization of the court and the salaries of the judges were to be fixed in the agreement constituting the court and were to be paid, together with the expenses of the court, by the signatory Powers.

This subordination of the court to the League organization under the new plan was no doubt a matter of necessity, and not a matter of choice with the committee, for they were not empowered to amend the League Covenant; and until the powers of the council and assembly of the League are properly restricted, there will be no place for an independent judiciary as a coordinate branch in that organization.

Fortunately the nations themselves will not be hampered, as the committee has been, in dealing with this matter, and when the plan is referred to them for adoption they may, if they wish, make the few changes necessary to separate the court entirely from the control of the League and ensure its independence of political influences.

The committee has indicated its willingness to ensure at least physical separation between the court and the League, by fixing the permanent seat of the court at The

Hague, which is not likely to be chosen for the headquarters of the League.

Apart from the objectionable subordination of the court to the League, the responsibility for which rests primarily with the League organization and not with the committee of jurists, their plan is full of promise for the future. The provisions dealing with the competence of the court are admirable, especially those defining the questions over which it shall have jurisdiction, and the sources from which it shall draw the laws to be applied.

Cases arising under the Monroe Doctrine and those affecting domestic questions are not expressly excluded, but obviously they are not intended to be included among the cases coming within the jurisdiction of the court, which are defined as those of a legal nature concerning—

(a) The interpretation of a treaty.

(b) Any question of international law.

(c) The existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation.

(d) The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

(e) The interpretation of a sentence passed by the court.

The adoption of this classification as the universally accepted definition of justiciable questions would undoubtedly constitute a tremendously important addition to the code of international law and at the same time greatly stimulate the process of codification.

It is worthy of note that the last of these categories comes from The Hague Conventions, and all the others from the League Covenant, and that we are indebted to Mr. Root for the introduction of this classification in the Covenant. It will be remembered that he proposed a number of amendments to the form of the Covenant as originally adopted, and among them this classification of justiciable cases exactly as it now appears. Its adoption in the present plan was the natural sequence of its insertion in the Covenant.

Perhaps the most extensive power conferred on the court is the right to determine its own jurisdiction in the event of a dispute as to whether or not a case comes within the stated categories. This power, together with the further power conferred upon the court to render judgment by de-

fault against a party which refuses to appear or present its case, will enable the court to take jurisdiction and render decisions in every possible case which can be decided by the application of the accepted principles of international law, excepting always such cases as under the Covenant must be submitted to the decision of the council or assembly of the League. It is regrettable that such an exception must be made. It is detrimental to the dignity and influence of the court that the council and assembly should act in a judicial capacity over any cases which properly fall within the jurisdiction of this court, and the submission of such cases to these non-judicial bodies, instead of to the court, does not serve the ends of justice or advance the cause of peace. Here again, however, the responsibility rests with the Covenant and not with the committee of jurists, who have given the court the fullest possible powers permitted by the circumstances.

One further step remains to be taken to perfect the plan of a world court of justice as a safeguard against war, and that is for the nations of the world by universal consent to deny the absolute right of a sovereign state to make war and to declare that a war of aggression constitutes an international crime. If this were done, any threat against the peace of the world, or any aggressive war would involve a question of a legal nature within the field of international law, and consequently within the jurisdiction of this court, which extends over all questions of a legal nature involving any question of international law.

The importance of treating violations of law of such a character as to threaten the peace and order of the community of nations as an international crime was pointed out by Mr. Root early in the Great War. In an address at the annual meeting in December, 1915, of the American Society of International Law, he said:

> We are all familiar with the distinction in the municipal law of all civilized countries, between private and public rights and the remedies for the protection or enforcement of them. Ordinary injuries and breaches of contract are redressed only at the instance of the injured person, and other persons are not deemed entitled to interfere. It is no concern of theirs. On the other hand, certain flagrant wrongs, the prevalence of which would threaten the order and security of the community, are deemed to be everybody's business. If, for example, a man be robbed or assaulted, the injury is deemed not to be done to him alone, but to every member of the state by the breaking of the

law against robbery or against violence. Every citizen is deemed to be injured by the breach of the law because the law is his protection, and if the law be violated with impunity his protection will disappear. Accordingly, the government, which represents all its citizens, undertakes to punish such action even though the particular person against whom the injury was done may be content to go without redress. Up to this time breaches of international law have been treated as we treat wrongs under civil procedure, as if they concerned nobody except the particular nation upon which the injury was inflicted and the nation inflicting it. There has been no general recognition of the right of other nations to object. . . . If the law of nations is to be binding, if the decisions of tribunals charged with the application of that law to international controversies are to be respected, there must be a change in theory, and violations of the law of such a character as to threaten the peace and order of the community of nations must be deemed to be a violation of the right of every civilized nation to have the law maintained, and a legal injury to every nation. When a controversy arises between two nations other nations are indeed strangers to the dispute as to what the law requires in that controversy, but they cannot really be strangers to a dispute as to whether the law which is applicable to the circumstances shall be observed or violated. Next to the preservation of national character, the most valuable possession of all peaceable nations, great and small, is the protection of those laws which constrain other nations to conduct based upon principles of justice and humanity. Without that protection there is no safety for the small state except in the shifting currents of policy among its great neighbors, and none for a great state however peaceable and just may be its disposition, except in readiness for war.

The recent war has demonstrated the soundness of Mr. Root's argument. It has shown that no nation can again be regarded as a stranger in interest to a dispute between other nations and that every nation is threatened with a legal injury by a breach of the law by any other nation. The consequent right and duty of all nations, as pointed out by Mr. Root, to have the law of nations maintained in all cases and to demand respect for the decisions of tribunals charged with the ascertainment and application of that law in international controversies are in themselves convincing reasons for the organization of a world court of justice.

It is not the purpose of the present discussion to present the reasons for the establishment of a world court. The necessity for it has already been universally admitted and is no longer open to question. The above reasons are mentioned only because they are new and instructive and serve to differentiate the character of the international interests entering into an organization for justice from those pertaining to an organization for political control.

There is no such community of interest among nations in dealing with international politics as there is in dealing wth international law. Political decisions, unlike legal decisions, are not controlled by abstract principles of right and wrong. The political settlement of a controversy establishes only the limit of concession and compromise to which the parties are constrained to go in a particular case, while the judicial settlement of an international question involves the establishment of principles of law or rules of conduct which are and should be applied always and universally among all nations.

In other words, the reasons which justify and demand the participation of all nations in the establishment of an international organization for justice have no application to an organization for the political control of international relations.

An international political organization, therefore, stands on an entirely different footing from an international judicial organization, and while duty and self interest alike demand that every nation should support the latter, self interest alone must determine for each nation whether or not it will participate in the former.

So far as the United States is concerned, by our Monroe Doctrine we have set a limit to political interference by European nations on our side of the world, and at the same time we have renounced for ourselves any purpose to meddle in European politics. Apart from every other obstacle, however, there are certain Constitutional limitations imposed upon executive action which prevent the executive from committing the United States to any obligations or agreements without the sanction of the Senate, or the Congress, and these are in themselves sufficient to make it practically impossible for our Government to participate effectively in any European political organization. The career of the Covenant itself is an illustration as well as a justification of the barrier imposed by the Constitution against executive commitments. The alternative is to continue along the course which has been successfully followed since the beginning of our independence, and that is to deal through the regularly authorized diplomatic channels with the European questions which legitimately concern us, and not to meddle with European politics. Our Department of State has an honorable record of achievement in dealing

with our legitimate European interests, and, unlike the League of Nations, it has no authority to force us into European political controversies which do not concern us.

Thanks to the wisdom and patriotism of the Senate, the United States has escaped unconditional commitment to the League Covenant, and may soon be in a position to propose anew to the world another form of organization for the maintenance of peace.

The League of Nations, as an organization for preventing war, has proved to be a failure, and it now seems probable that any new organization for international cooperation to prevent war will be a natural development of the modes of procedure approved by past experience for eliminating the causes of war, and will be based on the acknowledged supremacy of the law in the settlement of disputes.

Such an organization, therefore, may be expected to have for its keystone a permanent court of international justice, governed by principles of law and equity on the basis of the jural equality of all nations, free from political intrigue and influences, having jurisdiction over all questions between nations where right and wrong are at issue, not excepting policies of aggression which may lead to war, and commanding the respect of mankind by its impartiality, integrity and wisdom.

Pursuant both to the old and new plans for this court, the existing Hague arbitration tribunals will not be superseded by it, but these two systems for the pacific settlement of international disputes, operating side by side, each in its own appropriate sphere, will together provide the ultimate authority to which as a last resort nations can submit all disputes which have not yielded to the resources of diplomacy, or to the harmonizing influences of mediation, conciliation, and the ascertainment of facts by commissions of inquiry, as hitherto practised and approved under the Hague Conventions, and the many other conventions entered into for these purposes and now in force among enlightened nations.

Furthermore, in order to strengthen and extend the authority of a court of international justice, the process of codifying the law of nations must be provided for, and for that purpose, as well as to facilitate international cooperation and the improvement and expansion of the international practices of the past for eliminating the causes of war, and for the discussion of political questions, international

conferences will be necessary. An association of all nations for these purposes would be useful, and perhaps it may be possible to utilize, with some changes, so much of the League organization as is appropriate for ensuring the assembling of regular international conferences at stated intervals, and of special conferences for special purposes, or in times of emergency when the peace of the world is threatened.

It may not yet be too late to regain the ground that has been lost through futile experimenting, and it is indeed significant that the old plan for the organization of the world for peace through the development and enforcement of law, relying for its sanction upon the appeal of right and justice to an informed public opinion, is again forcing itself upon the attention of the world, in spite of its rejection by the Peace Conference.

CHANDLER P. ANDERSON.

SEVEN YEARS OF DANIELS

BY ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

DURING the last few months, the press has printed a good many columns about the United States Navy. Much of this has been in the form of incomplete accounts of investigations by subcommittees of Congress. However, the newspapers, like the committees themselves, have been greatly affected by political leanings. Consequently, the statements of witnesses and the conclusions to be drawn have been presented in a partisan light. Again, no small amount of the matter thus printed has been inspired by the Administration, designed to disarm criticism, however just, and to juggle statistics until the figures mean nothing to the uninformed reader. In this move the Administration has been greatly assisted by the public's general ignorance of the Navy, its aims, its difficulties, its true condition, and by the national tendency to hold everything American as superlative and therefore unassailable. The combination of these several factors has resulted in throwing but little clear light upon the actual status of the Navy. Assuming that the nation is convinced that it should have a fighting force afloat, the attempt will be made to discuss, without citing figures, the underlying reasons for our having no such thing today. Questions of money appropriations by Congress, General Board recommendations, ship construction, strategy, and tactics are not considered here. For important as they are, all these are but adjuncts of the real motive force, the Spirit of the Service.

In the year 1912, spirit was at a very high point in the Navy. Broadly speaking, loyalty up and down was generally prevalent. Eliminating occasional and entirely natural individual prejudices, the feeling between officers and enlisted men of all grades was one of cordial liking and mutual respect. Plenty of work, plenty of play, with keen

but friendly rivalry in both, characterized the organization. Rare indeed was the skipper who would not, outside his own ship, swear by every member of his command. While unless too recently court-martialled and consequently a little sorry for himself, scarce a man of any enlisted rating was not joyfully ready to roll up his sleeve at any outside criticism of his ship or his shipmates. She might be "this damned old battle-wagon," in the wardroom; she might be "a workhouse with a tough Old Man," around the Bo's'n's sand-locker at five-thirty on a nasty morning; she might be anything she should not be, inside the family. But once over the side she became the best ship afloat, take on all comers and bar none. That was the state of affairs up to March, 1913.

Upon his induction into office Mr. Josephus Daniels, the present Secretary of the Navy, was as ignorant of the spirit of the service as he was of the meaning of the terms "fighting ship," "readiness for war," or "first line of national defense." It is not hard to understand this ignorance; it is not even hard to forgive it. Mr. Daniels was entirely without experience in life which might fit him to understand any of these things. But there was one thing which he fully understood—politics. Therefore, to him, the Navy was a wonderfully organized machine for vote-getting, and it stood ready for operation by his trained hand. From this point of view, he saw two sets of tools, the officers and the enlisted men, each set quite distinct. Taking first the officer, Mr. Daniels saw him as a man clever enough to get himself educated at the expense of the government. Obviously, the officer, being a grafter, could be exploited in one way or another. Again, the officer, wearing a more or less decorative uniform, was received in good circles of society. What more logical inference than that he was a snob? Finally, since he was constantly changing his station, the officer had but little opportunity to exercise his constitutional right to vote. From which Mr. Daniels argued that he could be insulted with perfect safety. Considering the enlisted man, the new Secretary viewed him as younger on the average, and relatively less well-educated, but ambitious. No doubt he could be easily influenced. Add to this the fact that at the end of an enlistment, many men became, for a time at least, ordinary citizens making regular visits to the polls, and the possibilities of the situation were at once

apparent to a keen political brain. Entirely neglecting psychology, Mr. Daniels started earnestly to work along the lines laid down by his reasoning.

In order that the enlisted men might have no doubts upon their new status, Mr. Daniels visited one of the battleships. Waving away the official quarterdeck reception, prepared according to regulation for the holder of his office, the Secretary hurried forward to the forecastle. Mounting one of the mess-benches, he addressed the amazed crew in some such words as these:

"Boys, I've come to tell you that I am going to run the Navy for you. There won't be any more of this oppression by the officers. Whenever you think that you aren't getting a square deal, just write and tell me all about it. Never mind about any red tape, either—just come straight to me. I'm your best friend, and I know you're mine."

That the head of the Navy should make an announcement so entirely at variance with the regulations of any military or naval organization was a staggering blow to that ship's company. It was perfectly well known that anyone with a grievance, real or fancied, could at any time report it through the proper channels and ask for redress. But to write to the Secretary, or the Department, without reference to one's commanding officer, even if heard of, was universally condemned, forward and aft. It is reported, in this case, that after the departure of the Secretary the Captain, in his turn, addressed the assembled ship's company. It is unlikely that he had occasion to mount a mess-bench, but it is certain that he spoke with that picturesqueness and force of language for which he is not without his reputation. He intimated that no such practice as had been just suggested would be followed on that ship—at least during his incumbency of the captain's cabin.

Unfortunately, the first seeds of discontent and sedition had been sown, the first "white mice" in the Navy had been born.

This incident is fairly typical of hundreds, many of which have been described elsewhere in print. From such beginnings, the uplift work went merrily on. A flood of orders, all more or less impossible of enforcement, all more or less subversive of discipline, emanated from the Secretary's office, in the ensuing years. These were greeted, alow and aloft, with sentiments varying from amused tolerance

to scorn. Among them may be mentioned the orders relative to schools aboard ship for the enlisted men.

Here was something which, properly applied, might have wrought a great good. It had always been a cardinal principle aboard ship that any man of lower rating who wished to study, must be encouraged to apply for text-books or other help to his officers. In a quiet way, no small amount of such work was going forward in the Fleet. The day, however, had not yet been completely divided into study hours. No one had entertained the idea of making such evolutions as coaling ship or target practice depend upon "recess." Yet the plan, in the early days of 1914, was a fetish with Mr. Daniels. When rifles, machine-guns, and even ships' five-inch batteries had been firing for several days into Vera Cruz; when nineteen lives had paid for the Administration's flat refusal to allow the Admiral commanding to conduct a really military operation; when, due to the withdrawal of our ships from Tampico, at the Secretary's, not Admiral Mayo's order, it became necessary to hoist the British ensign on an American yacht to protect American refugees from the fire of Mexican batteries ashore; when all these activities were absorbing the interest of most of the Navy in the Atlantic, many messages were received from Washington. Almost the last of these, when decoded, read: "School and similar exercises may be temporarily suspended."

General Order Number 99—the famous prohibition order—is another sample. Quite apart from the wholly libellous implication that naval officers were all drunkards, the order accomplished nothing in a practical way beyond increasing the officer's living expenses. He could no longer return hospitality, as at that time understood in the United States, aboard ship, but must take his guests to an hotel. The effect of drink upon efficiency had been, in point of fact, negligible. For countless years, the principle of the service had been "up anchor,—in cork!" With the anchor down, it was no great trouble to go ashore for a drink. When one "horrible example" had been dismissed, the Secretary pointed out that this officer had "actually learned to drink in the Navy." This statement of the case can be accepted at its full value, when it is realized that this officer entered the Naval Academy at about fifteen.

A less widely recognized blow at the officer personnel

was attempted by Mr. Daniels through the Naval Academy itself. He proposed to remove the officers on duty as instructors, and to substitute civilians. The reason given out was the inability of the officers to teach. It is not, however, hard to see through this move to secure to his own gift an additional number of nice appointments. With a characteristic desire to cover up his real intent, the Secretary appointed a Board, made up of university presidents and nationally known educators. This Board he assembled in his private office, before its visit to Annapolis. To it, he presented its own conclusion, cut and dried, to be made public after the ostensible " investigation " of the school and its curriculum. Practically, there remained only the mere formality of signing the report.

Fortunately for the Navy, though doubtless somewhat to his own consternation, Mr. Daniels promptly discovered that he had not made his selections with sufficient care. Certain members flatly refused to be dictated to, and visited Annapolis with open minds to make a real investigation of the situation. To them it was at once clear that, at the Naval Academy, more than book-learning was involved. The midshipman must from his first hour begin absorbing the discipline, the traditions, and the spirit of the service. All these would come to him naturally and easily from naval officers. From civilians they would come not at all. Equally apparent was the fact that, while a sprinkling of civilians as instructors was desirable in such special branches as foreign languages, it was vital that the required qualifications be made so high as to lift these posts out of politics. After a protracted fight against the partisan members, these high-minded gentlemen won a victory for the Navy. Indeed, so complete was their defeat of Mr. Daniels' project that it was only after another hard struggle that they were able to force the publication of the Board's report.

In the meantime, it had become clear to the Secretary, early in his first term, that to carry out his idea of belittling the snob, it was necessary for him to seek out the grafters. No other explanation will fit his unceasing efforts to get into the high places those officers whom he could bend to his will. Without in the least giving up his attitude of feeling that no officer of a mere thirty years experience could tell him how to run the Navy, Mr. Daniels was fain to admit that someone must be beside him, to attend to the

details. Accordingly he began to offer choice stations and duties to those upon whom he thought he might depend.

To the average officer of rank, a post of any professional value, combined with a chance for anything approaching home and family life, is regarded as something ardently to be wished for, and hard to get. Duty in Washington, for example. Amid pleasant surroundings here, if anywhere, is the opportunity to get into trial operation by the Fleet some long-cherished plan for controlling the fire of turret-guns, some carefully-studied scheme for the organization of the personnel, or for the operation of machinery. Similarly, posts at navy yards or gun-factories are highly prized. It was such plums as these that the Secretary of the Navy held out, with, of course, no mention of the attached proviso, complete agreement with himself, or failing that, a slavish acquiescence. Many officers accepted these posts which they could hardly refuse. Beginning their work with high hopes, they found themselves, shortly, in the hottest water. From them advice was not sought, was rarely even grudgingly accepted. They were expected to act as messengers, or as copy boys carrying publicity matter to the newsapers. Apart from this, their job was to stand by and applaud Mr. Daniels. The chafing under this system can easily be appreciated. As one after another protested, he was silenced, or sent to some undesirable duty, making room for some one less particular. Admiral Fiske, internationally recognized as an inventor and as a strategist, was forced by the Secretary to resign because he had the courage to tell the truth and keep on telling it. His is a very good case in point. When the attempt was made to fill the Admiral's post of chief adviser (?) to the Secretary every admiral to whom it was offered refused point-blank. Officers who remained on duty in Washington at other posts fought a gallant but generally losing fight. Most of them stayed only to save what they could. Through the fortunate periodic absences of the Secretary, and mainly through the as yet unconquered spirit of the service, the creeping tide of politics was turned back here and there by these devoted souls.

Outside the Department, the personnel situation became more and more grave. The enlisted men, with a judgment so good as to have been long proverbial, early in the game had diagnosed Mr. Daniels' case as aggravated votomania.

For the most part, even those who seemed to profit by his measures disapproved of him and of all his methods.

Old-timers among the men easily recognized the fact that such of their fellows as could reach politicians were, like officers similarly situated, in line for all the good jobs. Merit was nothing—pull everything. So these old-timers, in increasing numbers, failed to re-enlist. The greater proportion of the enlisted personnel became recruits. To these young men the traditions of the Navy meant nothing, and could mean nothing, without second- and third-cruise men to pass on the customs and manners. Reports, recommendations, and protests from naval commanders upon personnel went unheeded, until officers grew tired of writing letters. But there was one plan adopted by the Secretary to keep up a show of enlisted strength which is worthy of remark. This was the reform-school method of treating prisoners.

At naval prisons, such as that at Portsmouth, N. H., men, duly found guilty by court-martial of serious offences, are confined for varying terms. It was to this class that Mr. Daniels, early in his term, turned his attention. Very shortly, these men began to reappear in the service, and aboard ships, when they had completed only small fractions of their sentences. Protests came at once, from many commanding officers. As usual, these availed nothing. It is a matter of written record in the Department that not only were thieves lightly sent back to duty, but that men sentenced to long terms for unspeakable crimes against society were released among decent bluejackets. Recent attempts to investigate these matters have been defeated, largely by spiriting away witnesses, but the facts remain. The effect upon the Navy was not long ago brought out by Captain Joseph Taussig. This officer will be remembered as the commander of the first American destroyer division to reach British waters in 1917, and as replying to the question of probable readiness for duty off the Irish coast with the remark: "We're ready now!" Captain Taussig was not allowed the Court of Inquiry which he requested, but he has had the satisfaction of indignantly refusing a "good job for keeping his mouth shut."

Under the growing weight of acts and incidents such as those described, officers and men became disgusted and discouraged. As the inevitable result, talk began every-

where, in all grades, on all ships. And wherever, in a gathering, criticism was not unanimously bitter, suspicion of brother officers was born. Distrust of seniors grew up with loss of confidence in subordinates. No one could be sure that his neighbor, unless an intimate, was not a tale-bearer. Let an officer be ordered to any good post, he was certain to be labelled by someone as a protégé of the Secretary's. Energy and ambition went the way of initiative. The service attitude became one of trying to keep out of trouble, of waiting with what patience one could muster for a new régime. When the United States finally decided to enter the World War, the Navy shook itself out of its lethargy. Notwithstanding the general knowledge of national unpreparedness, the chance for active service made the prospect bright. It was argued that, in the face of actual war, many of the petty annoyances would disappear, making the redemption of the Navy possible.

However, it shortly became evident that politics still held most of the high cards in the game, as the great expansion of the Navy began. This step, long foreseen and urgently recommended by many officers, had been persistently neglected by the pacifist Administration. It is very doubtful whether it can be shown that one five-cent piece was ever spent for men, ships, munitions, or any other preparation against possible war, at the instigation of Mr. Daniels. Consequently, the enormous work which became inevitable in the first months of 1917 was hurriedly and imperfectly got under way. Immense sums were spent where smaller amounts, applied earlier, would have sufficed. And in the addition of great numbers of temporary officers, many mistakes were made, much injustice was done. So far as the Secretary was interested, his anxiety appears to have been directed toward providing for all the young men whose chief professional qualification was the right political view. He took just as good care of those, among the countless hundreds enlisting, whose names were presented to him by members of Congress or other vote-producers. Thus fine duty and promotion were made easy for reserve stay-at-homes while those on active service abroad, having only the recommendations of their commanding officers, could be safely disregarded. Taking into consideration the amount of major and minor politics involved in the formation of the Reserve, the splendid

record made by that body, a record ungrudgingly acclaimed by the regular service, is nothing less than extraordinary.

There is a wide-spread current of feeling in the country that Mr. Daniels, through the general performance of his Department during the war, has redeemed himself. It should be distinctly understood that no credit whatever is really due to the Secretary. Whatever of honor and distinction belongs to the Navy is the Navy's own. Practically every military step was taken only after a hard-fought battle between "win the war" and "get the votes."

Captain Leigh Palmer, then acting Rear-Admiral, was by a stroke of good fortune, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, a Bureau second to none in importance. This able officer, on his own responsibility, carried on recruiting after being told to stop it; started training-schools for officers; authorized the spending of necessary money even before it had been appropriated by Congress; and carried opposition to the Secretary's whims to the point of direct disobedience of orders. In a hundred ways Admiral Palmer fearlessly braved the wrathful censure of Mr. Daniels and daily risked his very commission in a service as yet quite unappreciated by the nation. In all of his work, he was assisted, in the Department, by a host of officers too numerous to mention, but well known to the service.

The Navy afloat, on this side of the Atlantic, began and carried on its tasks under the same inspiration. Chief among these tasks was the thankless one of training thousands of raw recruits for duty overseas. Officers of many years experience ate out their hearts in longing for service in Europe while spending hours in unproductive patrolling off our own coast. Time after time they touched the edge of the war-zone, when escorting transports, only to turn back again. Concerning the success of the "Atlantic Ferry," the carrying of millions of soldiers by the Naval Overseas Transport Service, many speeches have been made. But the country probably does not even know the names of Captain Byron Long and ex-Commander Charles Belknap. These officers, the one in London, the other in Washington, were the active working heads whose days and nights were spent in study over this huge piece of work. Neither was selected for the duty by Mr. Daniels, but the high efficiency of both has been credited to his account.

Admiral Sims, in supreme command of the Navy in

Europe and first selected for the post by the Assistant Secretary, is a figure well known in America. Yet it does not seem to be realized, even now, that the Admiral accomplished much more than the mere building up of an efficient fighting force. As an American of the type of Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt he engendered and fostered, throughout all classes and countries of Europe, a strong liking and a great respect for America. In all his great work he was not ardently supported by the Secretary. Upon the contrary, he was often opposed, frequently thwarted. Many of his recommendations, made as the responsible commander, were absolutely ignored. Most of the backing he got was cabled or mailed to him while the Secretary's back was turned. If submitted to the Secretary, the matter in hand, very likely of vital moment, had to be weighed in the political balance and was apt to be pigeon-holed among rough drafts of campaign speeches. Toward the end of his service in Europe, the Admiral was actually forced to write the Department that he could not perform his duty to his country unless treated with confidence, unless informed of the national policy! For the success of the Admiral, Mr. Daniels accepted the kudos, with the utmost blandness. Quite as readily, he later launched an outrageously spiteful personal attack upon the gallant officer. Admiral Sims can afford to keep silent and to stand upon his record. But the country cannot afford to hesitate in repudiating the attack upon his honor as an officer and a gentleman.

With the close of hostilities, Mr. Daniels's main object became a rapid demobilization. In sending home enlisted men, the political pets naturally came first. This was as evident as it had been in every move before and during the war. But enlistments were very complicated. Before war had been declared, many young men had enlisted for the four-year period, " duration of the war " being a term not then in use. These young men held the enthusiastic belief that war was inevitable. After the declaration, a number of Congressional acts covered various classes of enlistments. It followed that, to meet the situation from the point of view of the Secretary, to provide for all the " constituents," many demobilization orders had to be sent forth to the service. Under these rulings, it shortly became possible for any man to secure his discharge upon one ground or

another. Dozens were, and still are, discharged "by special order of the Secretary of the Navy," upon the mere request of some one with sufficient political influence. The thousands of men thus lost to the service included great numbers who profited by special rulings made for their shipmates. With shipping-board and other lucrative positions open to them, with "business depression" a vague chimera of the distant future, it is not surprising that men of all ratings took advantage of the opportunities for discharge, or, failing any excuse, simply "jumped ship."

Protests by naval commanders met with their usual reception. The inestimably valuable war-training was thrown overboard, regardless. No attention was paid to the obvious fact that with the glamour of war rubbed off, replacements would be impossible. The equally obvious effect upon millions of dollars worth of material was likewise ignored. "Get my heroes home" was the cry of Mr. Daniels. Naval officers had not been permitted properly to prepare the Navy for war. They had as little to say in preparing it for peace.

To appreciate the result of too-rapid demobilization, one has but to visit any navy yard. This will prove a distressing—more, an alarming experience. At first sight, a very forest of masts and spars may be inspiring. But a little closer approach will bring out the fact that the majority of the ships fly no colors, that no soul moves about their decks. To all intents and purposes they are the dead shells of once living entities. Such few as may still be in commission will be found undermanned in mere numbers, woefully inadequate in trained personnel. This includes all classes of vessels, notably battleships, submarines, and destroyers. In the fall of 1919 only two battleships, the *Delaware* and the *North Dakota,* were considered by naval commanders as even fairly fit for service. Today it is a freely discussed question whether the flagship *Pennsylvania* and her sisters of the Atlantic Fleet, with their shortages and their green crews, can safely leave the docks for anything more than short cruises along the coast. The battleships attending the San Francisco Convention are in little better case. Among a number of submarines based upon Newport there will be found about enough trained men to man one boat. The last war was fought, on the sea, largely by destroyers. In a flotilla of more than three hundred of

these vessels it is now possible to keep in active operation eighteen on each coast. Any personnel that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen for destroyers, in excess of the needs of the thirty-six boats in full commission, will be spread in a pitifully thin layer over the remainder. Quite unable to operate, the Reserve Squadrons have been gathered in the back waters of several navy yards. From time to time, new vessels, fresh from the hands of the builders, will be added to these potential scrap-heaps. A modern destroyer costs about a million and a half. It takes men, and trained men, merely to lay up her machinery in grease and tallow. Practically speaking, there are no such men left in the Navy.

Officers and men grown gray in the service look with breaking hearts upon its disintegration. They have watched their valiant efforts to save the situation brought to nothing. They have seen preferment offered to, and alas! accepted by, a scattered few of their brothers and shipmates who could not keep loyalty to service and country above something that passes as loyalty to an individual They have seen merit and initiative pretty well crushed. They have seen "Department General and Special Orders," once documents respected by all hands, come down to convenient, though somewhat stiff, shaving papers. Because of their interpretation of the ethics of "complaining," because families must be supported, most of the officers have said nothing publicly. A few, like Admiral Fiske, have raised their voices. The course set by Admiral Sims has been courageously followed by Admirals Grant, Plunkett, and Decker, by Captains Palmer, Taussig, and Laning, and by a few others. The efforts of these officers have been opposed by gag rules, by politics, and chiefly by national apathy in the matter, so successfully as to dishearten the Navy as a whole. But it would take long searching to find one officer or man who could, in honesty, refuse to subscribe to what has been said here.

Mr. Daniels found the Navy in good material condition, manned by a strong, self-respecting personnel, animated from end to end by a fine spirit and a high purpose.

Mr. Daniels, after seven years in office, will leave the Navy a battered hulk which it will take years of careful repairing to make seaworthy.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL.

THE NEW POOR AND THE OLD

BY JOHN CORBIN

WE hear much of "the new poor." The people to whom the name applies apparently rejoice in it. Their other name of middle class runs counter to one of our most tenderly cherished illusions, that in America there are no classes. It rubs painfully upon sensibilities that have been acute ever since Matthew Arnold psychologised the dulness of the middle-class mind and denounced the middle-class worship of a barren respectability. "New poor," exhibits one in a light that is dignified, martyrlike; the respectable temperament basks in it.

Of late, however, many of the middle class have ceased to be, in the Victorian sense, middle class. There are millions among our brainworking multitudes whom the epithet fills not with shame but with silent rage. The new poverty is a counter irritant so keen that they no longer feel galled by the old name. They even talk of a Middle-class Union. They have ceased to be class sensitive and have become class conscious. Yet if you ask them precisely what is this middle class which they champion—what are its rights and duties in relation to the other classes—they are inarticulate. They know that when a strike shuts down basic industries or ties up public utilities they have become strikebreakers, and will do so again. That is something; but on the long road which the class is destined to go it is only the first step. Not one white-collar man in ten thousand can visualize his class beyond that detail of the white collar. If any economist or publicist has charted its force lines, his light is beneath a bushel.

By far the best essay is this direction, which is no less excellent because it is the only one that has achieved publicity, is not an essay at all but fiction—unless indeed it is what it purports to be, autobiography. It is called *One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to*

America. It does not so much discuss the middle class as dramatize it, yet it is all the more suggestive and illuminating. Written from the point of view of the respectable brain worker, it is so far from championing his cause that it scorns and abominates the middle class and glorifies the life of the manual worker. Though it was published four years before the war, the war has only intensified its message and given it a new twist that must make the author, if he thinks clearly and to the finish, sit up and rub his eyes. Let us follow it in brief outline.

William Carleton was a clerk—a native American of Revolutionary stock and like most of his kind an instinctive individualist. Beginning at five dollars a week he rose till he received twenty-five. With every increase he found new needs, for in the best sense of the word he was ambitious. He dressed neatly and well, bought magazines and belonged to a book club. Not to do so was to fall beneath the standards of his kind. Neither he nor his neighbors saved. Present needs were too pressing. And what use had they for capital? At most they aspired to rise to a managerial position—and salary. When Carleton married, his pay was increased to thirty dollars and he took a small suburban cottage.

Marriage found him still a middle class individualist; but it enlarged his ego and refined it. Unpretentiously as the narrative unfolds, it reveals a picture of conjugal happiness full of sweetness and nobility, of normal intelligence and normal ambition. Mrs. Carleton did cooking and house-work, eagerly and happily. But she had a woman's need of her kind, and so they were led into expense for entertainment. There was a child, and both parents skimped to make him feel at ease with the children of the neighborhood—most of whose parents were similarly skimping. Hard as they both toiled, they gave the boy no work beyond his schooling, and "thought him doomed" if they should fail to send him through college and start him in business for himself. Both would have been glad of more children; but as things stood they were scarcely able to pay the bills. Then the heavens fell. Carleton's assistant was in love, and in order to marry offered to do the work of both for a single salary—a document in middle-class solidarity! So Carleton lost his job. He was now thirty-eight and the world of respectable

clerkdom was overcrowded. He could not find another position.

His attitude toward his neighbors in this crisis is full of the gall of bitterness. As well as Carleton could, he concealed his misfortune. He would not ask his friends for help—what had they to give? He could not even count upon their sympathy. The poor help the poor in misfortune and the rich the rich; but in the middle class they let the stricken deer go weep. In their hearts his neighbors would despise him for his failure, triumph over his fall from the world of respectables—though all knew inwardly that they themselves trembled above the same abyss.

The middle class as Carleton pictures it is a world of high personal virtues, high personal aspirations. With an added touch of social sympathy, of collective imagination and the spirit of a common cause, it would be a world of all that is ideal in citizenship. But, lacking this, it is a world of narrow individualists, of egoists whose only inspiration from without is in matters of external form. From such a combination only one thing can result—universal anguish of spirit. The chapter in which these things appear is called, most appropriately, The Middle-Class Hell.

And then the heavens opened. There was a man, Murphy, who did odd chores in the neighborhood and tended furnaces. Murphy, it appeared, had saved, and had invested his savings in a new slum tenement. And there was also the owner of a bootblacking emporium, Pasquale, who was even more prosperous. How had they got on? By being beautifully free from the standards of respectability. They were immigrants, as Carleton's forebears had been—or so it seemed to Carleton. Why should he not likewise "emigrate to America," and likewise prosper? He took a four-room flat in Murphy's tenement and went to digging in the subway. According to post-bellum standards his pay was incredibly small—nine dollars a week. But it was enough.

The work was hard for his middle-class body, and the life devoid of the outward decencies which he instinctively valued. But from the first he put away one dollar on every Saturday night. If his pay was small, so also were the prices of what he had to buy. Presently his son, inspired by the atmosphere of sound living, began selling papers

and added four dollars a week to the family income without neglecting school. Such were Carleton's beginnings as a capitalist. Very soon, with his trained mind and his knowledge of business, he saw the short cut to advancement. He learned the language of his fellow workers, studied their character and how to get most work out of them; and so he rose to be foreman. In a night school he mastered the trade of mason. When his savings amounted to a few hundred dollars, he put in his bid for a contract. and got it. From that day he was a capitalist employer and when the narrative closed his business gave promise of becoming "big."

That is only half the story. His life and that of his wife and son were broader, freer, healthier and more truly cultivated than it had ever been in his respectably esthetic and sport-loving suburb. Instead of his country club there were public salt baths, the quasi-public gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A., and public playgrounds. Public night schools and summer schools furnished instruction in all the trades; philanthropic settlements and the like afforded lectures, books, chamber music, even drama and the opera. "Shakespeare and Beethoven, Maeterlinck and Mascagni" ceased to be reading club names and became living artistic personalities. In the crowded middle class, sickness had brought ruinous expense and had threatened the loss of position and salary. Here new work was to be had any day, and the charity hospitals gave bedding and food, and attendance of both doctor and nurse, which for all practical purposes were as good as money could buy. If babies came there was the public lying-in hospital. They came and great was the joy thereof. Politics looms large in the life of the laboring man. With his knowledge of men and affairs, Carleton rose to be a leader in his district. And the necessary expense of his entire existence continued to be eight dollars a week.

To the superficial view it is, as the author intends, an inspiring narrative—a strong man's tonic; and as a description of actual conditions it is unimpeachable. Yet from the post-bellum point of view there is a blind-spot in its outlook, and a big one.

Carleton was not an immigrant, nor were his abilities merely those of the common laborer. In a few months he rose through strata in which most men spend a lifetime—

that of the Italian or Irish workman; that of the skilled American craftsman; that of the able and intelligent foreman; that of the petty contractor. His rise was the result of two facts, strangely and ironically contrasted. He was of middle-class stock with a middle-class character and a mind educated and trained to brain labor; and, being such, fate threw him in the way of privileges that are beyond the sphere of Americans born and bred but are lavished upon the ignorant alien. And the American author lauds this dispensation, pouring the vials of scorn upon the American middle class.

Who pays for the opportunities that the slums opened up to him? That is the crucial question. According to Carleton, it was "the independently well-to-do American class, who had partly made and partly inherited their fortunes"—philanthropic capitalists, in short. As ward politician he had begun to fall for the doctrines of the proletarian socialists; but his gratitude for these doles of charity "checked such wild thinking."

Could any thinking be as wild as that which centered Carleton's gratitude upon the capitalistic philanthropist, estimable though he may be? Only a small part of the benefactions to the poor are paid for by voluntary contribution. Public parks, play grounds and baths, night schools, trade schools and many hospitals, are supported by the city. The cost falls directly upon all who pay rent and taxes—largely upon the middle class.

But neither philanthropy nor taxes are the mainstay and support of this "America" of the slums. That lies in the relatively high wages that prevail there. Even before the war a high school education and a lifetime of brain labor brought Carleton less than he commanded as a bricklayer after a brief course in the night school. Today the disparity has been doubled and doubled again. The wrong goes far deeper than this. Manual labor is the chief item in the cost of any commodity. The well-known high cost of living is, for the most part, only high wages come home to roost. When wages are raised and raised again the capitalist survives by passing the buck to the consumer. To meet the increased prices, the wage earner has his increased wages. But middle class folk, who cannot pass the buck and whose salaries remain relatively stationary, are crushed lower and lower in the scale of living. In the

increased wages of manual labor, far more than in taxes, the middle class pays for the opportunities of those who were once called the poor. In escaping from the middle-class hell to the Utopia of the slums, in short, Carleton received freely the benefactions which he had always paid for and never before enjoyed.

Illogical, sardonic, preposterous as the predicament of the middle class has always been, it was rendered acute by the war—so acute that the publicist is beginning to take note of it, though not as a class phenomenon. In a war-time letter to the *New York Times,* Henry Fairfield Osborne described a typical instance, that of a trained scientist:

> A man of very limited income, through years of close economy and saving, has finally gotten together enough money to buy a small piece of land and build a house on it—a home for his wife and children. This involved the assistance of a building and loan company and of the local banks; but after years of effort these loans have been paid off. Owing to the increased cost of living, his small professional income is entirely inadequate; he is now obliged to deprive himself and his family of some of the necessaries of life. Now the state and city come in and put on his house, home and income a heavy tax, which amounts to more than one-tenth of his total income. This tax is partly used to give free education to aliens resident in his community. The money which these people should spend for the education of their children, under a system of enforced taxation for educational purposes, they are hoarding to send over to Europe. They are not obliged either to become citizens or to pay taxes, but the schools and all the other free advantages of the American system are wide open to them—free hospitals, free dispensaries, free day nurseries, free baths, free public lectures, free music—all of which they accept without giving any corresponding return to the community in which they live, or feeling any responsibility in its government.

Though Professor Osborne has "devoted the last quarter of a century to free education" he has come to believe that it "is greatly overdone" and urges that the laboring man be made to pay his share toward what he gets. The thing that is "gained without cost" is "accepted without gratitude."

Note that though Professor Orborne starts out as a champion of the professional brain worker his only constructive idea has reference to people of the slums. He wants to make them "feel responsible" for the government — a government that deprives its oldest and best of the national largess in order to lavish it upon the immigrant day laborer. It is a responsibility which the immigrant might

shrewdly disclaim — and generally does disclaim, together with any possible notion of gratitude.

For us others the time has come when we can no longer disclaim responsibility — or, in fact, conceal our resentment. What then are the economic and social force lines which "Carleton" so grotesquely misconceived? What, in particular, is the situation as regards the old poor and the new? It is a wide field of inquiry, much neglected and overgrown with weeds of traditional fallacy and popular misconception. Yet the essential facts are fairly obvious, once they are stated.

In the modern world, it has been said, there are three great religions: Capitalism, Trade Unionism and Socialism. The epigram is rude, but it has a certain force. Not the least claim upon attention is the fact that it credits the middle class with no religion — not because they have no great, informing passion of the spirit, though that is the fact, but because as usual they are forgotten. Yet a brief survey of the other classes in their modern relations will suggest, perhaps, that a religion is soon to be born to the middle class, a greater religion which is the product of the other three.

Capitalism and trade unionism are natively American, sprung from our racial inheritance and spontaneously developed here. If we are unaware of their religious quality it is because they are instinctive, intimately pervading all our thought and all our living — a thing which our acknowledged religions conspicuously fail to do. Capitalism is, for the time being, on the defensive. It is not merely that labor is in the ascendant. The fiasco of the Interchurch World drive, together with the disturbing revelations of the Steel-Strike report, showed that capital has lost touch even with our ministers — whose own hard lives under the current régime have inclined them to that stripe of radicalism which champions the old poor. But let us not deceive ourselves! Capitalism is still our one great national religion, the thing that has led our country forward in so far as it has progressed.

Trade unionism is the religion of the skilled as opposed to the unskilled workman, the organized craftsman as opposed to the mainly unorganized day laborer. In its social outlook, and especially in its callous or unthinking conduct toward the middle class, it has been as self-cen-

tered and domineering as capital ever was. When the Allied cause was concretely put up to it, it proved, like capital, adequately patriotic — at its own price. Quite as much as capital, it prospered through the war. Yet it is probably less powerful and sound than a casual view might indicate. Time was when the trade unionist dreamed of the good of his craft, of unionism in general, for which he was willing to pour out his savings like water, to suffer hunger and bring deprivation upon those he loved. Then his "religion" was in its prime. But with some four millions of men enrolled or affiliated under the American Federation of Labor, mainly prosperous and advancing and with tens of millions of dollars in its treasuries, his fighting edge is dulled. He has much to lose in open war and much to gain by peace. Many or most of the strikes of 1919-20 were "outlaws," called by radicals in defiance of the great Federation leaders. The steel strike was reluctantly authorized under pressure of the radical element and received support which was only half-hearted, in spite of Mr. Gompers' fulminations. The railway Brotherhoods have been especially strong for peace and prosperity. There is a legend that the president of one of them started up in bed one night with beads of sweat on his brow—he had dreamed that his men had forced him to call a strike.

The truth is that the trade unionist is the stable aristocrat in the world of labor, having his own home and bank account and often wages that rise above the salaries of college professors — even of many State Governors. The Federation leaders rage against the "tyranny" of capital and shout that "the toilers" never, never, shall be slaves; but their actual deeds, and all their more measured utterances, show that they are guided, quite as much as the captain of industry is guided, by the prevailing economic theory. Both trade unionist and capitalist are true Americans whose daily prayer is for business as usual.

The trade unionist is equally menaced, moreover, by the rising tide of radicalism. The Federation originated among skilled workmen, who were organized along the lines of their separate trades—blacksmiths, foundrymen, machinists, etc.—and who held in common contempt the ignorant, unskilled workman; but it has of late witnessed the rise, and listened to the claim, of the new "industrial" type of union. This ignores all lines of trade or craft in

order to unite each industry as a unit — including with a minority of skilled workers the vast majority of the unskilled. When the Federation launched the steel strike it had to work through twenty-four different "international" unions, each of them having local units in the steel industry, and furthermore it had to organize the vast army of the unskilled. The lethargy, parsimony and jurisdictional bickerings of officers not directly interested in the steel workers were largely responsible for the failure of the strike. If the steel trade had been organized on the "industrial" plan, as a single autonomous unit, the strike would have paralysed the industry at a blow and would have been fought out under united leadership—and finances. Now the rank and file of industrial workers, who are generally ignorant and often foreigners, are putty in the hands of the able organizers of revolution—which is why Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants oppose the industrial type of union. Before the war many of these radical leaders—call them I. W. W.'s, Syndicalists, Bolshevists or National Guildsmen, as you will—became discouraged with the futility of their separate and rival movements and announced a policy of "boring from within" the Federation — which was already dangerously honeycombed with Socialism. If one can credit the purpose which they announced, as in W. Z. Foster's *Syndicalism,* they intend to organize all basic industries on the new "democratic" plan, gain control of the fabulously rich treasuries of the Federation, and so work the great and final revolution of which they dream.

Thus a cycle of growth is closing. In its origin the Federation was a revolt against the unskilled workman — specifically the Knights of Labor, the sensational but momentary power of which was based upon the shifting sands of the laboring class as a whole. Today the unskilled, rapidly organizing by the units of industry and led by first-class fighting men, are threatening the old-time craftsmen of the Federation with a struggle for domination.

Every year is giving new evidence of their power. The steel strike, the soft coal strike, the New York port strikes and the outlaw railway strike of 1919-20 were technically failures; but they are not accounted failures by their leaders. Paradoxical as it may seem, these men find a greater profit in defeat than in victory — provided only that beneath each uprising there is a substantial grievance.

"Thank God," one of them exclaimed, "the strikes are coming thick — and unsuccessful!" The laborer who fights to redress a real grievance, suffers hunger and privation, and in the end creeps back to work defeated, is the prime material out of which revolutionists are made. When the time comes — if it does come — they may be relied upon to shut down basic industries, tie up public utilities, and so freeze us and starve us into doing their will. Nor is there lacking a programme for the revolutionary reconstruction of the nation. At the annual meeting of the Federation at Montreal in 1920, the radicals proposed a resolution in favor of the public ownership and "democratic operation" of the railways. Though the name of the Plumb Plan was not used, the principle is the same, deriving from English Guild Socialism — the latest and by far the most workable form which the Marxian doctrine has assumed. Incidentally it is, in general, the form of Socialism which the Bolshevists profess as their end — the dictatorship of the proletariat being proclaimed as an unfortunate but necessary transition to the true "industrial democracy." At Montreal Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants fought the Guildsmen to the last ditch, but were overwhelmingly defeated.

All that separates us from the total reconstruction of our industrial and economic fabric, and of society as a whole, is the difference between declaring a programme and achieving it. The distance is not as wide as it may seem. Even if the inflammatory project of the borers from within should fail — and the decisive test is still to come — the dominant majority of the Federation are Guildsmen. In the great industrial unions the rank and file are of a dangerous type — men largely of a different race from the "old" North European immigration that brought us the founders of the Federation. They have very little sympathy with our instincts, and no true sense of our institutions— except as they feel the pinch of them. Yet under our democratic theory day laborers are our equals, and under our political practice they may outvote us, imposing upon us what we perforce must recognize as the sovereign will.

Against them are arrayed only two thoroughly class-conscious forces, old-school trade unionism and capitalism. And these, though their ideas and interests are essentially at one, have traditionally engaged in bitter warfare. Neither is able to break a general strike, nor could they do so if

they combined. They are equally powerless to command a majority at the polls. There are only two forces, that is unless a third force should join with them — the force of what we vaguely know as the middle class. In its lethargic and justly despised past it has been conservative voting, joining with capital and the old-school Federationist to maintain the established order. But it is no longer lethargic, nor safely to be despised. It is rapidly becoming class conscious — which is to say that, as between the radicals and the conservatives, it easily holds the balance of power. Potentially it is the greatest fighting force in the nation.

On which side will the middle class ultimately array itself? There are two divergent tendencies. Already the new poor are honeycombed with socialism and they are beginning to be organized on a trade union basis. Strong bodies of school teachers, musicians, actors are affiliated with the unions of manual laborers, and subject to the authority of the Federation leaders. Among college professors and ministers, the radical tendency is stronger than many of us realize — a radicalism that is blind to its own class interest. The Interchurch World report on the steel strike, though made by a committee including three Bishops, is a demonstrably partisan document, arraigning the Company for conditions which, though damaging enough, are only in part of its own making, and sophisticating or positively misrepresenting the radical aims of the strike leaders. Though these clergymen were engaged in a "drive" to relieve their own bitter poverty, they wrecked it by stepping aside for a partisan crusade in behalf of the old poor—most of whom have long received wages higher than the salaries of all but the most highly paid ministers.

The contrary tendency is that of the men who broke the coal strike in Kansas, the outlaw railway strike in the East. And with these we may ultimately find reason to include a quasi-middle-class element, also economically put upon by labor, the farmers. Instinctively these men realize that their own good, and the good of the nation, requires that they shall resist the threatened dominance of the radical. Decidedly, they are not of a mind to go down into the slums with Carleton in order to reclaim their own. They demand that life shall be made possible in the sphere to which they were born; they demand that it shall afford to them, to their children and to their children's children,

wholesome food and clothing, an inspiring social life and an education enabling them, when they are fit, to live onward and upward as their forefathers did. Are they not right? Is it not true that only thus can the character and brain force of the American people be continued? Instead of lavishing our resources upon the old poor, in the name of democratic equality, is it not wiser to grant a practical inequality and open up the opportunities of American life to those best able to give the nation an adequate return?

Is it a fact, either practically or theoretically, that all men are created equal? Ever since 1776 the question has been raised. John Fiske declared that no sound mentality was ever perplexed by it. But that was before we had extended its application from the loquacious forum of politics to the armed camp of industry, before the old immigration from the north of Europe had given way to the new immigration from the east and south. As applied to industry, the logical culmination of the doctrine of equality is, and can only be, Guild Socialism. All workmen would have an equal right to elect their foremen — and all others in authority up to those who control capital and invent new processes. Our incomparably efficient and productive corporations would be ruled, as our municipalities and our States and our national government are ruled, not by experts, free-handed and self-made, but by a party system and partisan leaders who hold their own intelligence and patriotic fervor firmly in leash while they prostrate their long and pliant ears to the ground. If our basic industries were as crudely conducted as our political state—think of it! That is the menace of Guild Socialism, and under the doctrine of industrial equality there is no other possible eventuality — unless, indeed, Guild Socialism should develop over night, as in Russia, into the most hideous of all tyrannies. Is it not time that we searched a little more diligently for whatever truth there may be — and falsehood—in the phrase of Jefferson?

In the century and a half since he declared a universal equality as the principle for which our forefathers were in rebellion, we have produced many men of the stamp of our first "philosopher statesman," but only one man who has rivaled Jefferson in scope and influence. The entire solution of our problem is contained, as the oak in the acorn, in a single sentence of Woodrow Wilson. In his campaign

of 1912, speaking of the problem of Chinese and Japanese immigration, he declared that he stood for the policy of exclusion. His reason was the familiar and conclusive reason, that the Oriental laborer can always, as Lafcadio Hearn expressed it, "underlive" the American, and so either fatally lower his economic and social standards or deprive him eventually of his birthright. "The success of free democratic institutions demands of our people education, intelligence and patriotism; and the State should protect them against unjust and impossible competition. Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen."

The saying is stupendously, though perhaps unconsciously, significant. In order that men shall be economically and politically equal, they must be equal in fact. Those who are not equal in fact must be excluded from the country. *Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen!* All men are created equal, in short, excepting only when they happen to be unequal. Following out the logic of the phrase, might we not discriminate against "unequal" men of any race or color, even excluding them from the franchise? Does the South need any other warrant for its treatment of the negro? In brief, we have another of those gigantically self-revealing phrases — which reveal a self so different from the one intended. A bright, new, shiny idea has been caught for a moment in the filmy mesh of a phrase — but escapes before it can be woven into the durable fabric of thought. John Fiske had a sense of humor; surely his ghost must be laughing — at himself and at one other.

Let us not be rudely hilarious. Every true American knows in his heart that there is a deep thought, a high aspiration, in our racial doctrine of equality. None the less, when it comes to a concrete predicament, whether of Chinese cheap labor or of social revolution, every true American, whatever the chaos of his thinking, feels as Woodrow Wilson felt. We cannot permit the ignorant alien, whose ways are not our ways and whose God is not our God, to underlive us and outvote us. Somewhere and somehow there is a principle above equality. Until we find out what it is, and how it is to be reconciled with the spirit of our republic, we shall have no defense of reason against those who with "Carleton" laud the abasement of true-born Americans in behalf of the old poor.

JOHN CORBIN.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

BERGDOLL "got what was coming to him," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in an editorial and straightway apologized for the phrase. Unnecessary! The phrase was good English, good newspaper English. John Dewey is a philosopher foremost in our day. Few living, I think none, have more affected teaching for the better. The world of thought is his debtor; not the world of action. In his last article he says of the war:—"Most of the talk about justice and self-determination was bunk." He would not and should not apologize over the last word; though the future may challenge his utterance. A prophet is not without wisdom, save in his own time.

Over the use of "bunk" in an editorial many a good leader-writer would have a creepy distrust. We shun crisp diction, fresh from the people. So all speech began. When a tongue ceases to spawn new words, fresh phrases, novel images, thought and progress stop also. Keats added over one hundred and fifty new words to the vocabulary of verse. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and its sequel "Lewis Carroll" (Charles L. Dodgson) added at least two-score. These are of imagination all compact. New thought; new words. The closer to daily life and speech is the writer's pen or the click of the type-writer keys, the more active, the more efficient, the more effective is the utterance of the writer and the life of the people. So long as accepted and acceptable writing accepts and shares the daily changes of the vocabulary of the market-place; so long as both live and move and have their being in the sun of passion, action and achievement, the more lasting, pungent and penetrating is the literature of the period.

The reverse has been but too often tried. We know through human experience long and wide what comes to

land and people when the writer's pen separates from the speech of the soil and of the current day. These fossils of literature are built into the dead annals of the history of many lands and letters also. They exist at the present time in the mummied tongues of today.

Invasion or isolation, new contacts with foreign trade or internal development bring into being at some spot a new language. Shock or struggle within or without, the inspiration of a new faith or a new civilization straightway add one more to the world's literature. Happy he who writes in a tongue untouched, with diction unused and words unsullied, with the bloom and sharp edge of fresh-minted coin. Out of these conditions came Mohammed's *Koran* fount and foundation of a new faith and a new literature in a new tongue, in which before, no one had said anything save seven short poems, as long as *Lycidas* or *Venus and Adonis*. The best of the *Koran* matches any creative work in the same field, the field of Job, Hebrew prophecy and Psalms at their best. This one book, two-thirds as large as the New Testament, created a new religion, a new code, a new philosophy of thought and action, a new empire, new history, unto this present hour.

"God gave the book to those who love Him," said Mohammed. So of all great letters and so of the newspaper daily, dear in making and reading to those who desire morning and evening to know the day's divine event, newly made. But all the varied *mélange* of the *Koran,* lofty verse, philosophy, legislation, folk-lore, tales of the market, legends, Rabbinical and Christian, half understood, these for all the centuries to come were made the sole, sufficient and final guide in Arabic on words, meanings, phrasing, sentencing, locutions, paradigms, syntax and rhetoric. All writers, save the happy "large few stars" that create a new literature, are oppressed with authority as to words, sentences, subjects and method. We are always looking back instead of forward to see how the man who is dead did it. Writers carry through life the uneasy consciousness that somewhere, somewhen, somehow, there is a formula. Authority and precedent have their value to society. Even there, they do harm. To the writer, they are fatal. A school of journalism swarms with young men and women who expect to be shown how to write. It is the business of the school to fill them with knowledge, to

inspire them with principle, to force them to read the great in letters and then put the young cubs on the trail of news and opinion with technical knowledge of "editing" broadly considered. The only thing certain about the best "newspaper story" of yesterday is that it is not the best way for tomorrow. It is easy in teaching writing to correct grammar, point out solecisms, misused words, an awkward construction, an ill arrangement; but how to write well and effectively, a man must learn for himself by endless toil, with now and then a hint as to a happy phrase by one who writes better. Style is half imitation, half creation.

The open proof of this is the gigantic experiment of the Arab and Moslem world in taking a work, great in the higher arts of expression in prose and verse, which remade half the old Roman world and created anew in religion, in philosophy, in rule, in architecture, in all the decorative arts and in twelve centuries of history, and making the usage of this book the rule of the writer for all time in Arabic and in associated tongues, like Persian and Turkish. Those who adventure on prose or in verse in any of these tongues, but most of all in Arabic are profoundly influenced and controlled by the inexorable tradition and standard of the *Koran* and the *Seven Poems* I have mentioned, the *Moallakat* and in general by the words and usage of the Prophet and the first century after him.

The spoken tongue of Arabic went the way of all the languages of the earth. It developed racy and idiomatic dialects. They differed in pronunciation, but less than most off-shoots from a central tongue. They are often cited as mutually incomprehensible to each other. This is an error. I have talked with men speaking these dialects from the Tigris to the Atlantic, from the flank of the South slope of the Taurus to Yemen in South Arabia.

These Arab dialects have a charming folk-lore and folk-song. They have their verse and their prose. They have absorbed foreign words. They have modified paradigm and syntax. They meet all the needs of the common day. But no one accepts these tongues for literature. If one is to write verse that commands attention and gives him a place in letters, he turns to the Arabic of thirteen centuries ago. If he writes prose, he must turn to the ancient vocabulary of the past. All that has come to the tongue since

that period must be excluded. Even an editorial in a daily Arabic paper is apt to use the diction of the past.

So our Hellenic friends have deprived the plain man and woman in Greece of the reading of the New Testament in a tongue understanded of the people by making it a penal offence to sell or give away a copy of the New Testament in Romaic or modern Greek, because ancient Greek is the tongue of Greece. Nothing must be done to break this fiction. Greek editors and Greek authors painfully use in its old form a tongue that has gone through a thousand years of change. More ancient Greek words are used now, more ancient forms; but the practical result is that Greece has two tongues, one used by the educated, modelled on a dead language and the tongue used by the great mass as their day by day speech.

In a reverse effort Spanish literature has tried to impose on Catalonia the classic Castilian, the tongue of Cervantes and Ibanez, with a similar dislocation between the language of books and the speech of daily life. In Greece a strong party fights for Romaic, Modern Greek, and are held traitors to Hellenic tradition just as the Catalans, who have revived the use in letters of an ancient and effective tongue, are stigmatized as secessionists, false to the unity of Spain, though in Catalonia the familiar speech is older than Castilian Spanish.

Because China is older, the problem there is more complex. Confucius and the earlier classics wrote in the tongue they used daily. This became the tongue of letters. The language of the mass in nearly three thousand years has changed to a local patois, unintelligible from province to province. While the words have changed, the characters that represent them are unchanged. Letters and official life keep the tongue of the past, unintelligible to the many. This thin film stretches over the great Empire, the only means of communication. Below are the vast millions with no common medium. This palsies progress and creates impenetrable social non-conductors between the masses of each of the provinces. One more old tongue which prevents any common movement and must for years to come make a real union of the Chinese people as a whole impossible while current " revolutions " are the work of the very few literate.

Always in these cases and many similar among ancient

tongues that began literature, written or unwritten, these phenomena occur and recur and the same results follow—unchanged and ancient tongues used by the learned few while the speech of the many divides and changes until the speech of the past and of the priestly and scholared few stand apart. Why have the English-speaking peoples kept together, while other races are divided by dialects? Today we are one hundred and sixty million strong and we can understand each other from the pines and oaks of the Orkneys, across America to the pines and palms of New Zealand.

In all the tongues I have marshalled, there came a period of the greater letters. Such periods are few. We complain of current literary mediocrity. This is the rule. A literary period which inspires and commands a tongue and a race is of the rarest. The English-speaking race has had but one, from the first play of Shakespeare in 1591 to the close of *Paradise Lost* in 1665. Take out King James' version of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon—what is left of leadership in the prose and verse of the Englishry in world letters? Yet the race has had its writers for a thousand years and fifteen from the defeat of the Danes to the defeat of the Germans. A span of eighty years takes us from Aeschylus to Plato, from Catullus to Virgil. Take these periods, Dante and Homer, out of European letters and what is left? Drum and fife, tinkling brass and sounding cymbal for the march of lesser men in the pageant of letters.

These periods of inspiration come with some one of the mightier literature or of the world religions. No great faith has won its place without the gift of expression and of utterance. Even Christianity has only prospered as some great translation gave its message. Now that at last we know out of what manner of substance the members of the New Testament were fashioned together, we see with what simple but surpassing effect its brief annals are presented in the Greek of the many and not of the few as was meet with a message heard gladly by the common people. When these fruitful and teeming moments come, big with the future of a new tongue, a new literature and a new faith, all men, all races have desired to build three tabernacles on this Mount of Transfiguration and abide in them, hearing these voices forever. Every successive writer yearns to write in

this dialect with this vocabulary and the foolish learned desire and command that he shall.

But while the books of the few, be they literature or only just writing, change not, the tongue of the mass can be held in no such silken leading strings. No one can put a hook into the nose of that leviathan of language, the utterance of the many. Every generation it changes. New words come in. Old words go out. Events bear new words. A great war is as good as the publication of a new glossary. Conquerors or slaves come in, it matters not which. They bring their words with them. Accents move forward or backward, under some subtle law not deciphered. Complicated paradigms, elaborate declensions and conjugations are worn smooth, clipped, dropped or elided. Affixes and suffixes and pestilent little syllables dropped in the middle of verbs and nouns are swallowed like Korah's children.

The written tongue of letters keeps them. The spoken word sheds them in the tides of time like a swimmer in a one-piece bathing suit. A circumflex will remain in French, the touchstone of a missing s which hissed through Latin centuries and grew soft and disappeared in the liquid note of the Midi. The trick of the triple *l*'s in Arabic will be lost and, as a little manual of pronunciation I picked up in Morocco tells of an ancient leader of the prayers of the Faithful that he spoke the three *l*'s as none had since the days of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet and none will until Gabriel calls the tribes of men to judgment. Chinese becomes a question of tones incredibly difficult to learn. English drops its h's in its 'Ome and Hell retains the absent letter among a people schooled by the Puritan school-master. Broader and more impassable becomes the gap between daily gab and the measured " regular " speech of the learned and lettered. Jerome's masculine version of the Bible, an amazing translation, the unsurpassed monument of the later Latin, will give priests, clerks and statesmen a common tongue over all Europe while the unlearned and unlettered scatter in two great sundered flocks wandering like sheep without a shepherd in the branching tracks of the two great pastures of European tongues, Teuton and Romance, with the hybrid offspring fringing the borderlands of each.

Our one hundred and sixty million, spread over the isles of the Oceans and throned on a Continent, show less

differences in the tongue of highways and the hedges, of the mart and the academy, in factory and fashion, than exists in peoples of a fourth our number. Why?

First, because your Protestant insisted that every man must hear the Pentecostal message and read it as well in the tongue in which he was born. In general literacy, in the determination that the whole population shall read and write, the English folk lead all the world but the Protestant lands of Europe and of Bohemia, so early Protestant in spirit.

Second, because the American newspaper, the English colonial press and in a measure the press of the United Kingdom has been hospitable and ready to accept the illegitimate verbal offspring of the street, born on the "wrong side of the blanket" of scholarship and of the printing press.

We of the craft of the newspaper have treated these words as Shakespeare treated Faulconridge who gave him, when needs were, the center of the stage. Samuel Johnson wanted us all to go on writing like Addison, Steele and himself. If he had won out we should have had, as in French, a phrasing of the Academy for leader and chronique and another for the street and the provinces. It is one of the advantages of reading Willy that you find in her pages the French people really use. I am emboldened to introduce her to the august pages of this REVIEW because she is the favorite novelist of the philosopher, Bergson.

But English, unlike French, Spanish and Italian, or even German, is essentially one. Our vocabulary is prodigious even in the newspaper. I have met, without ever really knowing, a journalist who after forty years of work counted the words he knew he had used in every twentieth page of Webster's Unabridged. The result showed that he had employed in all about thirty to thirty-five thousand words. Try the test if you are a writer and you will be startled how a word you have once used springs to memory as you march up and down Webster's broad thoroughfare of words. What a range the newspaper has. Through its catholic use of language, English has been kept like a marching regiment in close formation. Shibboleths excite in newspaper English, but not dialects. We have at least eighty per cent of the newspaper circulation of the world. Our consumption of newsprint points to that. In the old, old days, when the exchange desk had not lost its high

place in the newspaper office, I read exchanges for some months. The list covered the world of newspapers in English. There I told Lanigan of the Akhoond of Swat, who had come to the *World* office in a single A. P. "flash," and there too in the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* I read the *City of Dreadful Night,* which swept me with seething memory of an August night in Mosul. The English of the newspapers on that exchange list in all the homes of our brotherhood of the imposing stone, was careless and promiscuous but it never merits the other accusation. The newspaper has done world wide work in leadership by keeping us all reading and therefore speaking the same English.

If Samuel Johnson had had his way we should have become like the "Doktoren" of the German leader writers, men who write in a literary tongue. The greatest of them does not. Wilkes and Junius, particularly Junius, misled us for awhile. Even over here, until Hale made over the American editorial in the Boston *Advertiser,* we were wandering in a desert of polyglottic dignity.

One, Benjamin Franklin, saved us. He and Johnson lived parallel lives. Johnson was born three years later and he died six years earlier than Franklin. Both wrote early and they wrote to the last. Each turned to the periodical. They knew men, letters and affairs. On opposing sides, they fought the issues and the battle of our Revolution. Johnson died just as Franklin signed the treaty of peace and of independence. In the lists of public opinion, the style of Franklin was pitted against the style of Johnson. He was the inventor of newspaper English, direct, immediate, knowing humor as well as argument, using the speech of the people. The literary world in England and here accepted the style of Johnson; the world of men and of events the style of Franklin.

The world is unconsciously ruled by it today. We all walk in Franklin's path for ill or well. Samuel Johnson is a back number. His resonance, his even and easy flow, his antithetic sentence, his sense of the past, his vast vision of the long march of European tongues from the stylus to the printing press, these are gone. He is with the other Pharaohs of the captivity and isolation of literature. Franklin was not altogether alone. Defoe was before him. Cobbett came after. But more than any other one man, Franklin, the newspaper man, saved us from a sepa-

ration and divorce of the English of the people and the English of the writer. The temptation was to make the prose of the eighteenth century a standard. Instead, the current of the talk of the many and the diction of the writer merged. The new words and phrases, the changes in the details of speech, slang and the imagery of our American speech, all these, through the newspapers, found their way into print and acceptance in the American newspaper. The "column" is a sort of bedding-bench where the new phrases and words of the hour are set out as the gardener beds and pots young plants before they go to live in the garden-beds with an older bloom. The sporting-page diffuses the argot of the hour in every athletic field. What use a genius like O. Henry made of all this in what we all admit is literature; but how few of us, alumni of a morning daily now gone, saw this when our Washington despatches and city reports jostled his work in the New York *Sun*.

If any one desires to know how slang should be and can be introduced to better company study O. Henry. He uses it for atmosphere and flavor and does not make it the warp and woof of his fabric as the baseball reporter does too often. Even in this difficult and cryptic field how easily does a master-hand like Mr. Grantland Rice of the New York *Tribune* combine the picturesque technique of the bleachers with dignity, precision and strokes of illuminating humor worthy any field. Charles A. Dana had no hesitation in the use by his staff of any two-fisted phrase of the streets so it did its work. He himself was keenly awake to every change in a living tongue like English and no style could be purer and more impeccable than his, born of study of an amazing capacity for language, a scholar in that practical philology which aids a man to use his own tongue the better and more effectively.

The daily risk of newspapers and the individual newspaper is that it will have an editorial dialect of its own, that reporting will become reportese, that criticism will be nothing more than shaking a kaleidoscope of adjectives usually laudatory and that each department will obscure its message to the average man by using terms known on Wall street, in trade, in the court-room or "sports" and "theatrical" columns but fully understood nowhere else. The one sure and only way to avoid this and instead to keep newspaper English a living link between the letters of the

past and the speech of the present, is to know both, to live in great letters as well as to live by the last news. Unless this be done, newspaper English will become but a dialect and newspaper readers be separated from the diction of the past. If any young writer ask how best to do this, let him, not only live with the great, but train his sense of words by freely using the Concordance of Shakespeare, the Bible, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning and Wordsworth. These are the true guide and dictionary of the writer in the use and meaning of words.

The office of newspaper English is to be the interpreter of the ways and works of all men and all women to each and all. For this, it needs to draw freely from all sources and to share the beatitude of Isaiah, " Blessed are ye who sow beside all waters." Nothing is too recent in slang for its columns, and nothing too old in classic letters.

Occasions there are and subjects, or weighty or solemn or both, which every trained newspaper man knows call for the English of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of the loftiest prose. Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* has but three words not in the Bible, "continent," "proposition" and "civil," and these are all in Shakespeare. This is the diction in which a man should soak himself, if he wishes to have weight with those who read. He will know then when wisely to add the word of the hour.

Taken as a whole the newspaper was never better written and never did its work better in any of its fields. If you doubt this, read the files! They will dispel the myth of a past when all wrote well on some daily; but the highest success of newspaper English and the most important office and duty has been discharged in keeping the great march of English abreast and preventing a great tongue from being divided into a language of the past for letters and a language of the present for common and daily use, neither sharing the life of the other.

TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

THE CENSOR AND THE MOVIE "MENACE"

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

IN my contribution to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'S recent discussion on the "Menace of the Movies," I have no wish to examine the reasons for the fascinating hold of the moving picture upon the public, but it is my intention instead to explain the quarrel of the people, or that part of the people who have a responsible social sense, with the moving picture on moral grounds.

That there exists a deep seated feeling unfavorable to the film, unless it shall first have passed through the hands of competent officers, who shall inspect it, to see what it contains, is undoubted. The declarations of large numbers of secular organizations dedicated to the cause of social betterment, as well as many religious and semi-religious bodies are proofs that the manufacturer who, for his profit, will pander to the people's lowest tastes, will not for very long go forward uncontrolled. The rules which T. P. O'Connor enforces as the Film Censor of Great Britain; those which must be heeded in Quebec, Ontario and all the provinces of Canada, in Australia and in Japan; in Pennsylvania, Chicago and several other States and cities in this country, are founded upon a conviction that there are common public rights which must be guarded as this great new industry proceeds on its victorious course. The fact that there were bills proposing boards of review before the legislatures of some twenty-five or thirty States last year, and that these proposals will reappear in the same legislatures next year, and thereafter, if necessary, until they are enacted into law, further confirms the observant man, whether he be in or out of the industry, in the knowledge that in the belief of those who, guided by a conscientious purpose, usually cause their views to prevail in the end, there is a "menace" which calls for community action at once.

The nature of the picture man's offense is not difficult to state by one who has gained a familiarity with the whole film output, as it comes to the projection rooms of a board of review like that in Pennsylvania, for, let us say, five years, as I have done, seeing and considering it each day with the aid of my colleagues and assistants to the extent of from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 feet annually. The experienced British Board of Film Censors has classified its objections under a variety of heads. Omitting those which are dictated by considerations of public policy due to the war, they are seen by reference to a recent report to include the following:

Indecorous, ambiguous and irreverent titles and sub-titles.
Cruelty to animals.
The irreverent treatment of sacred subjects.
Drunken scenes carried to excess.
The modus operandi of criminals.
Cruelty to young infants and excessive cruelty and torture to adults, especially to women.
The exhibition of profuse bleeding.
Nude figures.
Offensive vulgarity and impropriety in conduct and dress.
Indecorous dancing.
Excessively passionate love scenes.
Gruesome murders and strangulation scenes.
Executions.
The effects of vitriol throwing.
The drug habit, e.g. opium, morphia, cocaine, etc.
Subjects dealing with the white slave traffic.
Scenes depicting the effect of venereal diseases, inherited or acquired.
Themes and references relative to "race suicide."
Materialization of the conventional figure of Christ.

Turning to Pennsylvania, which has taken a leading position in this department of community service in this country, it is plain that its rules reflect the same standards of moral feeling and are aimed at the correction of the same evils. It could not be otherwise for the material under review comes from the same source. It appears that more than 90 per cent of all the film shown in Great Britain originates in the United States.[1] Last year we exported to that and other foreign countries enough cinema ribbon to girdle the earth twice at the Equator. The law in

[1] Report of British Cinema Commission of Inquiry, pp. xxxi and 15 on the testimony of Mr. O'Connor.

Pennsylvania, which has been serving as a model for the rest of the country, prohibits what is "sacrilegious, obscene, indecent or immoral," and "may tend to debase or corrupt morals," and the definitions given to these words as a result of the observations of the members of the board in that State have led to the use of a code very similar to that which guides the gentlemen who have control of the subject in England. Not very different standards direct the course of the boards of review in other parts of the United States and in Canada, and I infer from the information furnished me by Mr. Tachibana, the censor in Tokio, that like views of what is proper and improper actuate the authorities in Japan, for they forbid—

"What represents action too cruel and atrocious, disgusting and obscene conduct . . . and vulgar . . . love affairs."

"What shows or suggests methods of committing crime or the means of covering up crime which may lead to imitation."

I am no friend of the censor as such, or for the matter of that to any name or political order which suggests governmental control. Indeed I am an individualist who would dwell in the Arcadian state of Herbert Spencer, wherein men interact one upon another in complete freedom. But here are exceptional needs to cover the exceptional case. It is plain that such an officer is acting upon no very new principle. We censor our own thoughts before we utter them if we are esteemed as neighbors and citizens. This essay will be reviewed and censored before it shall come forth in print. The book, the magazine, the journal, the advertisement are edited. Precisely this function is performed by an officer who surveys the moving picture. He edits the film before it is presented to public view. That he acts for the State instead of some other interest cannot alter the form of the service which he performs.

It should be, I believe, not much more unpalatable to the author of a play or a novel to have his story changed by any censor — more or less competent — put forward for the work than by the producer, director or "scenario writer" in a picture studio. As a matter of fact I shall catch the spirit of his work in all probability more successfully, alter his script in much less radical ways than those worthies, and, if I make excisions and reconstructions, I shall, three times out of four, leave the film nearer the au-

thor's original form than I found it. I, as a censor, have never taken Clyde Fitch's play *The Bachelor,* and called it *The Virtuous Vamp;* Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton,* and called it *Male and Female; La Tosca,* and called it *The Song of Hate; The Jewels of the Madonna,* and called it *Sin; La Gioconda,* and called it *The Devil's Daughter.* The celluloid people have done these things. And there is no writer, openly or secretly, who does not rave at the slashing and cutting which goes on behind his back by the film makers.

Some producers take 200,000 feet of film for a picture which in the end will measure only 7,000 or 8,000 feet—twenty feet, therefore, for one foot intended for final use. All directors make much more than they need and then by a process of selection, of editing and censoring, and re-editing and re-censoring present us with the finished thing. Is it then so very extraordinary a proposal that some one, seeing all from a height and representing the common interest, should have an editor's powers over what in the film output shall appear to contravene public policy?

I find nothing strange in such an exercise of power with reference to an agency which carries messages so vivid and impressive to the population. It is not more oversight than we give to a hundred other subjects—not more, let us say, than the supervision of the food supply or the automobile. We require that meats, eggs, butter and milk shall be wholesome when they are set out for sale. The driver of an automobile must secure a license; he is limited in his rate of speed. There are public interests as he goes up and down the road which he must hold in view. I say as much for the picture man. We meet him as often as we do the vender of food or the motor car, and he must be bound to good order. The law which prohibits one person from taking the life of another or from stealing his child, his ox or his silverware is not for that large number of people who have no wish to slay or rob. The regulations as to impure food and fast driving and driving without licenses or lights are not for those who will never err in these respects. The penalties are for men who stand ready to offend. They are silent reminders to deter those who might misconduct themselves if they could, and stand there to be enforced against those who shall dare so much in a direction which is at variance with our notions of the common weal.

Again, it is not far from a law which says that nothing which is improper on moral grounds shall be shown in a theatre to another law which is effectively devised to enforce this principle. From the welter of discussion which the subject of censorship has evoked, nothing has come so far as I can see, except this: The common law, amplified by the statutes of the States, and the ordinances of cities, governing the character of our theatrical exhibitions, are apparently acceptable to the picture man, and the journalist and the attorney, who are employed to speak for him. His objection begins only when a method is found to give practical effect to this law. It is clear that our ordinary police and constabulary authorities are unable to exercise a suitable care over the moving picture house. Their duty is to preserve good order in the streets and there, indeed, their competency is sometimes in question. With the film which travels hither and thither elusively daily they have neither the time nor the knowledge to deal. What more natural, then, than to say that this film before it may be shown at all, shall be presented to specially delegated officers who shall view it, and if they find it good, shall certificate it and license it. It is merely, as I regard the subject, after long consideration of it, a practical means of administering law with reference to a new activity, which is of such a nature that it cannot be kept under legal control otherwise. By this means film is taken quite out of the control of the regularly established police agencies—they are left free for their more appropriate tasks, the people are assured that what they and their children shall see will do them no injury, and the picture man himself, if he were worldly wise, would understand how much he might gain by cheerfully assenting to the development of a policy which must protect him from the random offender, who with but one bad picture may give the public a distorted view of the character of the whole industry.

Moreover the picture makers themselves have long supported a general system of censorship. In the National Board of Censors, now called a Board of Review, they recognize the authority as well as the necessity of a general oversight of their product. Upon a picture before it leaves the studio the legend is printed, with a premature assurance one would suppose, "Passed by the National Board of Review." We are given to understand, therefore, that the prin-

ciple of editing film after it is produced, of changing it to conform to some standards of social right, has the approval of the trade. The only question is as to who shall be the judge and the jury in the case. Shall the result be arrived at under the direction of the defendant and the attorney for the defence, or shall the prosecutor have a hand in the proceeding in a regularly established tribunal where there may be hope of bringing out the truth and of enforcing at need some penalty under regular forms? That the industry as such has a conscious wish to violate the rules of good order neither I nor any who has had its movements under long observation would assert. Many high-minded men have been and are now associated with it. But it is peculiarly fluid. Few who were known in it in its first days are still actively interested in its fortunes. Companies rise and fall; they are organized and reorganized. A year or a month, indeed, reveals a complete change in the personality of a film corporation.

The conditions under which film is manufactured, distributed and exhibited are such that any adventurer can enter the business and make his escape before one quite knows what he is about. It is a truth beyond dispute that a picture designed for prurient tastes will bring a long queue to the portals of a theatre. That in the long run such a "show" will not be successful is a platitude to which one can honestly subscribe. But meanwhile this kind of an exhibition has had a transient popularity with our adolescent boys and girls and others who are perpetually curious on the subject of sex, and it is gone, its owner going with it loaded down with his gains.

It is this evil note in pictures which I labor with enthusiasm and satisfaction to suppress. To know that so much may be done and is done is reward enough for any who has a correct and responsible social feeling. The film man who uses a story dealing with sex questions in their ugly forms or who makes partial draughts upon the forbidden and intimate side of such relationships to enliven his theme and lend zest, or "punch," as he calls it, to his product, is an enemy of mine and I am an enemy of his. That he is engaged, as he wishes me to believe, in the noble business of teaching a lesson, I deny. My position on these matters is that of the British Board of Film Censors on the subject of drug pictures. "It is said for such films that they serve to warn the

public against the dangers of the abuse of drugs," so runs the report, "but the Board decided that there being no reason to suppose that this habit was prevalent in this country, to any serious extent, the evils of arousing curiosity in the minds of those to whom it was a novel idea far outweighed the possible good that might accrue by warning the small minority who indulged in the practice."

I am, therefore, not to be beguiled by the protestations of such a picture man. I have met him and he resembles a teacher less than any one I have ever seen. Whether he acts for himself, or for some League for Social Education which he forms to father his enterprise, he is a speculator who is trading upon the salacious tastes of the people. It is clear that a theatre is not a proper place for the inculcation of such lessons, or the theatre man a proper person to bear such delicate messages to the young. We have the church, the school, the home and our social organizations — in them still as hitherto communications of this character can be made to boys and girls. Such an "educator" is acting with malicious deliberation and he needs to be taken in hand vigorously.

I am not without a sincere confidence in the future of the picture if we shall move forward under an enlightened system of oversight. It is probable that an actor like Mr. Skinner, that a critic like Mr. Eaton and others of us who are tied by sympathy and tradition to the stage, may not have the fullest understanding or appreciation of this new art. All, however, have the right to demand that it shall be decent, and to expect as well as hope that the producers will use their endeavors to assist whoever may be laboring toward these most desirable and necessary ends.

ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER.

AS SEEN BY AN OLD MAID GRUNDY

BY FRANCES MATHILDA ABBOTT

WHEN I was a little girl it was one of my delights to look at the pictures in my grandmother's scrap-book. She must have begun it in her youth for it was full of small colored prints of women in the costume of the First Empire. It was a never-failing wonderment to me, accustomed to the *chignons,* the crinolines and the flounces of the Second Empire, and later to the enormous trains and bustles of the seventies, that any human being could ever have worn the scanty slips, half-way to the knees, that encased the female form at the beginning of the nineteenth century. With the single exception of the poke-bonnet over which a perpendicular feather waved, the garb was almost precisely what we see around us to-day. There were the low shoes, sometimes with crossed straps; the bare arms and necks in street attire; the big muffs and loose scarfs; the gowns that outlined every movement of the wearer.

I used to ponder the problem. It could not have been a fairy tale for the pictures were said to be drawn from life. Years later, when I had some knowledge of history, I learned of the astonishing vagaries to which the costume of civilized man, meaning especially woman, has been subject; but I do not think I was ever really convinced of the actuality of my grandmother's pictures till I saw the costumes exhibited among the family relics in the Longfellow house at Portland. There were limp crape gowns which could have been passed through—let us say, a bracelet; but I have heard of some that could go through a finger ring. *Sotto voce,* I wonder if we shall ever see any of the dimensions of a needle's eye. I believe that it is a well attested historical fact, though I blushed when I first read it, that Betsey Patterson, after she had intrigued Jerome

Bonaparte into marriage, went to the altar clad in a single garment of embroidered muslin.

Those reflections were suggested by a recent article in one of our venerable monthlies in which the writer, who calls herself a Grundy Cousin, indulges in some strictures on the dressing, dancing and general behavior of the modern *débutante*. I hold no brief for many aspects of modern female attire. In fact the chief comfort I can get out of the situation is to remember the motto that the Arab king engraved upon his signet ring: "This too will pass." But let us consider the matter a little.

This last summer I sailed around one of the most beautiful lakes in New England. As we approached the wharf of a well known hotel, which, though fashionable, has always piqued itself on the fastidiousness and high standards of its *clientèle,* I saw a joyous group ascend the ladder to the roof of the boat-house. From there they leaped to the upper deck of our steamer. After they had warmed themselves at the smoke-stack, for it was a cold day, they took a high dive into the water. One of the figures was unmistakably feminine. She was clothed——I blunder like a man when describing feminine fashion——in——possibly it was an Annette Kellerman bathing-suit——no, suit means more than one garment. At any rate, the obvious feature was that from a few inches below the thighs to three inches above the ankles she was *in puris naturalibus.* Her knees looked as battered as those of little children, who are constantly falling down.

When our boat came back in the afternoon this same young woman, clad in the same costume, was seated, with companions, on a projecting log of the wharf. The only change she had made was to fling a woolen scarf over her shoulders. For aught I know she may have gone to luncheon in the hotel dining-room thus attired. The outstanding fact of the exhibition was that neither she, her companions nor the miscellaneous crowd of spectators on the wharf appeared conscious of anything unusual or worthy of remark. It made me think of one of Kipling's stories where an Englishman, stationed in a remote South Sea island with no companion but a native, finally went mad on account of the solitude and tore off all his clothes. He had been in this condition two years when a ship arrived and the men were shocked to find him raving in

his nudity. His companion, being a native, had noticed nothing amiss.

My thoughts went back to my own youth. When I was a child I wanted to learn to swim, the most healthful and necessary exercise any featherless creature can be taught. But such action was not for girls in my day. When I went to college the only gymnastics were lady-like calisthenics. To be sure, it was the first woman's college in the country; but though it took courage to go, even in my day, I belonged to the fifteenth class. It was not till nine years after my graduation, that the alumnae built what was then a modern gymnasium with a swimming-pool. It made a great deal of talk; for, if I remember rightly, it was the first swimming-pool for women in the country—certainly the first connected with any educational institution. And this was just thirty years ago.

To go back to college. In my student days amateur dramatics, as ever since, were a prominent feature of social recreation. The girls gave many plays, some of them very well done, all things considered. What impressed me most was the costume for the male parts. Whatever the character, Puritan or Cavalier, general or common soldier, banker or bandit, the lower part of the costume was always a gymnasium skirt, and the gym. skirts of those days would not be noticed on the streets to-day. I suppose that the modern college girl will not believe this; but then I can never make the modern girl understand that the higher education of woman was ever in doubt.

This hermaphrodite costume of the local stage puzzled me exceedingly. If a girl could wear the shoe-buckles, the wig and the full-skirted coat of a Colonial magnate or the high boots and red shirt of a cowboy, why must that ridiculous skirt always intervene? Why not adopt the proper costume in full or else wear feminine attire and leave all to the imagination? There were no masculine spectators except a few elderly, married members of the faculty. I ventured to intimate my doubts to one of the younger authorities and was promptly frowned upon and made to think my suggestions were highly improper. And yet Maria Mitchell was a member of that faculty.

Still another leaf from memory's note-book. During a Christmas vacation we unfortunate stay-overs held some harmless revels. It was a sort of costume-party. No one

was present but ourselves and the feminine dignitary in charge. My room-mate, a particularly sedate, well behaved girl, made herself a pair of full, black, cambric bloomers to represent—I have forgotten what character. She ventured into the assembly in this attire. We were all masqued. My innocent and unfortunate friend was immediately pounced upon by the acting matron of the occasion and sent to her room in disgrace. Since then I have attended a woman's camp where at a Sunday religious service under the pines, with several men in attendance beside the preacher, some of the women appeared in their camp costume of bloomers which reached but to the knee.

It is said that the youths of to-day will not dance with a girl who wears a corset. That sounds a little shocking till we remember that forty years ago the ideal for which the most high-minded and strong-minded dress-reformers were shouting was the abolition of the corset. People who are old enough to recall the laced waist and exaggerated bust and hips of the seventies and eighties will realize that it took as much courage to appear in a natural figure then as it does to wear Ground Gripper shoes now.

To go into the subject more intimately. An interesting old lady once confided to my youthful ears this bit of historical information. She said that in her day no girl wore —let us call it the bifurcated lower part of the present combination. She clearly recalled the horror and astonishment when a young cousin of hers, who had been visiting somewhere, brought home a pair of the abominable things and announced that it was the new fashion in undergarments. Modest little girls of that day wore stiff, starched pantalets, pinned or buttoned to the innermost of their numerous encircling petticoats. But to wear a pair of—, a garment properly belonging to a man—that was to insult Pudor with a vengeance. I, who had never heard of feminine attire that did not include the aforementioned disgraceful doublet (worn unseen, of course), asked her how long it was before all the girls were borrowing the pattern from her wicked cousin.

This brings us to riding-habits. Any person in any age who ever looked at the subject with a detached mind knows that the only safe, suitable and comfortable way, either for horse or rider, is for the man or woman to sit astride. I forget how many centuries back what deformed

princess introduced the side-saddle; but I think that it was not more than ten years ago that fashion was still haggling over divided skirts. I remember that one sedate woman's magazine said that perhaps the divided skirt would not be so noticeable when you were on the horse; but how about when you were getting on and off? Which reminds me of the remark attributed by the Phillips Andover boys to Miss Philena MacKeen, when the waltz was first coming into fashion: "What if the music should stop?"

For a long time there had been occasional protests against the side-saddle by courageous souls. I have heard my mother say that when she was a student at the private school connected with the Brook Farm Community the head of one of the first families of Boston insisted that his little girls should learn to ride astride; but they were not able to continue this custom after they were grown up. My mother rode in the long, hampering, superfluous skirt of her day. Look now at Mount Desert, Long Island or any of the city parks. High boots, riding breeches and coats are the rule; and the occasional side-saddle looks positively mediaeval. Fashion and common sense have rarely joined forces, but when they do there is no reason why a sensible person should not follow both.

It is curious to see what plausible excuses people will give for something irrational. The girls to-day who wear furs in July and wide-open necks on the street in January assert that it is healthful, just as twenty-five years ago when I refused to adopt the custom of a high linen collar wound with three thicknesses of ribbon as appropriate for a muslin gown, my contemporaries assured me that this ironed halter was much cooler than any other way of dressing the neck.

I should be out of patience with the women who tell me they must wear thin gowns in winter because their houses are so warm had I not heard that in the forties and fifties women of fashion habitually wore low-necked woollen gowns, cut straight across the shoulders. In those days rooms were heated by stoves; hall-ways and chambers were of Arctic temperature; and woven underwear had not been invented. Consumption was prevalent, but there were probably other causes for it. To be sure, some of the old ladies, who were young then, have told me that some people had little capes made of the same material as the gown

with which they covered their shoulders; but it made you look as if you came from the country.

I am indignant when I see girls walking on icy sidewalks in low shoes and silk stockings until I remember the heavily fringed black silk *visité* that formed part of my mother's wedding outfit; and she was a winter bride. The present generation will need to be informed that coats for women had not been thought of before the Civil War; they would have been considered exceedingly masculine. Shawls and other loose wraps were the proper feminine apparel.

The truth is, that, much as there is to condemn in the modern woman's clothing, with its strong Oriental note for the house, there was never a time when it was possible to dress rationally with so little opposition as now. The outdoor girl is largely responsible for the loose, unhampered clothing of to-day. Girls cannot play tennis in the costume of the croquet era. Natural waists, free necks, short, straight skirts—all make for health. The transparent blouses are to be condemned from every point of view; but you can still buy translucent ones. I know one or two shops where you can even get flannel ones, such as I wear. The high-heeled, pointed-toed shoes are the greatest offense, but there are several hygienic brands of footgear on the market. I never thought that I should live to see the day of the unrestricted waist, but I may yet gaze on moccasins for street-wear.

When it comes to modern dancing my knowledge is derived mostly from hearsay or the pictures in the magazines. To be sure I did see a few years ago at a *fête* for a private school for girls, a school that I know to have exceptionally high moral standards, an exhibition of dancing that made my hair, metaphorically speaking, point in the same direction as the toes of the performer. The feat was exceedingly well done and the daring attitudes changed in the twinkling of an eye; but I marvelled. I also marvelled because the spectator who seemed to enjoy the spectacle most was an elderly clergyman, so far as I know of irreproachable morals, who beamed approval with every gyration.

Possibly this pirouetting is out of fashion now; but they tell me that the war, instead of abolishing the undesirable features of modern dancing, has merely introduced variations. The most striking description of abandoned prancing I have seen is Alfred Noyes's characterization: "A fat, wet

hand on a fat, wet back." And yet the poem of "The Victory Ball" is not so cynical or so denunciatory as Byron's lines about the waltz when that diversion was first introduced into England.

It is difficult to imagine sane parents' allowing their daughter to drive in a runabout with a young man between midnight and four a. m.; yet, if any of my elderly readers are willing to acknowledge rural antecedents, they must have heard their mothers speak of going to balls and not getting back till five in the morning. Of course, the conveyance in those days was a one-horse, open sleigh, but the young people were always alone. Chaperones would have been pitched into the ditch, only they had never been heard of in those days—nights, rather.

I never saw much of the old-time kissing games, even at my youthful church sociables; but any one who reads the poems of Burns will get the idea that rural romps are not exactly conducive to conventional morals. My conviction is constantly growing, the more I talk with people who were brought up in the country and have later moved to town; and it is a conviction in which social workers almost invariably concur, that as a place to bring up children in high moral standards, the farm is decidedly inferior to the city, the abode of the wicked rich. I always hoped that the statement of one of my most revered friends was exceptional when she told me that in the village where she was reared, every bride except her mother and herself was obliged to get married. Yet she was a woman who had seen a great deal of the world, and the village she spoke of was an aristocratic one on our Northern seacoast, founded in 1638.

When it comes to the decadence in our manners there is no question but the rush of modern life and the struggle for wealth are largely responsible. I, descended both from Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors, am willing to acknowledge that about the only civility left in the country is found in the South. There are several reasons for this. It is the only section of the country where the white people are of pure, Anglo-Saxon descent. They still retain the tranquil habits of settled, English society. Immigration has never upset their customs. Sudden, swollen fortunes are practically unknown. The best people live on inherited land. They still speak of County families. Everybody knows the

history and antecedents of everyone else and his precise place in the social system just as they do in the British Empire. If you were ever anybody once, no matter how great your present poverty or how menial your occupation, you still retain your social position. Little courtesies and niceties of behavior, which Northerners were taught in their youth fifty years ago and have entirely forgotten, are still in vogue in the South.

It is a fine thing theoretically that our country is advancing toward a completer democracy, but there is no question that we are losing much that is fine in our forgetfulness of history and tradition. I believe one of the most demoralizing influences in modern social life is the rush of the newly rich to our private schools and colleges. So long as vulgar plutocrats remain ignorant they can be kept in place; but when they can buy education for their children, everything is opened to them. Most colleges are raw democracies in which nothing counts so much as elbows. Given to a student self-assertiveness, robust health, average good looks, ability in some popular extra-collegiate activity like athletics or dramatics, resources that include a motor-car and a propensity to spend money freely, and unless said student is entirely lacking in the qualities of good-fellowship, he or she is likely to sweep everything before him. Fellow students, who have been taught moderation by the traditions of three centuries, may be cast into the background. And yet I have included in the foregoing list of qualifications for success nothing absolutely essential to good morals or fine manners. Intellectual attainments have always been *nil* when it comes to college popularity.

Religion has been stressed as the cure for the present decadence, and in this I should heartily agree, if I were only sure just what kind of religion is meant. I am neither Baptist nor Catholic. It happens also, that I am not Episcopalian or Unitarian, although my ancestors worshipped at King's Chapel. It seems strange to me that anyone should flout Prohibition, as some good people do, and yet strongly advocate the Ten Commandments, which are specifically admonitory or prohibitive. It has been suggested that a hint of the old-fashioned Hell could be wholesomely introduced into modern belief.

To go back South again. I understand that this comforting doctrine is quite prevalent in many religious organi-

zations there, though I never happened to attend any services at which it was preached. Yet I do not find the South more moral than the North. With all due regard to the charming and sterling qualities of our most stable section of the country, I find the South fifty years behind the times in modern thought, whether theological or purely intellectual. I cannot even except Charleston, about which Owen Wister wrote that loveliest of novels, *Lady Baltimore;* for though Charleston boasts every kind of religious organization I ever heard of, from Jewish to Christian Science, including the only French Huguenot church in America, yet even Charleston scarcely holds the pre-eminence she had before the Revolution of being one of the three intellectual centers of the country. I make instant apologies for my animadversions because I know that the South has barely recovered from the poverty and suffering of the awful Reconstruction period, and has not yet had a fair chance to show what she can do.

Perhaps this age is not so bad as it seems, even if our present religion is strongly tinged with humanitarianism. Why not be honest with children and teach them that it has never been easy to be virtuous at any time in the world's history? If you would do right, you must begin fighting early. *The fast set is always the popular set.* If you dress sensibly in any century, you run the risk of being called dowdy. If you renounce the favorite vices of any day, you will be branded as peculiar. Young people dread nothing so much as being alone, out of touch with their companions; yet why should this generation expect to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease? We have advanced considerably from the days of the Romans and yet plenty of the old Pagan deities are more or less openly worshipped.

Still, there are some comforting thoughts. You are not absolutely cast out of modern society if you are decent. Witness the plain, unfashionable, respectable, hard-working couple now occupying the British throne (and Queen Mary wears her skirts the old-time length as anybody can see by looking at any number of *The Illustrated London News*). To be sure it is whispered that they are not the most popular couple who have every occupied Buckingham palace; but it is quite a feat to retain a hold on any palace in these days.

One more thought and I am done. Slavery and alcohol

are legally obsolete. Shall we ever see the time when *libido, salacitas* and their ugly compeers will cease to be condoned? Is the growing practice of divorce, which so profoundly affects our modern social structure, wholly wrong?

I was brought up to regard the marriage tie as of peculiar sanctity. When I hear of a young woman, belonging to one of the best families in New York, attending hotel dances at which her recently divorced husband is also present, I am distressed at her lack of sensibility. But—I say this with deliberation, I do not think such conduct so bad for the public morals as the law of that Southern State, which permits no divorce for any cause whatever. Better Reno than Ibsen's *Ghosts*. I will go further and say that, lax as may be the modern moral judgment, I am not certain but it may be better than the Puritan vindictiveness which branded Hester Prynne with the scarlet letter.

Illegitimate children were not unknown to our virtuous forefathers, as you may see by reading Winthrop's *Journal* or engaging in any Colonial research. I shall probably be condemned for irreligious humanitarianism, and it may be necessary for me to produce testimonials as to my own private character; but I am glad to see that we are beginning to realize that the victims of white slavery are no more blameworthy than their exploiters and promoters. So much for the passing of masculine dominance in politics and industry, which after all, is the best sign of our times.

FRANCES MATHILDA ABBOTT.

THE CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

BY JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

THE annals of the American free school are a proud asset of the American people. No one can follow them without realizing that the declaration of free education as the birthright of American youth has grown to be one of the stoutest tenets of American polity. Moreover, there has been ever among us the belief that the safety and the perpetuation of our free States can be secured only as the integrity of our common schools is maintained. In a recent appeal of the Massachusetts Commission for a school fund, this theory is its opening argument: "The welfare of the State as a whole is dependent, in large measure, upon public education."

Such has been our theory. Students of our history will find, however (so limply does practise wait on precept), that free, unsectarian, non-political education is a recent mintage in our country. Not until 1850 did the country at large assume the responsibility of free elementary education; not before 1895 did new types of differentiated high schools begin to serve the diversities of our young people; not until a decade ago did we begin to devise scientific evaluations for our educational product; and not until a half decade ago was legislation for compulsory school attendance written on the statute books of five of our Southern States. While this extension of free school privileges has been slowly growing, our educational problems have been complicated by an immense influx of immigrant peoples, and by the wide-reaching and rapid changes that have transformed the economics of our living. Not yet have we come to any agreement as to the content or the conduct of our curricula; not yet have we attained to any national vision or to any national organization for the guidance of our schools; not yet have we established the teacher's work as

one of the most important and honorable functions of our Government. Like some gigantic, uncouth animal, myopic and sluggish, our mammoth school system lies out across the country; some of its limbs have been untimely crippled, some set on with the weakest of adhesions; more often than not the members of this curiously uncoördinated monster are grappling in blind conflict.

Disgruntled critics of our formless, antiquated educational polity, of our poorly informed, unskilled educational output, will do well to realize that this public task of training 25,000,000 children is so new that it necessarily lacks formulation,—that it is so tremendous and complicated that no former experiences can suffice to set the modes for it. Our traditions have been conservative, our means small, and much of our leadership unimaginative and bound to partisan policies. On the other hand, radical opinion among us is so ready to cut away from backgrounds, our peculiar national childishness is so likely to seize on the latest nostrum as the end-all of our problems, that our educational agencies have been and are heavily at the mercy of haste, patchwork, and the intoxication of reform.

Yet no honest interpreter of our educational effort will fail to note the steady progress we have made in replacing the old-time birch-rod rule with kindliness and wise direction, nor how, despite much uninspired management and gross incompetence, millions of our boys and girls have found the chief pride and pleasure of their youth in their schools. Credit, too, is due our schools for their recent earnest, although often unintelligent, effort to adjust boys and girls to the business of earning their livelihoods. Nor should current evaluation neglect tribute to the thousands of teachers, who, working meagrely and obscurely, have yet quickened the intelligence of our people. And certainly it is not now becoming to underrate the local initiative and interest, that, in our upbuilding, organized and maintained the common schools, nor to forget the beneficence of private and sectarian institutions that long have fostered schemes for liberal education and research.

But, these tributes conceded, there looms from every survey of public school conditions now before us the incontrovertible fact that too frequently our schools are poorly administered, poorly staffed, and poorly motivated. Faced with the questions issued by the Secretary of the Interior

during the war, we can no longer rest content with the sophistry that "Our country is the land of equal opportunity and the home of the intelligent." These questions are pointed:

> What should be said of a world-leading democracy wherein ten percent of the adult population cannot read the laws they are presumed to know?
>
> What should be said of a democracy that sends an army to preach democracy wherein was drafted, out of the first 2,000,000 men, a total of 200,000 who could not read their orders or understand them when delivered?

Literacy, to be sure, is no guarantee for moral stability, and no substitute for courage, but it must ever be a fundamental requirement for the intelligent self-direction of a self-governing people. Now that broadsides of statistics pronounce twenty percent of our population illiterate, fifty percent of our school children physically unfit, and sixty percent of them untrained beyond the sixth grade, it seems idle longer to maintain our ostrich complacency anent our education.

We are passing through a time of national stress and world upheaval: such acute unrest prevails in Governments and among men that it is of paramount importance that the minds of our plebiscite be alert, well-informed, and well-conditioned for the making of judgments. A democracy is always at the mercy of phraseocrats, of superficial classifications, of short-cuts to Utopia. The distinct challenge of our times is to the conserving and vitalizing powers of our schools that they may raise up such a citizen body as shall keep our national existence clean and keen.

Holding our children but four percent of their time from their sixth to their sixteenth year,—holding them lightly, now, in face of the family disintegrations and of the social distractions that mark our accelerated living,—the public schools, even under the best conditions, can accomplish much less than is usually claimed from them. Yet on them pour increasing demands: bodies, emotions, intellects, and talents, are waved into the schoolhouse to achieve perfectibility, and the typical teacher depended on to work the miracle is a graduate of a high school, *without professional training,* and due to spend but four years in the teaching field.

Educational theorists are busy suggesting remedies for

the inefficient administration, the inadequate training and supervision of teachers, the faulty technique in teaching methods. Naturally, no one plan or mechanism can set us straight; in this most human of institutions, only wise ordering, slow growth, and constant readaptations can bring our chaotic system into a strong and serviceable unity. And only with fuller recognition of the rights and obligations of all teachers, and with ampler support of interested public opinion, can betterment of our formalistic methods be secured. At present, teaching is a poorly paid, poorly regarded calling; it has developed no symbolism that can stir the popular imagination, nor has it achieved in any large measure distinctions that would integrate its own *ésprit de corps*. Two generations ago we started a worthy régime of public education, but our system has in no way kept pace with our expansions. Now, while all the country calls on education to cure its social ills, we are finding thousands of our schools closed for lack of teachers, and thousands of our school districts handicapped with discordant aims and scant means.

Clearly, since some of the maladministration and unprogressiveness of our system comes from lack of *national* coherence and subsidy, there is one scheme of reorganization that should forthwith be established: our public schools need, and should have, *national* cognizance. It is time, surely, to pass the much neglected Smith-Towner bill which calls for the creation of a Secretary of Education in the Cabinet and for the coördination of many of our educational agencies. Or, if the present bill be inadequate, it is time to draft some provision whereby our far-flung and inchoate school system may be drawn into effective cohesion and balance.

We are the only nation of first-class importance lacking a national department of education. It is said that our neglected Bureau of Education expends but one percent of the thirty millions of dollars given by our Federal Government to educational purposes. Eighty offices, divisions, bureaus, overlap and duplicate activities. Nowhere is there a proper center for the protection and development of the teaching service. Even the Senate has not seen fit to have a separate committee for educational matters, but groups them with labor concerns under a Chairman of Labor and Education. Some details in connection with our children's

interests are attended to by The Children's Bureau, some by the Department of Agriculture, some by the Labor Department, some by the Department of Justice, and some by the Department of the Interior. Nor does the tale end here. All through the country the same wasteful scattering of energy abounds: no very substantial advances in educational policies need be expected in the twenty-nine of our States where the county superintendents are elected for one- and two-year terms, with all the onus of political differences, nor in those States where 30,000 to 50,000 trustees, elected also for short terms and with the drag of partisan favors, carry on school business involving not so large an expenditure as is managed in the city of Boston by a board of five. It is, perhaps, not strange to find one of these partisan-ticket superintendents confessing, "This psychology stunt ain't got me yet," and not entirely disconcerting to come upon a district officer who selects his teachers according to their ability to spell "mad dog" backward!

The challenge to the American School is well defined. It is time for American education to achieve a vision comparable to its immense responsibilities. It is time our self-respect compelled us to put our schools on a sound working basis, time that we coördinated our national and State educational agencies, took all our school directors out of party politics, and strengthened our teaching profession by providing for it adequate direction, adequate salaries and adequate opportunities for its creative growth.

Protest against proposals for well-knit organization in the administration of public education comes often most vigorously from the best workers in the field and from the independent thinkers in our communities. Wisely the best of our people fear bureaucracy. The very word *centralization* spells to them the lack of individual liberties and the development of autocratic control and small officialism even beyond that which now prevails. But the bogey surely is of straw: we, who claim to be the makers of our Government and to have the power to remake it, ought not to fear the Government we make. If our public business is unequable and muddled, devotion to the theory of our Government demands that we set it straight: it is *our* business.

Since, by the passage of compulsory attendance laws in every State save Mississippi, school-keeping has become a national obligation, it must be patent that Federal central-

ization of school activities is imperative,—that all conditions affecting our public education must henceforth be interpreted in terms of the nation as well as in terms of local autonomies.

Our sluggish system needs the electric current that can be generated only in a focused impulse: it can gain dignity and reach only as it develops a form commensurable with its vast functions. Rightly interpreted, Federal supervision and support of public education could better the morale of our teachers, and could secure a more righteous distribution of educational opportunities than we now have. The need is urgent. The hostile unionization being developed by some of our teachers,—however justifiable the origins of the movement,—is bringing us an untenable contradiction of values. How can we hope to incorporate into our body politic the greatest principle of democracy—a fair field for every member of our State—if our teachers, the guardians of that principle, cement themselves into class stratifications?

And we must play fair with our children. In times of war we call on the boy from the barren Ozarks as well as on the boy from the richly environed city to stand in the front line of our defense: in times of peace we have no right to be niggard with the one and abundant with the other. Although inequalities are the sinews of our living, and differences the savour of our intercourse, it is the fair fighting chance that supplies blood to our nation's being.

Yet if it be plain that we need Federal direction and support of our schools, it must be just as plain that the only purpose of a coördinated, smoothly-running educational organization is to free teachers from cluttering inertias, to bring to their craft the most enlivening assistance, and to maintain the free schools purely for the good of the children whose needs bring the schools into existence. The best types of national and State controls of education will be those that exact no lockstep uniformity: they will be those that assist local enterprise and local adaptation, and that place the burden and the honor of our educational growth on the individual men and women whose insight and skill alone can make our schools of worth.

For, fundamentally, education is a personal and social matter, and only secondarily a business affair. Constant improvement in our teaching staff must accompany

improvement in the enginery of our system, else the mechanism will run away with the vital body. Our fashion of achieving managerial niceties, of measuring production, of reverencing statistical charts, and of debating much on the *Science* of education is all in the trend of the times: and the fashion is proper, albeit exact scientists may well smile at some of our unsubstantial premises, and Quintilian and Comenius, out of their mother-wit, may still better our instruction. But we shall not go far astray, even in the excitement of compiling intelligence coefficients, so long as we remember that our greatest asset in education is the creative teacher who can start in motion energies the work of which he can never appraise.

Good teachers we have had—and have, but the lack of enough characterful instructors makes whole areas of our teaching field sterile as waterless Saharas. Too often, at present, our school land is a place of mechanized text-books of over-specialization and under-cultivation. Our colleges and high schools suffer from the German heritage of over-specialization, and so teach subjects and not humans: our common schools suffer from under-cultivation and so present Cimmerian caves of ignorance.

There are 650,000 teachers in this country, and 300,000 of them have not completed a high school course. We demand that our physicians, our lawyers, our architects, our engineers, be specially prepared for their callings: yet we allow the mental health of our children to be put under the guidance of boys and girls, so ignorant, so untrained, that the wonder grows that we rise at all above the stodginess of their handling. Fortunately the human animal is acquisitive, and finds his food willy nilly. But in the face of our national resources, of our plain responsibilities, we can no longer evade the task of raising the standard of our teaching, of protecting it with proper recompense and respect.

Clearly, just as we need a Federal focus for educational leadership, so do we need a National University—Washington's dream—for educational experimentation and demonstration: we need a revitalization of our Normal Schools, and we need wise provision for the guidance and advancement of teachers in service. Our colleges and State universities have done much to build up courses of instruction for prospective teachers, but our great need is beyond the powers of separate and sectarian institutions: we should

have a programme of betterment in our teaching work comparable to the comprehensive training of the French *Ecole Normale,* and suitable to our great size and means.

Our Normal Schools, the special agents charged by the States with the training of teachers, are, in many instances, at great disadvantage. Patterned after German models in the mid-nineteenth century, set going with certain elementary methodologies, they seem in large measure to have exhausted the ardors which, through the brilliances of Horace Mann, Charles Brooks, and John Pierce, enlivened their inception; most of them have passed their recent years in comparative obscurity, under no progressive guidance, and apart from the busy and fruitful experimentation which, in other sections of the educational field, has been turning our schools inside out. It is not gracious, and certainly not fair, to say, as some critics have affirmed, that our Normal Schools are moribund: but there is small question that in some of them their pedagogics need to be turned out into a fresh and sweetening wind. Naturally our Normal Schools are but the victims, often, of a vicious circle: ill-prepared candidates present themselves to become, after a brief special training, shepherds of another generation, who, in turn ill-prepared, carry on the low grade work. How urgently a reshaping of our Normal Schools is needed is suggested by a recent study from the Bureau of Education:

> Normal Schools differ from each other very widely in organization, in admission requirements, in courses of study, and in modes of instruction. The explanation of this lack of uniformity is to be found in the fact that normal schools have never been a part of the system of higher education evolved in this country. The typical normal school derives its financial support from legislative appropriations, receives its students without competition from a territory over which it exercises exclusive control, and it has no difficulty in placing its graduates in positions which they regard as satisfactory. Furthermore, so urgent has been the demand in the country for teachers that school boards and superintendents have not been able to make rigid selections, with the result that standards of training have not been forced on the normal schools from without.
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> In a situation where relative isolation has not compelled schools to define themselves to others there has been the largest opportunity for the play of personal influences. . . . There is no State authority in most of the States strong enough to determine what shall be done in normal schools. The result is that within a single State there are the widest variations.

Better training, a higher standard of certification, and a

higher wage scale, will help toward competency, but one gain more is imperative if teaching is ever to stand beside our other professions: the teachers, more and more, must participate in councils of school procedures, in the outlining of courses, in the adjustment of day-by-day work. In other words, within a coördinate, thrifty Federal system, ample scope and generous means must be found for teachers to initiate, to plan, to grow. Honorary awards should be theirs for good work done, and freedom and opportunity to study and to experiment must be granted successful instructors. An administrative chair should not be (as it has been in the past) the only reward open to brilliant teaching: on the contrary, the salaries and dignities of effective teachers should be, everywhere, quite as distinguished as any granted to executives. Organization and instruction are, of course, diverse problems, and no council of teachers should seek to administer; for execution, by its very nature, is single. Committee rule descends to tyranny even more quickly than does one-man power, and is more deadly. But there is no valid reason, save stale custom, which decrees that management is more responsible than teaching. Within sensibly exact administrative margins, then, there should be scope for the originality and variability of individual teachers: the restlessness in the teaching world comes not alone from desire for decent recompense: it is akin to the irritability present in our industrial groups, which springs partly from ignorance and envy, and from the lack of steadying responsibility. This need to create, which is the very rock-bed of professional and craft integrity, has recently found expression in a Report issued by the High School Assistants of Boston:

> What teachers want is some measure of responsible participation in determining conditions of their work. If, as is often said, the teachers are the best defense of the republic, if they fashion and mould the minds and characters of the oncoming generation, it is not presumption for them to ask to be trusted to help determine the shop conditions of their craft. . . . With increase of democratic control the teachers will have more recognized power and less jealousy, higher standards and less intellectual sloth, more work and fewer breakdowns, and a finer loyalty toward all workers.

Worn schoolmen, having in mind weary multiplications of the young teacher who reported her year's experience in travel and reading to have been—"A trip across the lake and a novel by Robert Chambers,"—will smile at these

proposals, asking how chewing-gum philosophers can leap to Socratic interrogatories. Gathering perspective from a kindred profession, we can only suggest that a Sairey Gamp and an Edith Cavell have been found in the same calling! A democracy dies when it neglects discrimination.

A reorganization of our static courses of study is another problem pressing for accomplishment, but all attempts to carry out, whole-heartedly, improvements in our curricula must wait for the development of an intelligent teaching body.

So we return to our first premise, for it is difficult to see how we can develop a worthy teaching body unless we have national leadership in our educational interests, and an aroused public pride in the work of our schools. Federal integrity and local autonomy are old antagonists,—was not Parmenides, upholder of indivisible unity, opposed, in the sixth century before Christ, to Heracleitus, who taught that change and individual variation rule the universe!—but surely in educational reconstructions the time has come to recognize Federal Integrity as the Head of Our House. Only by so doing can we secure for our children their richest heritage: paradoxically enough, only by so doing can we obtain for the larger number of them fit chances for individual development. The persistence of true Americanism, so far as our schools can foster it, calls for legislation to cut cleanly across impeding barriers of sectionalism, class prejudice, and sectarianism, to give us the beginnings of a national system of education.

The glory in this challenge is that the task is worth our mettle. We are young and adaptive and generous. Even in the inevitable fluctuations characteristic of all living, we may yet, with insight and toil, procure for our children a decent working milieu. And though we may be forced, in the light of modern metaphysics, to abandon the dream of constant progress toward stabilities, to share with Mr. Adams the hypothesis that retrogression is as natural as advance, there still remains to us the fighting proposition of addressing ourselves to these present-day needs as if we were the masters of time. And though Dr. Einstein sweep time away, to be honest with the work in hand will remain our categorical imperative.

JOSEPHINE HAMMOND.

A LESSON TO MY GHOST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Shall it be said that the wind's gone over
The hill this night, and no ghost there?
Not the shape of an old-time lover
Pacing the old road, the high road there?
By the peacock tree, the tree that spreads its branches
Like a proud peacock's tail (so my lady says),
Under a cloudy sky, while the moon launches
Scattered beams of light along the dark silences?
I will be a ghost there, though I yet am breathing,
A living presence still in tight cottage walls,
Sitting by the fire whose smoke goes wreathing
Over fields and farmyards and farmyard stalls.
As a player going to rehearse his faring,
I will be my ghost there before my bones are dust,
Bid it learn betimes the sock it shall be wearing
When it bids the clay good-bye as all ghosts must.
Hush, then; upstairs sleep my lady and her mother;
The cat curls the night away, and will not stir;
Beams of lamp and beech-log cross one another,
No wind walks in the garden there.
Go my ghost, it calls you, the high road, the winding,
Written by the moonlight on the sleeping hill;
I will watch the ashes, you go finding
The way you shall walk for generations still.
The window-latch is firm, the curtain does not tremble,
The wet grass bends not under your tread,
Brushing you shake not the dew from the bramble,
They hear no gate who lie abed.
Nodding I stare at the hearth, but I see you,
My half-wit travels with you the road;
There shall be your kingdom when death shall free you,
When body's wit is neither leash nor goad.
Past the peacock branches proudly gliding,
Your own ghost now, I know, I know,
You look to the moon on the hill-top riding,
The mares in the meadow sleep as you go.
Your eyes that are dark yet great for divining
Brood on the valleys of wood and plough,

And you stand where the silver flower is shining
Of cherry against the black holly bough.
Rehearse, O rehearse, as you pass by the hedgerows,
Remembrance of all that was my bright will,
That so my grave of whispers and echoes
May rest for the ghost that is yet on the hill.
The primroses burn and the cowslips cover
The starry meadows as heaven is clad,
Learn them all, O ghost, as a lover,
So shall your coming again be glad.
The inn-sign hangs in the windless watches,
You pass the shadowy piles of stone
Under the walls where the hawthorn catches
Shapes from the moon that are not its own.
Wander, wander down by the cresses,
Over the crest of the hill, between
The brown lych-gate and the cider presses,
Past the well and across the green.
Heed me my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Or soon, my body to ash must fall,
Heed me, my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Heed me, ghost, and I shall not sorrow—
Learn this beauty, O learn it all.
Night goes on, the beech-log's ended,
Half-wit's drowsy, and doctrine done,—
Ghost, come home from the road; befriended
My moon shall be when I leave the sun.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

BURROUGHS AS BERGSONIST

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

I

"THINK you the man of science does not also find God? that Huxley and Darwin and Tyndall do not find God, though they may hesitate to use that name? Whoever finds truth finds God, does he not? Whoever loves truth loves God!" In these words, typical of *The Light of Day,* John Burroughs, at the beginning of the present century, placed himself in all candor among the scientific philosophers. Literature and religion, he announced, are on the wane, while science is young, is "now probably only in the heat of its forenoon work." The future belongs to science.

But the scientific enthusiasm of *The Light of Day* could not last. Long before this book was published, Burroughs had insisted upon "love" as the motivating power behind the scientific study of the universe; and even in his praise of reason as the light of day banishing the mists of superstition, even in his cordial welcoming of the young giant to whom the future belongs, there were overtones of dissatisfaction and rebellion that were later to become the dominant theme. *The Light of Day* was no sooner published than it was outgrown. Thirteen years later, when the shadows of a long life were deepening apace, the ambitious young giant of the modern world seemed to possess sinister as well as creative forces. Science was now conceived, not as in the heat of his morning labors, but as having reached the meridian. "In the Noon of Science" (*The Summit of the Years*) expresses a grudging acceptance of the achievements of natural science, and even more disillusion as to its value in interpreting life. The author has passed from the blithe assumption: "Think you the man of science does not also find God?" to the patronizing reminder: "Let us give physical science its due." The

militant intellectualism of a Huxley has lapsed into the melancholy and the recurring bewilderment of the finer spirits of our epoch; "I too," says Burroughs, "at times feel the weary weight of the material universe as it presses upon us in a hundred ways in our mechanical and scientific age." Looking down from the summit of the years he perceives that knowledge comes but wisdom lingers—that railroad, automobile, and aeroplane have not brought the arch-gods in place of the half-gods; that our mastery of the forces of nature has all but led to their mastery of us (allusively quoting Emerson, he sees now, he says, that "we cannot vault into the saddle of the elemental forces and ride them and escape the danger of being ridden by them"); that the finer qualities of the civilization of the Old World are a legacy from the pre-scientific age; that the scientific age when only slightly unchecked, as here in the New World, has produced a civilization "the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw"; that in the most pretentious researches of science, those into the nature of life and consciousness, which it has sought to explain in terms of physics and chemistry, scientific investigation is "at the end of its tether"; that whereas material or logical truths are intellectually discerned, spiritual truths are spiritually discerned—"All questions that pertain to the world within us are beyond the reach of science." For all these facts, pointed out with salutary emphasis, science is not responsible, says Burroughs, but man himself: a truth to be remembered in our reaction against natural science. Surely science cannot be other than altogether beneficent when beneficently used. But it must be used to serve, not to domineer, the spiritual values of life. "Where there is no vision," says Burroughs, "no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight.

No, the physical light of day cannot illuminate the profound inner being of man; it leaves it dark as the darkest night. Illumination, at best a glimmering illumination, is obtainable only through the searching light of the spirit. "We must transcend physical science to reach the spiritual and grasp the final mystery of life." Science finds no meaning in such pregnant utterances as Goethe's "There is a

universe within thee as well" or Christ's "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Science may help us endlessly in understanding our physical life and enhancing our well-being, but it cannot help us in understanding our souls—"we must look to the great teachers and prophets, poets and mystics."

In a sense, this is not a new conclusion in Burroughs's work; the distinction, though blurred, is already present in *The Light of Day*. What is new is the application of the distinction. Formerly, Burroughs had looked to certain poets, chief of all Whitman, for help in understanding the soul; yet, with his scientific temper, he could not be convinced of anything like *authority* in Whitman. His feelings responded, rather than his mind, and the mind, with Burroughs, whatever he may say, is central. So, despite of Whitman's influence, he had continued to think in terms of natural science. But in his later work, beginning with *Time and Change,* he has found, or believes he has found, the authority wanting in the poets, the ground for accepting the validity of intuitive rather than scientific perception. The rapture of science, a tame equivalent for the French Revolution that made it bliss for democratical poets to be alive, had passed into something not far from disillusion, when M. Bergson, student of science and technical philosopher, no mere *littérateur* dallying with the emotions, swam into his ken and gave to Burroughs's secret tendencies a sanction altogether unlooked for. What he had wanted to believe, he now found it possible to believe. He came under the spell of Bergson, according to Miss Barrus, in the summer of 1911; and in the four volumes immediately succeeding, Bergson's influence is fundamental (*Time and Change,* 1912, *The Summit of the Years,* 1913, *The Breath of Life,* 1915, *Under the Apple-Trees,* 1916). While the scientists in the main have denounced Bergson, John Burroughs has become his disciple; the Huxley of *The Light of Day* has become the Bergson of *The Summit of the Years*. Bergson is the great reconciler; in him literature, science, and philosophy are no longer separate approaches to reality, but one. Whereas Herbert Spencer saw everything in the light of science alone, Henri Bergson envisages life in the light that never was on sea or land. He likewise goes beyond the far-seeing Emerson, in being "the friend and aider of those who would see with the

spirit and enter into the mystery of creation through intellectual sympathy and intuition, instead of making the vain attempt to do so through the logical and scientific understanding." He transforms the mirage of most of the spiritual strivings of the past into reality, permits the man of science (me, John Burroughs), without ceasing to be a man of science, to retain such words as "soul," "spirit," "creation," and "spontaneity" "as standing for real truths in the total scheme of things." He gives the dignity of science to spiritual perception.

On these terms Burroughs is content to follow Bergson in his degradation of the intellect, accepting his assertion, along with the italics, that *"the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life."* The intellect may, indeed, comprehend the physical order, by which it has been formed, but never the vital order. Life itself, the vital order, can be grasped only through intuition, through sympathetic immersion in pure duration. By projecting ourselves within life, "we shall escape from the bondage of the mechanistic view into the freedom of the larger truth of the ceaseless creative view; we shall see the unity of the creative impulse which is immanent in life and which, 'passing through generations, links individuals with individuals, species with species, and makes of the whole series of the living one immense wave flowing over matter.'" Here at last, thinks John Burroughs, is a conception of the "four-fifths of life outside of science" which a modern man may accept. And he may accept it with joy. Bergson exhilarates like a bath or a long walk. He shows —does he not?—that all life is divine, that matter is spiritualized, as Whitman had asserted long before. After Bergson we are free, as we were not quite free after Whitman, to live in the certainty of the immanence of spirit in nature, mingling with it in joyous company, knowing the soil and the spaces of the sky friendly not chilly, gazing back fearlessly down the long road by which man has ascended past all the perils of geologic time, wondering ecstatically at the miracle of the creative process as it lurches forward without a goal. Remote indeed, now, is the thoughtless ornithological ardor of *Wake-Robin;* remote the keen zest for a detective understanding of nature functioning; remote, even, the geologic and biologic studies once so absorbing. Something of each remains, of course,

partly because old age is retrospective, and the sugar-bush of the farm and the first hooded warbler in the woods will never be effaced, and the landscape of the old days necessarily wears a new aspect after years of brooding over its geology and biology; yet, as Burroughs says in *Field and Study,* "When I take a walk now, thoughts of natural history play only a secondary part; I suspect it is more to bathe the spirit in natural influences than to store the mind with natural facts." More and more, as he has mused on the vital order, the physical fact has yielded less pleasure and meaning, while the inner fact, the vital impulse expressing itself in a stream of novelties, has fascinated him. As a boy on the farm, he turned eagerly from the human world of work and character to the influences of an infinitely curious and beautiful outer nature; and as an old man, he is still immersed in these influences. They are richer, as the man is richer, but they still proceed from the enchantments of outer nature rather than from the inner life of the spirit.

II

If the two, nature and spirit, are indeed one, as Burroughs believes, there has been a genuine advance in his career from poetic observation to scientific study, to spiritual insight. But the spiritual insight of Burroughs is clearly not that of the sages, his own Emerson included, who have invariably assumed a dualism that he denies. Science, according to Burroughs, has rendered impossible the conception of any sort of dualism in creation; "when the man of science seeks to understand and explain the world in which we live, he guards against seeing double, or seeing two worlds instead of one, as our unscientific fathers did—an immaterial or spiritual world surrounding and interpenetrating the physical world, or the supernatural enveloping and directing the natural." He is at a loss, he admits a little naively, to account for this "mythopoetic tendency" of our unscientific fathers, unless, perchance, it served a good purpose, along with indubitably bad effects, in the evolution of mankind. But he has no doubt that it is high time that we discard the superstitions of dualism, since "hedge or qualify as we will, man is a part of Nature. . . . Can there be anything in the universe that is not of the universe? Can we make two or three out of the one?"

It will not serve to remind Burroughs, who respects the natural but not the human past, that Christ did so, that Plato and Aristotle did so, that Dante and Milton did so, that all the wise men in the history of mankind have done so, basing their conviction on the very nature of consciousness itself; for Burroughs will answer that science has now shown that consciousness itself has a "physiological origin," "that the spiritual has its root in the carnal." Somewhere on the long road, he says picturesquely, man picked up his brain, and somewhere, later, he developed his ethical system. We shall look in vain in nature, not only for reason and holiness, but also for our ethical principles; she is non-moral, her needs are all physical; while we have her curiosity, jealousy, sex love, fear, etc., she knows nothing of our "exclusively human" emotions and impulses such as awe, veneration, humility, self-sacrifice, shame, and modesty. These human properties began "*de novo* in him only as the wing began *de novo* in the bird, or the color began *de novo* in the flower," and were built up by men through the contacts of society. "They are the fruit of the social aggregate."

Yet the scientific attitude that forbids our seeing double results, as Burroughs himself confesses, in fundamental contradictions. "I am aware," he says, "that two ideas, or principles, struggle in my mind for mastery. One is the idea of the super-mechanical and the super-chemical character of living things; the other is the supremacy and universality of what we call natural law." The supernatural point of view springs from his "literary habit of mind"; the natural, from his "scientific bent." Hence the reader is to expect "obvious contradictions." And he will find them. On the one hand Burroughs asserts that nature is simply man viewed externally, that we may come to know ourselves through a study of her; on the other, that we have exclusively human traits of the highest importance which cannot be studied in her. On the one hand he regards these peculiarly human traits as the most valuable possessions of humanity, and on the other is well pleased, with Wordsworth (whom he quotes),

> . . . . . to recognize
> *In nature* and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my *moral* being.

On the one hand he insists upon nature and spirit as an inalienable unity, rejecting the reality of dualism, and on the other completely "lives in *two separate* compartments of his being at different times." Nor are these to be regarded as verbal or superficial contradictions, as a concrete instance will show: Burroughs's conception of the great war of 1914. War itself, we may note in passing, he views as a beneficent institution ("There must be something that vastly more than offsets the brutal element in it"), while believing also that it is a maleficent institution that the scientific spirit will eventually exorcise. In the World War Germany, who had led the rest of the world in our modern cultivation of science "as if it were our salvation," found that "the gods of science" were on her side. Did this fact place Burroughs too on her side? Not in the least; it only made him fear deeply that she would win and impose a Germanized world upon us, and it did not prevent his warm advocacy of the cause of the Allies, who had "the gods of the moral law" on their side, on the surprising ground that "our blended inheritance from Greece and Judea and the meditative Orient" was at stake — "the spirit that begat literature, poesy, art, music." The modern Germany of science, of vital impulse, and grandiose idealism, though it is the state that his thinking leads to, is after all not the state that Burroughs wants. In the hour of crisis, he rallies to the defense of the dualistic, humanistic tradition of the Orient and the Mediterranean to which, in his mode of life and his writings, he has given scant attention and praise. The votary of the gods of science is at heart, with all the sages, a worshipper of the gods of the moral law. He finds that he must distinguish in practice, if not in theory, between nature and man.

In theory, however, he returns on every page to the irrefragable unity of things, and to the bland optimism that accompanies this conception whenever it is emphasized. "It is the best possible world." He is in love with it, aye, with "its storms and earthquakes, its wars, its famines, and contagious diseases." Man is a mere speck, presently to be wiped out when the stars cool off; he is only "the insect of a summer hour"; he is brother to the apples that nature drops from the tree in the process of thinning—we, the dropped apples, must think of the tree, and be happy. Only so shall we enter fully into the wonder of life. The won-

der!—here perhaps we have the key to the emotional compartment of John Burroughs. It is all so curious, so endlessly curious, this world we happen to find ourselves in. What we learn, far from diminishing its curiosity, but adds to it more and more. The doctrine of evolution, instead of undermining the wonder and mystery of life, has increased it immeasurably. So much to learn, so much to enjoy—how could one wish for a better world? Study the wing of a butterfly, the habits of the chipmunk, the long road of the past up which they have marched as man has marched: are greater wonders conceivable? "Transport yourself in imagination away from the earth to the vacancy of the interstellar regions. Can you convince yourself that there would be no over and no under, no east and no west, no north and no south?" "If one rode upon a meteorite rushing toward the earth, would one have the sensation of falling?" Is there no cause in these things, in all things, for infinite wonder? Pitiable indeed is the state of the man who was not endowed with the faculty of wonder or whose sense of wonder has been blunted by use. "I think I was born under happy stars, with a keen sense of wonder, which has never left me, and which only becomes jaded a little now and then." As one might expect, the wonder of a scientific temper like that of Burroughs leads from the present to the past rather than to the future. The future a Bergsonian must regard as completely unknowable; but if nothing may be predicted, much may be recollected. "As life nears its end with me," writes Burroughs in *The Breath of Life,* "I find myself meditating more and more upon the mystery of its nature and origin." Not man as he is, still less man as he might be, is the subject of scientific wonder, but man as he was when he was not man at all. Nothing can be more wonderful, to such a man, than to turn the ancient soil with a spade and lay bare the geologic ages—an abyss opens up that is indeed calculated to swallow his "identity," and everything else. If wonder and religion are the same, as Burroughs assumes; if an intellectually imaginative response to nature carried to the point of an emotional self-annihilation is spirituality, then unquestionably John Burroughs is to be ranked among the major prophets of the soul.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

A GENERATION LOST?

BY F. V. KEYS

THE lake, which has sustained in turn the gaze of Calvin and Voltaire, of Gibbon and Madame de Stael, of Byron and Rousseau,—the lake lies shimmering in the haze that almost veils the Alps and Jura and softens the stony bastion of the Mont Saléve. It is an afternoon, like all autumn afternoons, for memories; above all, for memories of the significant dead. . . . Irresistibly a spot beckons me yonder from the green base of the Saléve, where, thirty years ago—or was it not yesterday?—I spent an eternal month of happy days with one who is no more. Private persons, like nations, and epochs, have their significant dead.

. . .

The tram line that carries you across the frontier is like any other; the country-side of the Canton surely melts imperceptibly into that of Savoy; and yet!—Before the officer comes on to examine your *laissez-passer,* your eyes have found subtle differences in the fields and hedgerows in the trees and vines of the soil of sacred France. But soon it is more than a subtle change that affects the scene,—the air, still as the in-drawn breath of the intently listening, the white ribboning road, the autumn fields, the sunshine on the village roofs. Sentries stand red-trousered by their boxes, with fixed bayonets, by the corner of peaceful hayfields, where old men and very young boys are at work, or only women and girls. Children gathering potatoes, that mottle the hoed earth in the sunlight, look up at you as you pass with the same grave faces which the old men turn toward you without pausing in their slow steady labor. The quiet voices of women here and there, some washing clothes at the fountain before the *mairie,* others coming and going about the yards and gardens, the slim black-clad *bourgeoise* by the tall iron gate at the notary's house,—

these seem only to punctuate the intense silence that accompanies the immense, the sustained and patient effort with which France battles for her freedom, and mankind's.

. . .

The guard, of gigantic stature, has viséd my passport and returned it, with a sudden softening of his frowning official scrutiny into the warm smile that greets an ally. He has also, with a single elbowed scratch in the road with his boot, given me the direction to the hamlet I am looking for. The whole French directness is in the method. It is also in the words of the little girl I meet in the climbing lane shadowed by great walnut trees between the hayfields. *Filez droit devant vous,* she says, and justifies my expectation of her clear grey eyes, her beautifully pencilled brows, her quick color, the energy of her compact black-clad figure. Swiftly she runs down with a greeting. . . .

Dimly, dimly, something is remembering, recognizing. This steep and narrow lane; the tangle in the hedge yonder—yes, it is the clematis and wild rose we used to pick in bloom. . . . Eye and heart are at the eternal trick again, conniving to defeat, in unessentials, the eternal law of change; imploring, grasping at straws, grateful for trifles that, for an instant, may push back the years. Ages hence, this clematis will still be growing here and twisting about the red-hawed briar to give a body to Memory, beneath the autumn sun.

Almost with certainty I come to a stand on the top of the incline, while my gaze follows the cross-road to where a low white-walled house rises at its edge behind two pollard plane-trees. Before it, undulating, poplar-tipped, meadow and field and vineyard sweep downward toward the just perceptible blue which is the horn of the lake, a faint eye looking at you through the folds of violet mist. Behind, the beetling precipice of the Saléve.

An old woman is hanging out a wash on the paling of the orchard near me. I ask if yonder is the house occupied by M. B—, say thirty years ago? She looks at me, murmurs a moment to herself, and answers, yes. Of course, I say, he is no longer . . . ? Of course, she returns; but there are relatives there now. She bids me good-day, and goes on shaking out her wash.

A man past middle age is going about the paddock beside the house. I fancy a resemblance, but it vanishes when he

speaks. M. B— was milder, happier, more prosperous with a wide generous prosperity not often seen now in people's faces. This man is less of a vine-grower, more of an *aubergiste*. Wait a moment, he says; he will call his wife. He goes to the kitchen door and calls Christine! She comes out, a woman in her later fifties; her close black hair neatly dressed, her face grave, with wrinkles of sorrow and anxiety about her keen black eyes. Her front teeth are gone from the upper jaw, but the lower ones have nearly grown up to supply them. She listens quietly to my remarks, and though she does not quite comprehend why I am here, courteously helps out my halting enquiries. Yes, the arbor beside the road, hid in a bower of clematis and woodbine where we dined, was gone. It was too draughty, and had got too old. And the high walnuts in the enclosure beyond, which had shaded our croquet games and long loiterings through the enchanted days, they too were gone. Between her time and M. B—, there had been a tenant, who had let everything run down. He had felled the walnuts. Those young fruit-trees in the orchard, they had planted them since they had taken possession. It was the old paternal place. She was M. B—'s youngest sister. The other half of the ground had been sold. To shiftless people,—you could see where their property began, how they let it go. It is true; the second crop of hay is over-ripe, and makes a frowzy border to her closely mown orchard. But that brown chalet gable showing among the trees on the rise yonder, does it not date back . . . ? Yes, the L—'s place, and they are still the owners. The name floats into my ear like an echo, and I smell again the rich fragrance of nosegays from a radiant garden.

The warmth of my interest rouses some in her. She in turn tries to question me, with backward looking eyes. . . . Yes, there were families, English, and Americans too, she fancies she can remember. But the attempt breaks down, and we go on to pick up members of the brother's household whom my memory can tag. He himself died in '98, after much suffering. His wife died two years later. She was blind, and had a mania that she was persecuted; and that ended by killing her. I remember her, a dignified matron in a beautiful frilled white cap, a famous cook, and urbane hostess. And the young nephew and niece, the orphans they, who were childless, were providing for? Ah

yes, they were on *her* side. Marc,—a vision of a rustic Apollo on the high hay-wagon between the walnut-trees,—Marc had not done well. He was in *la misère*. And Marie his sister,—a nymph of supple grace,—had turned out ill. She had gone to Paris, was an ironer in a laundry. She married and had two children, and then her husband left her. And she took up with a coiffeur, learned the hair-dressing business herself. But they fell out; and one day she went to the coiffeur's and cut his throat. She got fifteen years penal servitude. She must be just about out now; yes, just about now. And the other Marie, the kitchen-maid, had died in her first confinement. *Ah mon Dieu, que tout ca est mort!*

She repeats her refrain, *que tout ca est mort!* And I buried my own daughter, she goes on, with a deeper tone in her voice, and her hand at her face. Buried her, at eighteen years. Consumption, ah, the terrible disease! and she turns away her head as if from a sight too piteous to bear. At eighteen years. And her deep eyes look into mine. No, it is no longer the same world.

And with that word, it is with us, the Third that has lain behind our words and our silences. *La Guerre.*

. . .

She has three sons at the front. Yes, they have all three come through so far,—she has been lucky! She checks herself a moment to ask what she can offer me? A cup of tea, if she can spare the time to drink one with me. She signifies that for the present there is no question of time, and proposes that we remove to the bench and table at the side of the house. There, behind the hedge of bright dahlias, when she has drunk up her cup in three rapid mouthfuls, she resumes: Yes, they have all been in the thick of it since the beginning. One in Champagne, one in Argonne, one in the Vosges. They had written home regularly. And think of it,—they all three have been back on leave. All together, without any knowing that the others were to get off too. The first one surprised her; and while he was saying how fine it would be if the others could get off now, there they were at the door. They were married men, they had a week, instead of four days. One of them was still here. Probably he would be round soon.

And then the eternal query, which is half a mere sigh,—when will it all end? And eyes that instinctively are scan-

ning your face, beseeching an answer. This strange and terrible new world, this Something that reaches out for its fell tribute to the humblest and highest hearth in the land, when will it be over at last? No, it will never be the same world again, for us who grew up in that old kindly world, and have lived to see the sudden brutal end of an epoch. . .

. . .

We hear his voice saying a word to the father as he passes along the path to where the mother sits with me. He looks well, the soldier on leave; as his mother says, better than when they went, all three of them. In his blue shirt and wide blue corduroy trousers tucked into the top-boots, he stands lean as a rail, his blue eyes looking straight at you from out of the deep red tan of his face. A curious sort of quiet surrounds him, like that which follows on the sudden stopping of an uproar.

Yes, they were in luck, to get back together, the three of them. Their work was cut out for them, up yonder. They had to root *them* out, out of the earth itself,—and he looked at the ground as if he saw *them* there. It had to be done. For if *they* had got in last year, it would have been all up with the country; it would have been turned into something different. Yes, I was right, we must change some things too. We should have been better prepared. The English too; though if it hadn't been for their fleet—! So I had relatives too at the front? Volunteers. He repeats the word briefly, as if it suggested something out of the natural order, as one might talk of men volunteering to breathe. Had come thousands of miles? He should like to know exactly what a mile meant in kilometers. Up yonder they were always talking of miles. He thought it would be more sensible if people all had the same system of measures. And of currency too. There were a lot of matters of that kind that needed straightening out. . . They were heavy drinkers up in the north, say in Normandy. Drank great quantities of the hard cider of the district. As for absinthe—there were all sorts of substitutes for it for those who would have it.

His mind insistently reverts to the problems of normal times. Meantime, he returns *là-bas* in a couple of days; and after,—*il faut espérer. . !* Ah, there is the postman. *Eh bien, au revoir.* . . There is only a tighter grasp of the hand to suggest a difference. . .

She has finished reading the communiqués in the Lyons paper left by the postman, and holds her folded spectacles in her hand, pondering. When you just read things in print, you somehow don't quite believe they happened that way. But when you are told things by people who have *seen,* it is different. And yet, even then, you can scarcely realize it, believe it. Here, it is all so tranquil, so *natural.* It is little wonder the English are so slow to understand. They have never known war.

There was the house of the tax-collector in the village they were forced to retire from. He had a pretty daughter, a girl of sixteen. When they fought their way back again, they found him bound to the stove in the sitting-room. And the mother begged them, while they were unbinding him, to look for her daughter, *they* had taken her into the next room. . . there were twelve of them. . . At last they found her, in the well. It seems, they dig the wells fearfully deep up yonder. . . And on the frontier, there was such trouble with spies. They had been 'worked' for years, trained into traitors. At one place, they sent out patrol after patrol, and they never came back. They relied on the directions of a lady who was always walking there, with her two daughters. At last, they began to suspect something was wrong. They took the opposite way from the lady's directions. They returned safely. And they took the ladies, all three, and gave them the traitors' end.

She pauses, with eyes that look inward, seeing them as women. . .

They say, that men fall beside you, and die; and you take no notice. . .

As she sees it, she closes, it's a generation lost, *une génération perdue.* For of those that come back,—they won't be the same. Her sons say so too. They are married men with children, steady fellows, all of them. But the young men, most of them won't come back what they were. We should have been better prepared. The French, you see, they are too gentle, *trop doux,* too confiding. Yes, there are many things we must change.

And her last brave and quiet word is,—*il faut espérer.* . .

. . .

The cool of evening is tempering the air, here in the winding road where I am waiting for the tram to take me back, seated on the stone bench to which the post-mistress

directed me. Above and about me, walnut, oak and chestnut raise their monumental leafage against the bare seamed face of the Saléve. My eyes search the great rock, level by level, cranny, nook and crevice, recognizing details, aspects forgotten down the long bend of the years. . .

Without a sound, upon the white dust of the road, appears a black figure. A tiny old man is mounting slowly, slowly, up from the village, beneath the great arch of verdure that makes an aisle of the road. He leans on a thick stick, and carries his black coat over one shoulder.

When opposite to me, he halts, and lifts his black felt hat with a courteous greeting. He is clad in black trousers and a coarse linen shirt, unironed, and beautifully clean. His black leather boots are oiled, and neatly tied, and almost as small as a boy's. His clear little features are as neat as his clothes. Erect and frail as an aspen leaf, he is as sweet and wholesome as a blade of ripe grain. His voice, a little timid, purls from his toothless gums as softly as the brook that tinkles behind the hedge.

Perhaps I was acquainted in the village—?

I regret. . .

Then I did not belong to the village—?

No, I didn't belong to the village.

Perhaps some errand had brought me too, then—? He is feeling, in the strange place, for some contact, some foothold of companionship.

I had come only to look up a place where I once was as a child, long ago.

Ah yes, he says softly, to be sure, long ago.

It was different, then. Different everywhere. It seemed as if one had lived a hundred years since last summer.

He nods, comprehending. Who, he falters, who would ever have believed it, believed it to be possible? He raises his hand with a baffled gesture, and sways on his stick like a leaf in the breath of the wind. He keeps saying, *"Qu'y faut-il penser, qu'y faut-il penser?"* His dim eyes question the vista of the road, and you see in them the vision of fugitives, who, like himself, are old. . .

Something urges me to say: we must be patient. He leans toward me, all eager. That was what he said too; it was patience we needed. What good did it do, getting into a passion; what good did it do, to rebel? No, we must be patient; and then, in the end. . .

And he, I query in turn, was he looking for someone?

Yes, for his daughter. Her husband was gardener on an estate here. That is, before the war. And they had let her stay on.

And the soldier?

Yes, by last accounts he was well. There were two others too, who had come through so far, had been at the front too, all the time. And again,—there was his youngest daughter's husband, now; the one who was settled in the city yonder. He went out the sixth of last August, and by the fourteenth of September he was killed. . . What to think of it all, what to think. . .

A young woman comes down the road with her basket, on her way to the village. To the old man's question she answers that he must go straight up the road, and on the left he will find his daughter, in the garden cutting vegetables. If she should have gone, the ladies are on the terrace, they will direct him. He nods to me with a quaint smile, as he bends his back to the ascent.

Soon, from beyond the hedge and shrubbery comes the sound of voices; a young voice, pouring forth in a torrent of resentment and revolt, and an old voice, faint and trembling. . . A moment later they pass across an elbow of the road; a young woman with stormy shoulders; the tiny old man; and between them, two toddling children. A gap; *une génération perdue.*

. . .

Evening is drawing into the fields as we wind past, gathering shadows under the motionless oaks. Toward the south, perpendicular, ashen pale, the horn of the young moon hangs in the eaves of the sky. Why does that faint crescent make you think of innocence? Innocence of young children who have not yet put on, of the old who have at last put off, complicity with the wrongs of life. . .

What is it, to remember?

For the weak, it is lamentation; the baffled senses; bitterness; despair. For the strong, it is understanding; consecration; the orienting of the soul. If it was for the strong to die, it is for the strong to remember. The rememberers shall make of the generation lost, the generation redeemed, the generation of the Significant Dead.

F. V. KEYS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, PATHOLOGICALLY

BY MERTON S. YEWDALE

No greater injustice can be done to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe than to acquit him wholly of the very vices that made his personality so fascinating and at the same time contributed so much to his genius. Even Poe himself, who during his lifetime sought to mystify not only by his personal life but by his writings, would have been the last man to applaud or even encourage well-meaning biographers either to disprove or palliate his weaknesses, particularly if by so doing it would strip him of the mystery which always enveloped his personality.

Poe understood too well the dramatic possibilities of abnormality, and it would have been wholly inconsistent with his eccentric temperament to have endorsed any attempt to absolve him of his abnormalities, if it meant that his personality would be deprived of the dramatic interest which those very abnormalities heightened. Moreover, it is highly probable that Poe, with his peculiar vanity,[1] secretly admired his own vices, and that he would rather have gone down to posterity as a great villain than as an insignificant saint.

Who knows but that the poet may have had some such idea in his mind when he selected the perfidious Griswold to write his memoirs—Griswold, Poe's Evil Angel, who thought himself a great poet, and whose poetry Poe excoriated, thus making an implacable enemy for himself?

But whether or not Poe selected Griswold with malice aforethought, it is certain that Griswold avenged himself on the dead poet, and in a most malignant and jealous spirit, blackened his character almost beyond belief.

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[1] James A. Harrison, in his *Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe,* said that a "report current in the corps was that he [Poe] was a grandson of Benedict Arnold. Some good-natured friend told him of it, and Poe did not contradict it, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the mistake."

True it is that other biographers have erred by presenting Poe in perhaps too favorable a light, but somehow we are more inclined to forgive a charitable perversion of the truth than a vindictive one. We like to feel that the man whose works we revere had some good personal qualities, if for no other reason than that it assists our appreciation of his labors and strengthens our belief in his genius.

It would seem that this is a most unfair attitude to take toward the works of genius, particularly when there have been so many geniuses whose lives were anything but commendable, and yet it has been so from the beginning of recorded time. Human nature seems not to change in this respect, and there is example after example where appreciation of the man's labors was withheld simply because his mode of life was an offense to society.

Now granting that Poe had vices and that his critic wishes to discuss them, there seem to be two methods of procedure: the first is to consider the vices from a moral point of view—which would be but to hold the man up as a bad example and to consign him to perdition for his sins; the other is to consider his vices, not as bad habits grafted onto an otherwise good but weak character, but as being imbedded in his character so deeply as to be as much a part of his true self as is his genius. This second method we might call the pathological one, and it has this advantage over the other: it seeks not to judge Poe according to the Beatitudes, but aims only to analyze the causes of his aberrations. Besides it will in no wise detract from the already deep mystery surrounding his life and works; on the contrary, it will perhaps have the opposite effect—that of deepening the mystery as to how and why nature created a man with so many brilliant qualities, and then damned him with so many weaknesses.

We hear it commonly said that Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest of all American literary artists, and so he is; yet what is there distinctively American about him save that he was born in Boston? Stedman says: "From his father he inherited Italian, French, and Irish blood. * * * His mother, Elizabeth Arnold * * * was as purely English as her name." Harrison[1] says: "Rich currents of Irish, Scotch, English, and American blood ran together in

[1] Harrison says that Poe combined within himself "Celtic mysticism, Irish fervor, Scotch melody, the iris-tipped fantasy of the Shelleys and the Coleridges, and the independence and alertness of the transatlantic American into whom all the Old World characteristics had been born, on whom all these treasures of music and imagination, of passion and mystery had been bestowed by some fairy godmother."

his palpitating veins and produced a psychic blend unlike that of any other American poet." * * * In addition, Poe was much influenced by the wave of German mysticism which swept over America during his time.

It is almost hopeless to try to analyze a man with so great a mixture of different racial traits. He might have inherited his love of mysticism and whiskey from the Irish and Scotch; his sense of logic and ratiocination from the French; his literary quality and care in his accounts from the English and Americans; his love of splendor and grandeur from the Italians. His drug-taking he might have inherited from his Irish and English ancestry.

But even this does not explain why the man was as he was. There is obviously some other explanation—and one that accounts for his pathological condition.

Now it must not be taken for granted that because Poe was morbid and melancholy his writings were the immediate product of a brain diseased by alcohol and drugs; for it can easily be shown from his own confessions and the testimony of those who knew him well that a single drink of wine sent him into nervous hysteria, and that after a debauch he was incapacitated for days. He might conceivably have worked under the influence while he wrote at home, but he certainly was not an habitual drunkard, and especially when he filled his various positions of editor.

Of course, there were times when as editor he imbibed; several times he was found drunk at his post, and once or twice he was dismissed. But to say that all his work was done while he was drunk or drugged is an idle and malicious statement that cannot be proved.

Poe drank and drugged, but only periodically. After his wife's death he indulged more than ever; but that he swallowed whiskey and laudanum to get inspirations for his weird tales and poems (as is so often charged) is wholly incompatible with the temperament of the man.

But the question is not so much whether Poe drank and drugged much or little, but why he did; and the answer seems to be found in the peculiar make-up of his character.

At first view it would appear that Edgar Allan Poe had been born without human feeling, but this seems hardly possible when we consider his love and solicitude for his child-wife, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm. Nevertheless, his feeling was not a free agent, as it is in the normal

man. In fact, there is every indication that his feeling was almost wholly under the strong, magnetic power of his intellect—that is, his intellect fed, like a parasite, on his feelings. It is just as though there was between his heart and brain a system of wires over which currents of emotion passed from his heart into his brain, there to combine with his thoughts, the contact producing the sparks which in turn made his genius.

Conceive then a heart continually pouring feelings of melancholy and mysticism into a brain illuminated by the light of cold reason and logic, and you have a combination well-nigh fatal to any man's personal well-being.

Now what greatly complicated matters was that Poe's mind was excessively ratiocinative: recollect *The Gold Bug,* and *Maelzel's Chess-Player.* No less did speculative mystery interest him: recollect *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,* and *A Descent into the Maelstrom.* Even in the prose-poem, *Eureka,* that combination of intuition and scientific investigation, he attempted to solve the mystery of life and the universe.

Reason was the dominant force of his life. It drove him like a slave-driver with a black lash in his hand. Yet Poe was continually experimenting with the processes of reasoning. There is a report that one day Poe had a visitor, and that while the visitor was talking, Poe kept on writing. The visitor, becoming irritated at Poe's inattention, mentioned the matter, whereupon Poe replied that he meant no discourtesy, and that he was merely experimenting to see if he could listen to a conversation and write coherently at the same time. And thus through his entire life he was investigating, analyzing and comparing, being driven always by that irresistible force—Reason.

Now if Poe was mad, as so many people claim, it was not from mysticism or even melancholy, but reason, and Chesterton makes that very nice distinction in his chapter on *The Maniac.*[1]

And farther on he says:

> Mysticism keeps men sane. As long as you have mystery you have health; when you destroy mystery you create morbidity. * * *

[1] "Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad, but chess-players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers; but creative artists very seldom. * * * Moreover, it is worthy of remark that when a poet really was morbid it was commonly because he had some weak spot of rationality on his brain. Poe, for instance, really was morbid; not because he was poetical, but because he was specially analytical."

The morbid logician seeks to make everything lucid, and succeeds in making everything mysterious.

In some sense this reasoning of Chesterton's applies directly to Poe, but with this exception: Poe was at once a mystic, a creative artist, and a logician; likewise, he was a mathematician. One of his contemporaries wrote: "He [Poe] had a wonderful aptitude for mathematics"; while Harrison said: "Now his mind developed a strange and lucid power of analytical reasoning, like a sixth sense suddenly superadded to a brain already abnormally developed."

We know that even from his boyhood Poe was so morbid that he used to go at night to the graveyard and sit near the grave of one of his beloved friends, and as Harrison says, he later

revelled in the senses and in sense-products—rhythm, landscape, psychological phenomena of a dim and terrible yet sensualistic character, borderlands betwixt life and death, flashes of the subliminal consciousness whence well up mysterious telepathic communications between the seen and the unseen, fateful and funereal scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay draped in the utmost pomp and magic of style.

All of which shows that Poe was both logical and morbid, and that between the two, particularly when he was sober, he was pursued continually by reason and phantasmagoria.

But the reviewer of Gill's *Life of Poe* says that his intoxication "took the form of terrible despondency," which seems inconsistent; for why should the man drink to induce in a greater degree the very thing that he was trying to rid himself of when he was in his sober senses?

Is it not more probable that Poe drank because he discovered that whiskey dispelled for the time being the specters of his sober imagination, and broke the hold that reason had on his intellect?

And may not whiskey have released what little human feeling he had from the clutch of his parasitic intellect and given him a rest from the incessant warfare which went on within him?

In a letter to Mrs. Whitman, Poe wrote:

I have absolutely *no* pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life and reputation and reason. It has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories.

This letter was written probably after the death of his wife.

Whatever the change that whiskey wrought in him, it is certain that it supplied him with something that was left out of him at birth, and *that* something was social instinct. He was by nature a solitary man and apparently he visited very little, showing his want of animal spirits and aversion to society.

But whiskey altered him; for in his letter to a now unknown friend he wrote:

> The desire for society comes upon me only when I have become excited by drink. Then *only* I go—that is, at these times only I *have been* in the practice of going among my friends; who seldom, or in fact never, having seen me unless excited, take it for granted that I am always so.

It is evident then that Poe's drinking was to get "surcease from sorrow," to feel the human relation with his fellow-men, and to dispel rather than intensify his melancholy. And it is equally evident that he hardly ever went among his friends; from which it follows that a great part of his life was lived in private of which we know very little.

In a letter which Mr. George R. Graham wrote to Mr. W. F. Gill, he said: "The mysteries of his (Poe's) inner life were never revealed to any one, but his intimates well understood that to mystify his hearer was a strong element of his mind." "The mysteries of his inner life"—his love affairs? No, they were quite well known. What then? May it not have been his laudanum-taking?

As whiskey excited him, diffused his faculties, and made him sociable, so laudanum quieted him, concentrated his faculties, and increased his solitariness, and it brought about a state of mind which he describes in *Berenice*.

> To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book, to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer's day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; to lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat monotonously, some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not indeed, altogether unparal-

leled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation.

Any one acquainted with the effect of laudanum, and especially in heavy doses, knows that the pupils of the laudanum-taker's eyes close almost to pin-points, and that the mind centers itself with great concentration upon the first object to hand. As Poe said, it may be "some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book."

But on the other hand, De Quincey said that laudanum "gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections," and is a "healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation from pain that had disturbed and quarreled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good," and which induces in the laudanum-taker a feeling that the "diviner part of his nature is paramount — that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and high over all is the great light of the majestic intellect."

The difference in the two men's descriptions of the effect of laudanum is merely the difference in the size of the dose. Poe's description would indicate that the dose had been large— De Quincey's, that it had been small.

Now if as De Quincey says, laudanum makes the user feel that the "diviner part of his nature is paramount — that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity," then it is very probable that laudanum was the means of inducing in Poe thoughts and feelings of love. As to the kind of love — that has always been a question. Some say that Poe was a libertine; some say he was self-interested in getting some woman to help him financially; some say he was the perfect type of poet-lover and woman-worshiper. We, however, think that he was none of these; that he was merely a dreamer about love and exalted more by love itself than fascinated by the objects of his love.

On this point Stedman says, that Poe "was not a libertine. Woman was to him the impersonation of celestial beauty, her influence soothed and elevated him, and in her presence he was gentle, winning and subdued."

And Wilmer says:

Of all men that I ever knew, he [Poe] was the most passionless. Poets of ardent temperament, such as Anacreon, Ovid, Byron, and Tom Moore, will always display their constitutional peculiarity in their literary compositions; but Edgar Allan Poe never wrote a line that

gave expression to a libidinous thought. The female creations of his fancy are all either statues or angels. His conversation, at all times, was as chaste as that of a vestal, and his conduct, while I knew him, was correspondingly blameless.

In *Berenice* Poe wrote (probably a self-analysis): "In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings with me, *had never been* of the heart, and my passions were always of the mind."

Then we have the testimony of Mrs. Osgood, who wrote on her death bed, seven months after Poe's death:

I think no one could know him—no one *has* known him personally —certainly no woman—without feeling the same interest [as I did]. I can sincerely say that I have frequently *heard* of his aberrations on his part from the "straight and narrow path." I have never *seen* him otherwise than gentle, generous, well bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitively and delicately nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect. It was this which first commanded and always retained my regard for him.

And then we have Poe's own estimate of women. In his *Poetic Principle,* he said:

No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while, in his adversity, he still retains the unwavering love of woman. * * * He feels it [true Poesy] in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devotional endurances; but above all—ah! far above all—he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love.

Yet it was generally believed that though his affections for women were unusually ardent, they were fleeting and capricious; and there seems to be some truth in the statement, for in a letter to Mrs. Shew (June, 1848), he wrote: "Are you to vanish like all I love, or desire, from my darkened and 'lost soul'? . . . There was love, hope, and *sorrow* in your smile, instead of love, hope, and *courage* as before. . . . Unless some true and tender and pure womanly love saves me, I shall hardly last a year longer alive."

In an undated letter to Mrs. Whitman, but written probably in 1848 also, he wrote: "But ah, darling, if I *seem* selfish, yet believe that I truly, *truly* love you, and that it

is the most spiritual love that I speak, even if I speak it from the depths of the most passionate of hearts."

And in November, 1848, he wrote to Mrs. Richmond: "But, Annie, I know that you felt too deeply the nature of my love for you to doubt *that* even for one moment, and this thought had comforted me in my bitter sorrow."

Now any man who, in the short space of a year, could write such love letters to three women certainly was not truly in love with any one of them. The best that can be said of Poe is that he was fascinated by the mystery of love or that opium had made him sentimental. An anonymous author, writing on the subject of opium, says:

> The opium-eater is without sexual appetite; anger, envy, malice, and the entire hell-brood claiming kin to these, seem dead within him, or at least asleep; while gentleness, kindness, benevolence, together with a sort of sentimental religionism, constitute his habitual frame of mind. If a man has a poetical gift, opium almost irresistibly stirs it into utterance.

Now if Poe had been a sensualist, there might have been some reason for his indiscriminate love-making, but that he was physically cold and passionless; that he took laudanum; that he wrote a special letter to Mrs. Whitman in which he said: "But there was yet another idea which impelled me to send you those lines — 'I said to myself the sentiment — the holy passion which glows in my bosom *for her,* is of Heaven, heavenly, and has not taint of earth;'" that the characters of his women friends were beyond reproach, are sufficient evidence that his outpourings of love were nothing more than drug-induced ecstasies of love, as visionary and idealistic as his love poems.

Still there may be another reason why he so ardently declared his love; his women friends, particularly Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Osgood, were women of unusually strong characters, and mixed with their high regard for the man was undoubtedly the maternal instinct. To them Poe probably seemed like a child, and his constant pleading to them, rather than a masterful domination over them, must have elicited their pity and solicitude, rather than their deep, passionate love.

We get a hint of his suppliant attitude from *Ligeia,* and while he is apparently speaking of his child-wife, he must have had some one else in mind, since he always taught and

completely dominated Virginia. Perhaps he was thinking of Mrs. Whitman when he wrote:

> I saw not then what I now clearly perceive, that the acquisitions of Ligeia were gigantic, were astounding; yet I was sufficiently aware of her infinite supremacy to resign myself, with a childlike confidence, to her guidance through the chaotic world of metaphysical investigation at which I was most busily occupied during earlier years of our marriage. * * * Without Ligeia I was but as a child groping benighted.

But the manifestations of his moods are so many and so varied that it is almost impossible to make accurate deductions. However, it is doubtless true that laudanum lulled his restless spirit, thereby permitting his moral feelings to rise to a plane of love — pure and ethereal, and that the world of specters and phantoms being temporarily banished, the poet was ushered into another world (perhaps that of youth), bright, full of light, hope and promise.

Likewise, it is certain that his fine friendships with those noble women encouraged him to fight the demons that were continually dragging him down into the maelstrom, and though he lost the gallant fight, it must be forever credited to his loyal women friends that they saved him long enough for him to do the work that has stamped him as the greatest literary intellect of America.

Is Poe to be condemned? He was born with an abnormal intellect which was continually seething with thoughts of death, tombs, graveyards, together with "funereal scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay draped in the utmost pomp and magic of style." And only in alcohol and drugs did he seem to find relief from these diabolic apparitions.

He was born without human emotions, or with them so submerged in his intellect that he could almost be said to have been a man without a heart. Laudanum seemed to supply, or at least unleash his emotions. Who can say surely that whiskey and laudanum were not as necessary to his life as apparently the specters and phantoms were to his genius?

Almost every biographer has speculated as to the heights that Poe's genius would have reached had he abstained from alcohol and drugs, and perhaps lengthened his life. But one might easily reply that with an intellect which saw the world with such clearness and intensity, amounting almost to a demoniac concentration, and with a nature that was chronically morbid, it is difficult to prove

that alcohol and drugs did not keep him from plunging early in life over into raving insanity. Even when speaking of the death of his wife, Poe said: "I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank — God only knows how often or how much."

Poe died very much as he had lived — still wondering at the mysteries of life and death. It makes little difference now that he was a drunkard, a drug-user, a recluse, a misanthrope; he was a great literary artist, who paid the highest price for his genius of any man who ever lived. And it behooves us to put aside all moral considerations and to remember only that it was largely through his efforts that the name of America was prominently engraved upon the literary scroll of the world.

MERTON S. YEWDALB.

YEAST: A VICTORIAN HERESY

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

"YOUR book," Carlyle wrote Kingsley, "is definable as *crude;* to make the malt sweet the fire should and must be slow; the impression is of a fervid creation, still left half chaotic." Someone else has aptly characterized *Yeast* as "genius in a hurry." Nowhere else has Kingsley poured himself so recklessly over the printed page as in this novel written before his thirtieth birthday. *Yeast* lacks *genus:* it begins like a romance; proceeds as a political tract; and ends like a fairy-tale. But though nearly three-quarters of a century old, it still glows with Kingsley's ardour. The placid Victorian past becomes suddenly alive with fierce religious and social disputes. True, the turbulence of feeling in the book is somewhat disconcerting; and often its falsetto artistry provokes mirth; but its air of burning sincerity convinces. This strange novel is a strategic listening post for the conflicting movements of Victorian thought.

In action *Yeast* is a cross between a Platonic dialogue and a penny dreadful. The ribald little boy at the melodrama screaming for more murders would be content with Kingsley's extravagant and familiar devices. For it must be confessed that the Kingsley who declared himself "nothing if not a priest" loved a horrid tale. Lancelot's first meeting with Argemone recalls the story of the social nincompoop whose wont was to attract the attention of ladies by falling down stairs. Close by Argemone's high-church chapel Lancelot crashes from his horse, and suffers a timely concussion of the brain. In making Argemone nurse Lancelot back to life Kingsley observes almost the first of prehistoric literary traditions. The episode is his hearty version of the sprained-ankle motif.

This is melodrama, but it is Colonel Bracebridge, fox-

hunter and courteous seducer who really sets the lights low and the violins at *pizzicato*. He is guilty of no constructive piece of villainy, but his cleverness precludes his being virtuous. He is born out of his due time by at least a century, for in Fielding he would have been a hero. But in this Victorian company he is merely a soft-hearted radical who sins on claret. Kingsley's description of his death makes him a comic character. Certainly not all Victorians could have taken the following passage seriously. It is concerned with the letter which Bracebridge received immediately before he committed suicide, and which Lancelot read over the dead body of his friend: "'How I loved you once! How I hate you now! But I have my revenge. *Your baby cried twice after it was born!*' Lancelot tore the letter into a hundred pieces and swallowed them."

The first love passage between Argemone and Lancelot is really a gentle religious controversy. In the first intimacy of love still unconfessed Lancelot ventures to assail those who were fighting for truth at Oxford: "'Oh, Mr. Smith,' she said, 'how can you dare to talk so of a liturgy compiled by the wisest and holiest of all countries and ages! . . . Oh,' she said hopefully, 'that you would but try the church system! How you would find it harmonize and methodize every day, every hour for you! . . . Why not go to our vicar and open up your doubts to him?'"

But brutal Lancelot would not try the vicar, for, as he states in a homily a page long, the vicar was inimical to Schiller, Boehmen, and Carlyle! Yet he is not loth to talk with Argemone of love, and its denial of death. To Argemone's coy contention that the angelic life is single Lancelot demurs: "'How do we know that these angels, as they call them, if they be really persons may not be united in pairs by some marriage bond?' 'That is a very wild view, Mr. Smith, and not sanctioned by the Church,' said Argemone severely."

The lovers become more and more intellectual; in particular, the study of Homer binds them more closely. The crescendo of sentiment reaches its height when Lancelot shows Argemone a drawing of his own, in Tennysonian tone, called *The Triumph of Woman*. Argemone drops a "single tear" over the figure of Woman, followed by a trusting gazelle and a wandering butterfly. "And when she fancied that she traced in those bland aquiline lineaments, and in

the crisp ringlets which floated down to the knees of the figure, some traces of her own likeness, a dream of a new destiny floated before her,—she blushed to her very neck. 'You do not like it! I have been too bold,' said Lancelot, fearfully. 'Oh, no! no! It is so beautiful—so full of deep wisdom! But—but—You may leave it.'" *Yeast* is soaked in this kind of sentiment.

Argemone dies, and the result is a complete cessation of the action. The dialogues between the symbolic characters become longer and more didactic. The heroine and villain have vanished, and Kingsley is at some pains to finish his tale. He is, indeed, ridiculously like the author who got his hero at the bottom of a well and lacked the proper literary hoist. Like Sheridan's hero, it looks as if Lancelot would have to crawl off the stage on his hands and knees. What to do with Lancelot Smith? It is a problem, but nobody would wish to have Kingsley leave *Yeast* unended. A great unfinished novel may be left the world by Dickens, but not by Kingsley. End it Kingsley had to, and he did. He ended it by the creation of a new character, by the unparalleled Barnakill.

Barnakill is from Asia. His profession is unknown and even at his very first appearance he is occult enough to cause the reader considerable annoyance. As an avocation he affects banking, and his outlook upon finance is, to say the least, cosmic. He is, I think, literature's first transcendental business man. Barnakill has a knack of being found suddenly in odd places. He utters curious moral axioms; he alludes cryptically to an unheard of past and future; and he is forever displaying a weird omniscience concerning things both trivial and tremendous. But above all, Barnakill astounds and shames by his moral perfection. He bestows a sixpence upon Lancelot for lifting a trunk; thus Lancelot is taught the nobility of labour. Who is he? Not till the very end do we learn. Then Lancelot asks Barnakill about the underlying principle of their proposed ideal commonwealth. What is it to be? And Barnakill replies: "'Jesus Christ—THE MAN.'"

"He took Lancelot by the hand. A peaceful warmth diffused itself over his limbs; the droning of the organ sounded fainter and more faint; the marble monuments grew dim and distant; and, half unconsciously, he followed like a child through the cathedral door." It is reasonably

clear that Kingsley ended his novel with an incarnation of the Founder of Christianity.

The action of *Yeast* is certainly extraordinary, but to infer that Kingsley was less interested in action than character would be an error. His indifference to naturalness in his story was not due to greater concern over the thoughts and feelings of his characters. Most of these persons leave us cold except for interest in the beliefs to which they cling with such pious enthusiasm. Never the depth of feeling in the face of the baffling facts of life, as in Thackeray; never the subtle growth of character, as in George Eliot. Each person is a doctrinaire, and Kingsley is interested in the doctrines. Every character is a mouthpiece for its creator, and it may be truly said that from each comes, as Mozley has said, "a roar worthy of that lion, Kingsley."

True, Argemone roars you as gently as the proverbial dove. She is as docile as the pet of Androcles. Yet she makes an excellent target for an enemy of Tractarianism. Argemone is important; it is difficult to see how without her Kingsley could have so harassed Puseyism. Like the writer of the doctoral thesis, Kingsley might almost dedicate his book to "the little woman who made this work possible." Argemone has been swept off her feet by the Oxford Movement. Her reading list is longer than Byron's and decidedly less heterodox. For Argemone is under the influence of *Credo in Newmannum*. "She was somewhat high church in her notions, and used to go up every Wednesday and Friday to the chapel in the hills . . . for an hour's mystic devotion, set off by a little graceful asceticism." A secret correspondence has prepared her for entrance into what Kingsley calls a "quasi-Protestant nunnery." At the last instant Argemone recedes from her decision, for she realizes her love for Lancelot. Kingsley exults in the thought that covert Romanism cannot triumph over a real love of body and spirit. With delight he dwells on the defeat of the "rickety windmill of sham-popery." Through Argemone Kingsley tries to show the sin and futility of ultra-Romanism in the Anglican Church.

Equally definite is the phase of thought elucidated through Argemone's lover, Lancelot Smith. This hero is an amazing blend of muscle and metaphysics, and his mind is a storm-center for the religious doubt of the day. The conventional beacons of faith Lancelot hardly sees. He has,

if such a conquest is possible, mastered German philosophy; and Carlyle is a passion. The orthodox churches he will not tolerate, because of their casuistry and their impatience of the physical needs of men. Lancelot professes to be a splendid and unregenerate animal. He stamps upon the earth and delights to run his race. All the healthy Kingsleyan virtues are his; and he is easily recognizable as a brother to Amyas Leigh, and other characters in less ecclesiastical novels of Kingsley's.

Especially does Lancelot love the dust of combat with what he considers the unmanly aspects of religion. Theology has made the Church a cold abstraction. So he writes dreary letters to Luke, the Tractarian curate, denouncing effeminacy in the Anglican and Catholic Churches. The pale, peaked faces of holy men stir in him depths of fury, and he ascribes the easy conquest of the animal nature to its fundamental absence. At the nadir of Lancelot's unrest Tregarva, the Methodist gamekeeper, shows him the misery of the English agricultural poor. Lancelot's disgust for altars, on which you could not see the Christ for saints, deepens. The true religion, he concludes, must involve increasing care for social betterment. Here, at least, is a man's work; to it Lancelot consecrates his life. The character is obviously a symbol of the spiritual dissatisfaction of England's young men,—and of the ideal remedy! Lancelot is, I believe, the best sketch in literature of Kingsley's "muscular Christian," or of the "Christian Socialist." Note the name of Lancelot Smith, a delightful sample of Kingsley's naîveté in novel construction. Lancelot is a nineteenth century knight-errant, but he is also *Smith,* of the Smiths; of the stock and stem of everyday Englishmen. He is a champion for and of the common people.

We of the next century, the incredible twentieth, think our age the crepuscular time before the birth of a new order. But Kingsley thought this of the nineteenth century. In the preface to the First Edition of *Yeast* he declares that he has tried to express truly popular notions of the social and religious order. Aptly enough the caption of one of Kingsley's poems might be made the title of *Yeast,—The Dead Church.* This is a basic idea in the book, whether one thinks of Argemone's pathetic neo-Catholicism or Lancelot's bitter echo from Carlyle: "We have forgotten God."

Always this despair is closely linked with antagonism towards the Catholic Church. Kingsley's is the eternal opposition of the Protestant to the Catholic theory of authority. The security and happiness of Luke, after going to Rome, he cannot endure. Kingsley's whole life was a rough and ready struggle against doubt; therefore what he cannot endure in Catholics is their certainty. The letters to Luke, denouncing Catholicism, have their prototypes in actual letters of Charles Kingsley. Sometimes it seems as if this resentment had its origin in yearning for the faith for which he was temperamentally unfitted. "I have been through it," he says. "I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the consequences of Rome."

Naturally Kingsley is no less hostile towards the party seeking to deprotestantize the Anglican Church. Weak men such as Luke were likely to find it a half-step to Rome. Thus the vicar who lays siege to Argemone is an unwitting sophist, and is represented as having marked leanings towards the ancient church. But Kingsley's real accusation against the Oxford Movement was that it created new wounds in the Church, when all her might was needed to fight real and sinister enemies within the fold. Lancelot is estopped from embracing Christian Socialism earlier because his brain has been confused by the unintelligible heresies and hair-splitting controversies of the ecclesiastics. Similarly, Argemone's vapid devotions in the woodland chapel disappear in the face of the real issue of helping the wretches in England's countryside. That Kingsley was blundering right in believing that chicanery existed between the neo-Catholics and Rome may not be a defensible position. Certainly Newman saw to it that this attitude ended disastrously for Kingsley. But that the discussion of aesthetic practices, or even of dogma, was trivial compared with the immediate relief of the misery of the poor,—this is tenable ground, and constituted in *Yeast,* as elsewhere, Kingsley's strongest contention against the Oxford Movement.

But the central current of thought in *Yeast* is concerned with Christian Socialism. Tregarva interprets the misery of the country as in *Alton Locke* Sandy Mackay depicts the anguish of the city. In these episodes Lancelot is merely a Socratic questioner, and Tregarva's long responses are like a Kingsleyan social pamphlet. The kinds of oppression are

not wholly familiar, but Kingsley convinces by sheer vehemence and passionate feeling, and the twentieth century reader finds himself connecting by secret conduits the suffering of 1850 and the unrest of 1920. Is the picture too sordid to be truthful? Let there make answer the *Corn Rhymes* of Ebenezer Elliott, the lyrics of Hood, or the *Autobiography of a Chartist,* by Cooper. Although it is easy to smile at England's Jeremiahs, the truth remains that she has been often on the brink of social revolution. And one of these times was the day of the Chartist. *Yeast* is a practical advertisement of the cause of Christian Socialism. Against the troubles described in *Yeast* Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley had united as the first Christian Socialists. The mode of battle was the old one of the Puseyites, the tract. The new *Tracts for the Times* were for the workingmen of England, and were called *Politics for the People.* The organization of the Christian Socialists was complex, but their platform was simple: the application of "the practical principles of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry."

Rossetti, once passing an election meeting, remarked idly: "Well, I suppose someone will get in." The artist-poet turned to what he considered the more enduring interests of art and literature. And I see no reason why a student of the Victorians should examine *Yeast* so precisely, if it were filled merely with religious or political transiencies. But it mirrors, too, the literary tendencies of its time. The stamp of the exemplars of the literature of 1850 is upon the book. Such influences and literary inter-relations have a certain interest even to-day, not only for the red-blooded hunter who spends the summer in the library gunning for sources, but also for the critic of significant nineteenth century prose and poetry. Kingsley was an imitative writer. His great model in poetry was Tennyson; in prose Carlyle. Everywhere in *Yeast* is apparent Kingsley's enormous debt to Carlyle. References to him are *passim* and the very spirit of the book is Carlyle's. If *Alton Locke* was inspired by the *French Revolution,* certainly *Yeast* was directly affected by *Past and Present.* In its abruptness, its eloquence, and its sincerity it is Carlylean.

Yeast's failure to hold its own among literary productions of the fifties is due chiefly to the fact that many of its

problems were accidental and ephemeral. Though the fundamental political and religious questions still torment us, the particular issue of Poor Law Relief is no longer vital. Kingsley, foolishly enough, stressed not the deeper *impasse,* but the topic of the day. Art always avenges itself upon the artist who uses his gift for a temporary end, and Kingsley's *Yeast* pays this penalty. Witch-burning is not now a menace, but men will continue to read *The Scarlet Letter* because it considers the unsolved problems of the human soul, and thus has eternal interest. *Yeast* was always, in the literary sense, justly perishable.

But students of Victorian literature will still read this potpourri. They will be sensible of its anomalies, its fallacies, its roughness, and its forgotten prejudices. They will be amused at this singular combination of Platonic dialogue, tract, sermon, diatribe, and ballad, but they will understand the Victorians better, and so think their reading worth while. " In homely English," Kingsley concludes in his Epilogue, " I have given my readers *Yeast;* if they be what I take them for, they will be able to bake with it themselves."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

THE tercentenary of the Pilgrims is being appropriately marked with numerous and impressive demonstrations of sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, which have in some quarters been much misunderstood, or misinterpreted, and therefore resented. Despite its high canonical authority, we cannot altogether subscribe to the rule "Love me, love my dog," and we must regret that there are those who cannot or will not recognize the fact that it is possible for a strong spiritual sympathy to exist between two peoples without there being so much as a thought of political relationship. The events of 1620 and 1776 were two of the very greatest in the history of America, and their significance is impregnable. No commemoration of one can impair the purport of the other. Indeed, we must reckon him strangely lacking in acuteness of historical perception who does not understand the vital connection between the two, and see that the coming of the Pilgrims to Plymouth, though unrealized and unintended by them as such, was in fact the first step toward Independence Hall. That fact is perhaps more generally appreciated in Great Britain than in America, and the recognition of it does not in the least degree abate the interest which is felt in this commemoration. It is fitting that Great Britain should gratefully commemorate both 1620 and 1776, as the source of spiritual and political revolutions in her home domain comparable with those in the colonies which she through them lost forever.

France has again finely vindicated her steadfastness of purpose, though in doing so she has incurred another serious and perhaps crucial test. Another of her Presidents has resigned — the fifth to do so — and she has replaced him with one of her best men, without the slightest jar or dis-

turbance of her governmental machinery, and indeed with a facility and a unanimity unprecedented in the history of her elections. With the forebodings of some, that the election of M. Millerand means war, we need not concern ourselves. We do not believe it true; but if it were true, it would mean that war was inevitable in any event, since M. Millerand is unquestionably a faithful exponent of the desires and purposes of the French nation, desires and purposes so strong that no man as President would be able to withstand them. Not peace or war is the test which France must now endure, but rather the question whether she can and will sanction the transformation of her figure-head President into a very active and potent Chief of State. It is an open secret that she made her Presidents mere figure-heads through fear that otherwise someone might attempt a repetition of 1851. The question now to be answered is whether she has outgrown that fear, and can securely and confidently invest her President with some such measures of power — not altogether such — as those of the President of the United States. M. Millerand is an unconcealed advocate of constitutional changes to that end, and he has promptly put some of his theories into practice in advance of legislation. There must presently be a day of reckoning in the Chambers, which will either confirm his course and thus modify the Constitution, or rebuke him in a manner which may cause a governmental crisis. In either case we may expect France to remain tranquil. She has "found herself."

The League of Nations appears to have performed one of the functions for which it was created, by taking in hand for settlement the controversy over the ownership of the Aland Islands. The exultant boast that it had also secured peace between Poland and Lithuania and would settle their dispute, proved to be premature. In respect to the Aland Islands it will be observed that it undertook precisely the sort of work that the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was constituted to do, and did repeatedly do years before the League was thought of. We may give the League credit for doing this work, but must recognize two essential circumstances. One is, that the League was not indispensable for this purpose; for had it not been in existence, The Hague Tribunal was there, ready to do the job. The other

is, that in this the League has not fulfilled its highest and primary function, but only a secondary and subsidiary one. Its great function is to prevent war. But there was no serious threat of war in the Aland Islands case. As for other more serious complications, which are causing war and dangers of war, the League does not attempt to deal with them, for the simple reason, frankly stated by Mr. Lloyd George, that it would need troops to do it, and the United States, the only country that could spare troops for the purpose, is not in the League. It would be impossible to express more clearly what would be expected of us if we should ratify the Covenant.

The President has refused to execute a certain supremely important part of the Shipping act. The incident has, of course, figured conspicuously in political and partisan discussion. Entirely apart from party politics and the exigencies of the campaign, it raises the exceedingly important question whether the President is to possess or is to be permitted to exercise the "dispensing power" which was so odious in the Stuart Kings, and which ultimately contributed predominantly to their expulsion. The act was regularly passed by Congress, and was approved and signed by the President. It therefore became as much a part of the law of the land as any other enactment on the statute book. The President is required by the Constitution to see to it that the laws are executed, and he is bound by his oath of office to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution. Perhaps it would promote our "new freedom" to invest the President with the "dispensing power," but in that case some modification of the Constitution would seem to be necessary for the sake of consistency. Either it should provide that the President "shall take care that *such of* the laws *as he sees fit* be faithfully executed," or it should require him to swear that he will "preserve, protect and defend *such parts of* the Constitution *as he sees fit.*" We have italicized the proposed interpolations, upon the adoption of which a great and solemn referendum should be taken. It may be added, in a spirit of the purest non-partisanship, that the various explanations, excuses or what not which have been put forward, by the President himself through the State Department, and by his supporters in the press, for justification of his extraordinary act, are the veriest piffle,

which we are certain none of their authors can regard without a smile of derision. The only real question at issue is whether the President is bound by the Constitution and by his oath of office, or is free to exercise the "dispensing power" in respect of them and of all his official duties.

The opening of the college year is marked with a phenomenon of the highest interest, both speculative and practical. This is, the great increase in enrollment, in circumstances which suggest the probability of a yearly continuance of the process, perhaps at an accelerated rate. A statistical review of thirty leading and representative universities, in all parts of the country, shows the following results: From 1905 to 1909 the increase was about 31 per cent; from 1909 to 1914 it was about 34 per cent; in 1917, because of the war, there was a decrease of 17 per cent from 1916; in 1919 there was not only a recovery of that lost 17 per cent but also an increase over 1914 of 47 per cent; and in 1920 there is a very large increase over 1919. It seems reasonable to attribute these last named results to the war, which impressed young men with the value of college training as they had never been impressed before. Years ago, every institution welcomed and indeed solicited all possible increase in attendance. But to-day many of the universities are actually discouraging and repelling it, some by raising the qualifications for admission, and others by arbitrarily limiting the numbers of students to be received. This is because of the embarrassment which too great enrollment causes in one or more of three respects. Some institutions have not housing room—lecture rooms and class rooms—for so many. Some are unable to secure a sufficient number of competent instructors for them. Some with scanty endowments suffer lack of funds with which to care for all who present themselves. These are practical difficulties, which could be overcome with money. In addition there rises if not a difficulty at least a very grave problem of a different kind. That is the question how large a university may properly be, if it is to retain a genuine homogeneity of spirit and culture. A single illustration will show the nature of the problem. New York University in 1919 had, excluding summer school students, by far the largest enrollment in America. Fifteen years ago it was one of the smaller universities, hav-

ing in 1905 a total of only 2,380; in 1909 it had 3,843; in 1914 it had 6,142; and in 1919 it had (without the summer school) 11,237. The question is, can so large and so rapid a growth be satisfactorily assimilated, or must it resemble a too great influx of alien immigrants into the country? Also, will it be possible, even with much time, fully to unify an institution whose students are numbered not by thousands but by tens of thousands? This last is a speculative question, now becoming practical and urgent, which educators are considering carefully, with an earnest hope of being able to work out an affirmative answer.

Efforts to solve the so-called housing problem have been energetically made in many places and in many ways. Most notable of all have been those in New York, where the problem is probably most pressing, and where a special session of the Legislature rushed through a number of more or less radical laws. These were chiefly for the benefit of present tenants, affording little comfort for those who have no satisfactory housing at all, and affording, also, comparatively little encouragement to builders, unless by exempting new dwellings from taxation for a limited time—a device which it would be difficult to justify on sound economic grounds. Of course the only effective solution of the problem is in building more houses and tenements, and in building them in numbers sufficient to cause the question of rent to be normally settled by the law of demand and supply. It is futile and worse than futile to try to provide housing by artificial legislation. Tenants may be protected in their rights, as of course they should be, and landlords should equally be protected in theirs. But you cannot by act of legislature compel men to build houses, and you cannot persuade them to do so unless it is made profitable for them. The scarcity of housing must be recognized as not a detached and isolated phenomenon, but as an integral part of the whole inter-related congeries of conditions and circumstances produced by the war, or perhaps by our economically incompetent and vicious administration of affairs during the war; and we must realize that its adequate and permanent solution will come when—and will not come until—our whole social, industrial and economic system is got back to a normal status.

Irish affairs seem to be sullenly sinking toward nadir. The grewsome and sordid drama of starvation has proceeded at Brixton jail, while from Belfast to Cork has raged a savage tragedy of murder, reprisals, and counter-reprisals; the whole amply warranting the reproach of the worst misgovernment in a century. One sane voice has been heard; that of Lord Grey, proposing a rational and equitable plan of settlement, which former Irish leaders from O'Connell through Parnell to Redmond would have hailed with rapture, and which contemporary Irishmen who place patriotism above politics, like Sir Horace Plunkett, would cordially accept as satisfactory. But the protagonists of the present ruction, from Mr. Eamonn de Valera, on the one hand, to Sir Edward Carson, on the other, reject it with contumely. Meanwhile, Governor Cox and President Wilson have been assuring the American Nation that if only we were in the League of Nations, we should immediately ourselves take a hand in the row by summoning Great Britain before the bar of the Council. Inquired the Second Watch: "How if 'a will not stand?" Responded Dogberry: "Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

Two years have passed since the Great War was ended by the conclusion of the armistice. We can vividly remember the delirium of exultant joy, and the profound expressions of thanksgiving which marked that time; and especially the fervent and confident declarations that there must be no more war. Yet today there are credibly enumerated no fewer than nine wars actually raging in the world and implicating the belligerent activities of a score of peoples. There are nineteen international frontiers which are held by armed forces in preparation and largely in expectation of war, while four other frontiers are, in a military and belligerent sense, "acutely sensitive." There are also seven civil wars, actual or impending, in as many different countries. That must be admitted to be a poor showing for an era of peace, and to give point to questions concerning the efficiency of the League of Nations, to which most of these belligerents belong. The ready explanation by League advocates is either that the wars are none of its business, or that the League can do nothing without the participation

of the United States. The former is stultifying. If the League has any business at all, it is that of preventing war. The latter seems unmistakably like a confession that the United States, in the League, would be, or would be expected to be, the common bailiff for all the world.

The New York House of Assembly at its special session again expelled three of its five Socialist members, whereupon the other two resigned their seats, regarding so arbitrary a body as unfit for themselves to sit in. The expulsions were indeed, if possible, more arbitrary and despotic than the former ones of last Spring, since they were based on grounds to which the highest authority on the subject in the Assembly, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, directly gave the lie. Some Socialists talked foolishly, about "bombs and bullets," but the formal statement put forward by them was if not impeccable at least an immeasurably more creditable performance than the resolution of expulsion. There can be little doubt that the majority of citizens of the State, regardless of party, disapprove and regret the act of the Assembly. They have no use for Socialism, but they detest undemocratic intolerance.

The uselessness of outrage was strikingly displayed in the Wall Street explosion, which was the most destructive crime of the kind on record. Apparently it was not intended to effect the demolition of any specific building, nor the death of any particular person, but simply to do as much miscellaneous damage as possible at the very financial centre of the nation. No building was destroyed or even seriously damaged, but the loss of life was appalling. The irony of it was, however, that not one person was killed who was such as the instigators and doers of the deed might be supposed to have a grudge against and to wish to destroy. Every one of the nearly two-score belonged to the wage-earning category, in whose behalf bomb-throwers pretend to act. As for the "moral effect" of it, it was confined to making more general and more intense the detestation of all such deeds.

Unpleasant reports come, of the most circumstantial and positive character, from the highest authorities, of the increasing and increasingly flagrant disregard of the pro-

hibition law. One expert and authoritative observer recently declared that in New Jersey there were more drunken women and children than ever before. That was because of the home manufacture of beer containing eight or nine per cent of alcohol, instead of the three or four per cent formerly produced by breweries. In all large cities there are stores on almost every street, if not on every block, for the sale of hops, malt and other ingredients and mechanical appliances for the home manufacture of beer, with full directions for their use. The sale of copper and other tubing, of a size suitable for the making of small stills for household use, has enormously increased. Of course the making of crude beverages in private homes, of excessive alcoholic strength, and the drinking of them in a raw, unseasoned state, must be far more pernicious than was the former liquor traffic which these semi-surreptitious devices and practices have supplanted. In many places the state of affairs is an open scandal, revolting alike to sincere and thoughtful "wets" and "drys." The physical results of such tippling are deplorable. The moral effects, in inculcating contempt for law, are atrocious.

Revelations, or at any rate most explicit and circumstantial charges, have been made concerning the conduct of the American Government toward Haiti which, if not completely refuted, must involve us in grave discredit. They are to the effect that, in order to facilitate the exploitation of the island Republic by a favored American bank, we have taken advantage of if we have not actually fomented and executed revolutions there, have abrogated the Haitian Constitution and have imposed a new one upon the Republic, and have practically massacred some thousands of the people. These charges are strongly supported by attendant circumstances, and they have not yet been satisfactorily disproved or even denied.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MEMOIRS OF LIFE AND LITERATURE. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The finest quality of these *Memoirs* as a revelation of personality is, perhaps, *intellectual conscience*. By this one does not mean simply intellectual honesty—which may be rather brutal, as in the case of Carlyle, or somewhat grimly unconcerned, as with Herbert Spencer and not a few other philosophers. Both these men were in the way of being intellectual steam rollers. By "intellectual conscience" one means to imply something a trifle more sensitive, for one thing, than simple honesty—a *flair* for truth that makes equally impossible, as permanent states, both self-deception and a kind of bleak disillusionment. Mr. Mallock has never been able to content himself with comfortable, easy solutions of the darker and greater problems of life—nor with mere denials. With a kind of painful perspicacity he saw through the half-truths set up by others in defense of the beliefs he would fain have cherished; and he brought before the defenders the original problems, stripped of sham, in all their age-old awfulness and inscrutability. He it was who pointed out with unsparing logic, forty years ago, that, without the substance of things hoped for, life is demonstrably "not worth living"—cutting to pieces common complacency with a knife as sharp as that of any cynic who has placed human illusions upon the dissecting table. Yet his final message is an affirmation; and, after reading his memoirs, one cannot help forming the opinion that for him the game of living and of thinking has always been too interesting to permit of its being spoiled by pure negation. In his attitude there has been nothing of the vaunting mental toughness of one who should say, "Behold an honest thinker and one not afraid to follow where truth leads!" nothing of the self-pity (variously disguised) of the disillusioned romantic; little of the cold zest of the thinker who cares for thought alone and thereby finds content.

His ripe conclusion has been that if the dogmas of religion have been discredited by science, those of science are, in the last analysis, no more trustworthy. Nay, the reconstruction of religious belief is possible. "The gospel of Faith is no more irrational than the gospel of scientific negation; and the former can be a guide to action, whereas, if thought out completely, this is precisely what the latter cannot be. . . . The true vindication is that religious belief works, and that scientific negation does not work, and here we have the practical test by which the validity of the former is to be established."

Intellectual honesty may, and often does, stop at the negation; intellectual conscience drives the thinker on. In the end the quest

ends where it began, but with a difference. Unlike Omar, Mr. Mallock did not depart by the same door through which he entered. Simply, after following reason as far as he could, he found in the end, as doubtless his temperament had all along forecasted, that reason gave him leave to live and to be human.

Not that Mr. Mallock seems ever to have felt himself debarred from these privileges. Quite the contrary. He appears never to have been at all of the type that philosophy makes mad. If a philosophy or a set of consistent opinions be, as some have said, a work of art, issuing from temperament rather than from logical necessity, then one may partially explain the charm as well as the significance of Mr. Mallock's memoirs by pointing out that the combination of relentless and urgent intellectual conscience with the good sense, the capacity for enjoyment, the instinct for living, of a cultivated man of the world, is rare and prizable. That a man blessed by fortune with freedom from financial worries, social opportunities, fine traditions, superior taste and breeding (and valuing these things as highly as they deserve to be valued) should be driven by sheer logic to write a book like "Is Life Worth Living?" is a little singular. Mr. Mallock, indeed, appears as something of a paradox in human character—a born dilletante who is not a dilletante. There are men free from the obligation to toil who hate all kinds of hard labor, manual or mental, almost as much as they would if they were paid to perform them; and there are some who enjoy laborious exercises of the mind and body largely because such occupations are not work; but there are not many surely who, being driven by a kind of moral compulsion to the strenuous employment of their minds, engage in the consideration of abstruse problems with as much zest and with as little disturbance of social poise as if these studies were merely hobbies. Such, however, was the case with Mr. Mallock—at least, his memoirs, whether intentionally or not, strongly convey this impression.

Novels, tracts, philosophical essays, were thought out and written during pleasant visits to country houses—houses the material and social settings of which are described with a nicety of discrimination and with a wit that betoken anything but personal seclusion. In the midst of a marvellous sojourn in Cyprus, whither he was led by romantic curiosity, the author, with an appreciative eye upon his picturesque surroundings, meditates upon social problems, and is brought to see in the society of the island "a very useful refutation of the doctrine that the masses are only poor when a few rich people plunder them." A half-serious venture with a system of playing roulette at Monte Carlo excites him for a time, but he is soon fully occupied once more with religion, politics, and fiction. Not often can serious contributions toward the solution of the deepest problems be expected to come from a man of this temper. Yet Mr. Mallock was precisely the man to make his age clear to itself and to point for it a way out of some of its perplexities. His books do not, to be sure, "smell of the lamp"; they appear to be what they are—the writings of an accomplished man of the world who is also a scholar and a philosopher. But there are in them qualities and results that one commonly finds only in the work of the habitually cloistered thinker.

Of course, a most important consideration is the nature of the society that made a man like Mallock possible. His mind and his philosophy are, in a certain sense, the flowers of an aristocracy. Some men endowed with similar gifts of intellect and temperament have doubtless died unrecognized or undeveloped for lack of a fostering environment. It is just here that the book possesses a large significance. It reflects and pictures without distortion the intellectual tendencies and social backgrounds of the author's time, a time now changing. As Mr. Mallock expresses the matter: "Whether the writer is conscious of the fact or no, they [the aspects and incidents of his own life] represent a circle of circumstances, general as well as private, to which his individual character reacts; and his reactions as he records them, may in this way acquire a meaning and unity which have their origin in the age—in the general conditions and movements which his recollections cover—rather than in any qualities or adventures which happen to be exclusively his own."

Brought up in an atmosphere of strictest conservatism, the author as a youth felt acutely the absurdity of the attacks made upon social and religious conservatism and not less keenly the absurdity of most of the gestures made in attempted defence of it. Really to defend and to justify conservatism—understood as representing traditional human values—against the assaults of such forces as socialism and atheism became his ruling purpose. And so it is not surprising that both his intellectual and his social life form a remarkably coherent story of his time.

It may be remarked, too, that the proximate attainment of this purpose, and the development of a mind and character consonant with it, betoken no mean spiritual victory. The inner adjustment achieved has been fine; and it has been, so to speak, "openly arrived at." What the author has given us in his books, with all sincerity, has been, so it seems, not "confessions" by any means, but his real inner thought without compromise or unexpressed reservations. This, rather than its suavity of style, its variety of interests, its numerous personalities, explains the charm of the volume. There is an air of intellectual and moral success and good-breeding about it such as one rarely finds—for how many of our geniuses are in the full sense morally or intellectually successful, not to speak of being well bred? The social anecdotes and personal reminiscences are numerous and delightful. Ruskin, Browning, Carlyle, Cardinal Manning, Ouida, Swinburne, Theodore Roosevelt—these are only a few of the notables adverted to; and we must not forget more obscure though not less interesting figures such as "old Mr. Bevan," last survivor of the age of dandies, whom both Disraeli and Bulwer chose as the model for their respective delineations of the typical man of the world.

But what best explains the hold that the book takes upon one is that its anecdotes are all in an unpretentious way not only illustrative of the age, but expressive of an enviably philosophical yet worldly point of view. In these memoirs one sees through the eyes of a man who has solved his own inner problems with uncommon completeness. And so one sees without disturbing motes. The comment is absolutely candid, though duly reserved, and the stories themselves are things

remembered by one who was part of each scene and not merely a note-taking looker on.

Finally, the book is a summing up in biographical form of the author's literary work and philosophical conclusions. Whoever maintains that he has weighed more exactly, or has more conscientiously striven to evaluate the worth of human life, or that he has compared contentions regarding human problems with more precise discrimination or greater justice to opposing views than has Mr. Mallock, has need of much proof. Though the problems Mallock has studied are changing their forms, though a somewhat different set of questions propound themselves today, it is difficult to think past his philosophy, and quite possible to be satisfied with it.

INTIMATE PAGES OF MEXICAN HISTORY. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's account of Mexico is so different from the ordinary narrative of the newspaper correspondent, or the usual comments of the observer of foreign affairs, or the impersonal narrative of the historian, that it fascinates one from the first, as much by its refreshing novelty and assurance as by its remarkable brilliancy of style. Here is a rare thing, a book about Mexico with "some heart in it," the author actually manifesting not only a willingness to sympathize with the Mexican people, but even a disposition to treat Mexican history as something significant and tragic, not merely ludicrous (from a serious political point of view) or just hopelessly inferior and corrupt. In *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico,* Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave us her intimate view of a particular situation, with no concealment of her real opinions concerning the larger questions involved, yet with a certain reserve imposed by discretion and by a comparatively restricted purpose. Now she gives us her whole feeling and philosophy regarding Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz, we learn, was, in several senses of the word, a great man. If this surprises us, it is perhaps only because we have a fixed impression that Mexican great men cannot really be great. There must be, we instinctively assume, a fly in the ointment, if not "a nigger in the woodpile." Diaz, however, was not venal—even though efficient. He knew that money was a vital necessity in the state, but "it was without meaning in his own existence. He had no personal wants, he accumulated no personal effects." At the close of his administration, Senor Don José Limantour, his Minister of Finance, handed over to the new Finance Minister, Don Ernesto Madero (uncle to the "Redeemer") 72,000,000 pesos in hard coin. Diaz was so completely practical that he actually realized the value of foreign brains and capital in Mexico; but this did not make him a blackguard. Best of all, "knowing to the very marrow of its being, as only the man of genius can know things, that undisciplined, heterogeneous, passionate mass of human beings, the Mexican people, in his wisdom Don Porfirio never experimented with the cruelties of a sentimental and unripe democracy." Until his eightieth year, discontent with his strong-hand methods never went further than the common human perversity of longing for a change—even for the worse.

Madero was a dreamer, a mystic, something of a self-deceived charlatan. "He was completely, fatally amateurish, and what was needed was technical governmental skill." A pacifist by nature and conviction, he was in the end obliged to rely upon the army to support his power. His fall—and indeed the manner of it—was definitely foreseeable.

For Huerta, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy awakens a not wholly sentimental (because discriminating) sympathy. She does not make a hero of him, as she does of Porfirio Diaz; but she presents him as a tragic and, in some obscure way, a great figure. He was an enigma, she frankly confesses. But, in the first place, he was, according to the Mexican Constitution, lawfully President of Mexico; and not a shred of evidence has come to light showing that he was in any way responsible for the killing of Madero. That this event would be a calamity for him, he must have known. Again, he never had a fair chance. Apparently ready to meet foreign obligations and especially anxious to conciliate the United States; tenacious, but without a trace of arrogance; diplomatic, in his own shrewd and forbearing way, throughout his hopeless struggle for recognition; he was thwarted in the most gratuitous way. Permitting herself, upon this subject, a freer exercise of a faculty for the keenest satire than she felt to be fitting in her earlier book, the author writes:

"It has been said that President Wilson's horror of Huerta sprang from his own great virtue, but even so he seems, as some one has pointed out, scarcely justified, in the punishment on circumstantial evidence only of murder, by dragging 15,000,000 human beings into a fratricidal war. As Mr. Wilson's duties at home at that time prevented him from engaging in the affairs of the world, and unfortunately rendered it quite impossible for him to take over the government of Mexico himself, and to carry out his views for the 85 per cent thoroughly in his own way, on the principle that if you want a thing well done, do it yourself, the only reasonable alternative was to let the work be done in *their* way, by a man who happened to be the legal President of his country."

But, most of all,—and this is an idea that the author in a variety of subtle ways makes convincing,—Huerta was Mexican. Here, indeed, resides, in great part, the philosophy of the whole matter.

"The more one considers that unequal contest (Huerta had within his own being further enemies), the more one wonders what would have been the writing of history had he been permitted by Fate and the United States to work out the Mexican situation in the Mexican way.

The book has an emotional quality bespeaking real acquaintance with facts and persons, real concern for—let us say without hesitation—Mexican nationality. It may occur to the reader that this element of feeling is excessive. There seems no real occasion for saying with especial bitterness that "the greatest lie of the ages is that which tells us that all men are born free and equal." Though a vigorous and brilliant social life is doubtless a sign of national health, there is a kind of unaccountable violence in the statement that what was once the glory of states has been replaced by "drab, misshapen, penurious,

irresponsible groupings of mediocrities." But there is throughout the whole book an intimacy and warmth which, if it does no more, can scarcely fail to make one's mind receptive of a broader point of view. Probably it will do more. It is not easy to see that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's philosophy of Mexico, realistic to the point of cynicism, yet generous in feeling, is in any essential way wrong.

RISING ABOVE THE RUINS IN FRANCE. By Corrina Haven Smith and Caroline R. Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"France will soon succeed in re-establishing industrial activities and normal community life." This is the amply substantiated report of Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith and Mrs. William Hill, whose work in the devastated regions since 1915 has given them the fullest opportunity for observation and investigation. The work of gradual restoration in Northern France is an extraordinary human phenomenon. Admirable as are the governmental and other agencies that are aiding in this great task, what most impresses one is the tenacity of the people, which resembles the persistence of life in a living organism. The ruined cities of Northern France are to be rebuilt, its shell-torn fields are again to be placed under profitable tillage. It is all as inevitable as a process of nature; for the people keep coming back. France is like a wounded soldier with a splendid constitution, daily recovering: nothing will be left in time but the scars. The authors have given us with great clarity the facts that enable one to understand the situation statistically; they have developed the manifold human interest of unparalleled conditions of life; but most of all, their book as a whole shows us this striking spectacle of recuperation through national vigor, an activity that is going on over a wide area, everywhere marked by the same courage, the same perseverance.

The devastated region in France comprises 6,000 square miles, with a normal population of 2,000,000 people. Within this extent of territory over 1,000 villages were reduced to ruins; 35,000 miles of railroad track were put out of use; 800 bridges were destroyed; a large proportion of the manufacturing plants were gutted; 1,500,000 head of livestock were killed or stolen.

It was part of the German plan to cripple French industries after the war by destroying or carrying off French machinery. They foresaw, said the head of the Lille Sector, that "during the period when we should be struggling with the problem of reconstruction of our industries, Germany, reinforced by stolen machinery, would be in a position through immediate production to take from us our clientele."

"'Can any estimate be made of the value of the machinery taken?' asked one of the interviewers.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'approximately one milliard.'

"'Is it true that most of the factories destroyed were in regions where there was no fighting and therefore the destruction was premeditated?'

"'It certainly is,' he said with emphasis. 'This fact should be taken into account more than it is.'"

German thoroughness did not end here. The systematic theft and destruction in which the Germans engaged while they were being

pressed back by the Allied advance to victory was not merely vengeful: it had its cold-blooded and cynical ulterior purpose. The wrecking of water and sewerage systems, the carrying off of agricultural implements, livestock, crops, and seeds, could not alter the military situation, but they might serve to weaken the confidence of French civilians in a government that could not give immediate help.

Happily, these expectations were not fulfilled; both national spirit and national efficiency were underrated. There was no weakening of confidence in the Government. Of what it has been possible to accomplish through governmental planning, the restoration of manufactures affords the best measure. The Germans had calculated that the French textile industry would not be able to get on its feet for two years after the German factories were operating at full capacity. In this, they were somewhat too sanguine. In the district round Roubaix, for example, 71 per cent of the destroyed factories have been rebuilt. "In Roubaix and Turcoing alone," said the manager of the Motte spinning factories, "by the end of September, 151 textile and metal factories were again in operation, employing 40,000 workmen. The weekly production from these textile factories alone is exceeding 3,000 tons a week." In the whole of France 70 per cent of the destroyed factories have been re-established—strong testimony to co-operative efficiency. Cities are to be rebuilt on new plans, better than the old. It will take 200,000,000 francs to rebuild Lens; but the plans have been made with regard for a great future rather than a straightened present, and the work will be done. But there is another sort of loss, not so easily made good. "One must fight," said Dr. DuCamp, at the Child Welfare Center in Lille, "for the development of the children under twelve if the population of the north is to be saved." The words are heavy with tragedy, but the fight is being made and will be won.

Nothing of all this would be possible without the willingness of the people to return. Love of home and national pride brings them back. "When the people began to come back here," said the city architect in Lens, "there was not a wall standing. They returned to live in *abris* and cellars. By January, 1919, thirty-one had arrived. Seven thousand are now back, out of the 32,000 inhabitants before the war." The popular spirit that placed upon a vast heap of ruins a signboard reading, "Lens veut renaitre," cannot fail. Consciously patriotic, it is also as instinctive and as sure of its results as the impulse of the bee toward home-making. "You must not think that our people lack courage," said an old lady of seventy-eight at Liévin, "because they are not all back. Eight thousand out of 25,000 are at home, and by next summer every one will be here."

The volume is illustrated with numerous and well selected photographs—photographs that really help to tell the story and almost succeed in telling it by themselves. It is no small praise of the narrative to say that, while by no means purely descriptive, it matches the pictures in striking or appealing presentation of fact.

JAPAN: REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Sidney Greenbie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Greenbie's frank, lively, imaginative account of Japan may prop-

erly be called " a real book." It is entitled to this popular but expressive characterization because, by reason of its intimate realism, its sensitive perception, and, above all, its common sense, it stands out conspicuously from the great mass of variously interesting literature upon the subject with which it deals. The book is well named. It gives a detailed and correct picture of real life in which one is able to see and to value accurately those cloud-wracks of illusion, illuminated here and there by the light of spirit and truth, which make up the " fascination " of any land or any people.

The general impression one gets from this book is that the Japanese, despite the vigorous growth among them of a (largely imitative) civilization, are, to, use a plain term, more barbaric at heart and in the general features of their life than they are commonly represented as being. " To westerners, Japan does not become more dear on acquaintance. In most cases the early enthusiasms fade and are replaced by distrust and even by dislike." There is, of course, no special reason for such disgust or dislike, and when you get to know the people really well you see that this is so: to know all is to forgive all, and also to find new reasons for admiration. Nevertheless, the facts are there and must be taken into account in forming an estimate of the people.

In Japan, waste of labor, " the sheer frittering away of human toil," is a universal curse. The slums, casual tourists to the contrary, are unspeakable. " Not only is there no efficient system for the removal of garbage, but the absence of sewerage (universal in Japan) makes the situation unmentionable." Inefficiency in practical affairs and political methods is general. " The post-office went as near complete disorganization as it could have done. Letters posted to one's neighbor took days and weeks to reach the addressed, and packs of them were delivered when the boy chose to leave them." Tut, tut, Mr. Greenbie, Japan is not the only one.

The outstanding, though not the deepest, traits of Japanese character are reserve, formalism, egoism, a spirit of caste, childishness in pleasures, ultra-decorum in public manners. These are, of course, the very marks of what Professor Veblen calls " the barbarian-pragmatic " stage of culture.

There is no great mystery about Japanese religion. Religion everywhere is associated with the home, the family, the dead, and with the great crises of life generally; and it derives its chief practical strength from such association. The Japanese simply have in religion the minimum of fixed theory and the maximum of practice and sentiment.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN

A NOVEL

BY MAY SINCLAIR

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London, to see the Queen."
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?"
"I caught a little mouse under the chair."

HER mother said it three times. And each time the Baby Harriett laughed. The sound of her laugh was so funny that she laughed again at that; she kept on laughing, with shriller and shriller squeals.

"I wonder why she thinks it's funny," her mother said.

Her father considered it. "I don't know. The cat perhaps. The cat and the Queen. But no; that isn't funny."

"She sees something in it we don't see, bless her," said her mother.

Each kissed her in turn, and the Baby Harriett stopped laughing suddenly.

"Mamma, *did* Pussycat see the Queen?"

"No," said Mamma: "Just when the Queen was passing the little mouse came out of its hole and ran under the chair. That's what Pussycat saw."

Every evening before bedtime she said the same rhyme and Harriett asked the same question.

When Nurse had gone she would lie still in her cot, waiting. The door would open, the big pointed shadow would move over the ceiling, the lattice shadow of the fireguard would fade and go away, and Mamma would come in car-

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rying the lighted candle. Her face shone white between her long, hanging curls. She would stoop over the cot and lift Harriett up, and her face would be hidden in her curls. That was the kiss-me-to-sleep kiss. And when she had gone Harriett lay still again, waiting. Presently Papa would come in, large and dark in the firelight. He stooped and she leaped up into his arms. That was the kiss-me-awake kiss; it was their secret.

Then they played. Papa was the Pussycat and she was the little mouse in her hole under the bedclothes. They played till Papa said "*No* more!" and tucked the blankets tight in.

—"Now you're kissing like Mamma"—

Hours afterwards they would come again together and stoop over the cot and she wouldn't see them; they would kiss her with soft, light kisses and she wouldn't know.

She thought: To-night I'll stay awake and see them. But she never did. Only once she dreamed that she heard footsteps and saw the lightend candle, going out of the room; going, going away.

The blue egg stood on the marble top of the cabinet where you could see it from everywhere; it was supported by a gold waistband, by gold hoops and gold legs, and it wore a gold ball with a frill round it like a crown. You would never have guessed what was inside it. You touched a spring in its waistband and it flew open, and then it was a workbox. Gold scissors and thimble and stiletto sitting up in holes cut in white velvet.

The blue egg was the first thing she thought of when she came into the room. There was nothing like that in Connie Hancock's Papa's house. It belonged to Mamma.

Harriett thought: If only she could have a birthday and wake up and find that the blue egg belonged to her—

Ida, the wax doll, sat on the drawing-room sofa, dressed ready for the birthday. The darling had real person's eyes made of glass, and real eyelashes and hair. Little finger and toenails were marked in the wax, and she smelt of the lavender her clothes were laid in.

But Emily, the new birthday doll, smelt of composition and of gum and hay; she had flat, painted hair and eyes and a foolish look on her face, like Nurse's aunt, Mrs. Spinker,

when she said "Lawk-a-daisy!" Although Papa had given her Emily she could never feel for her the real, loving love she felt for Ida.

And her mother had told her that she must lend Ida to Connie Hancock if Connie wanted her.

Mamma couldn't see that such a thing was not possible.

"My darling, you mustn't be selfish. You must do what your little guest wants."

"I can't."

But she had to; and she was sent out of the room because she cried. It was much nicer upstairs in the nursery with Mimi, the Angora cat. Mimi knew that something sorrowful had happened. He sat still, just lifting the root of his tail as you stroked him. If only she could have stayed there with Mimi; but in the end she had to go back to the drawing-room.

If only she could have told Mamma what it felt like to see Connie with Ida in her arms, squeezing her tight to her chest and patting her as if Ida had been *her* child. She kept on saying to herself that Mamma didn't know; she didn't know what she had done. And when it was all over she took the wax doll and put her in the long narrow box she had come in, and buried her in the bottom drawer in the spare room. She thought: If I can't have her to myself I won't have her at all. I've got Emily. I shall just have to pretend she's not an idiot.

She thought of Ida as dead; lying in her pasteboard coffin and buried in the wardrobe cemetery.

It was hard work pretending that Emily didn't look like Mrs. Spinker.

II

SHE had a belief that her father's house was nicer than other people's houses. It stood off from the high road, in Black's Lane, at the head of the turn. You came to it by a row of tall elms standing up along Mr. Hancock's wall. Behind the last tree its slender white end went straight up from the pavement, hanging out a green balcony like a birdcage above the green door.

The lane turned sharp there and went on, and the long brown garden wall went with it. Behind the wall the lawn flowed down from the white house and the green verandah to the cedar tree at the bottom. Beyond the lawn was the

kitchen garden and beyond the kitchen garden the orchard; little crippled apple trees bending down in the long grass.

She was glad to come back to the house after the walk with Eliza, the nurse, or Annie, the housemaid; to go through all the rooms looking for Mimi; looking for Mamma, telling her what had happened.

"Mamma, the red-haired woman in the sweetie shop has got a little baby, and it's hair's red, too. . . . Some day I shall have a little baby. I shall dress him in a long gown—"

"Robe."

"Robe, with bands of lace all down it, as long as *that;* and a white christening cloak sewn with white roses. Won't he look sweet?"

"Very sweet."

"He shall have lots of hair. I sha'n't love him if he hasn't."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"No. He must have thick, flossy hair like Mimi, so that I can stroke him. Which would you rather have, a little girl or a little boy?"

"Well—what do you think—?"

"I think—perhaps I'd rather have a little girl."

She would be like Mamma, and her little girl would be like herself. She couldn't think of it any other way.

The school-treat was held in Mr. Hancock's field. All afternoon she had been with the children, playing Oranges and lemons, A ring, a ring of roses, and Here we come gathering nuts in May, *nuts* in May, *nuts* in May: over and over again. And she had helped her mother to hand cake and buns at the infants' table.

The guest-children's tea was served last of all, up on the lawn under the immense, brown brick, many windowed house. There wasn't room for everybody at the table, so the girls sat down first and the boys waited for their turn. Some of them were pushing and snatching.

She knew what she would have. She would begin with a bun, and go on through two sorts of jam to Madeira cake, and end with raspberries and cream. Or perhaps it would be safer to begin with raspberries and cream. She kept her face very still, so as not to look greedy, and tried not to stare at the Madeira cake lest people should see she was thinking

of it. Mrs. Hancock had given her somebody else's crumby plate. She thought: I'm not greedy. I'm really and truly hungry. She could draw herself in at the waist with a flat, exhausted feeling, like the two ends of a concertina coming together.

She was doing this when she saw her mother standing on the other side of the table, looking at her and making signs.

"If you've finished, Hatty, you'd better get up and let that little boy have something."

They were all turning round and looking at her. And there was the crumby plate before her. They were thinking: "That greedy little girl has gone on and on eating." She got up suddenly, not speaking, and left the table, the Madeira cake and the raspberries and cream. She could feel her skin all hot and wet with shame.

And now she was sitting up in the drawing-room at home. Her mother had brought her a piece of seed-cake and a cup of milk with the cream on it. Mamma's soft eyes kissed her as they watched her eating her cake with short crumby bites like a little cat. Mamma's eyes made her feel so good, so good.

"Why didn't you tell me you hadn't finished?"

"Finished? I hadn't even begun."

"Oh-h, darling, why didn't you *tell* me?"

"Because I—I don't know."

"Well, I'm glad my little girl didn't snatch and push. It's better to go without than to take from other people. That's ugly."

Ugly. Being naughty was just that. Doing ugly things. Being good was being beautiful like Mamma. She wanted to be like her mother. Sitting up there and being good felt delicious. And the smooth cream with the milk running under it, thin and cold, was delicious too.

Suddenly a thought came rushing at her. There was God and there was Jesus. But even God and Jesus were not more beautiful than Mamma. They couldn't be.

"You mustn't say things like that, Hatty; you mustn't, really. It might make something happen."

"Oh no, it won't. You don't suppose they're listening all the time."

Saying things like that made you feel good and at the same time naughty, which was more exciting than only

being one or the other. But Mamma's frightened face spoiled it. What did she think—what did she think God would do?

Red campion ——

At the bottom of the orchard a door in the wall opened into Black's Lane, below the three tall elms.

She couldn't believe she was really walking there by herself. It had come all of a sudden, the thought that she *must* do it, that she *must* go out into the lane; and when she found the door unlatched something seemed to take hold of her and push her out. She was forbidden to go into Black's Lane; she was not even allowed to walk there with Annie.

She kept on saying to herself: "I'm in the lane. I'm in the lane. I'm disobeying Mamma."

Nothing could undo that. She had disobeyed by just standing outside the orchard door. Disobedience was such a big and awful thing that it was waste not to do something big and awful with it. So she went on up, and up, past the three tall elms. She was a big girl, wearing black silk aprons and learning French. Walking by herself. When she arched her back and stuck her stomach out she felt like a tall lady in a crinoline and shawl. She swung her hips and made her skirts fly out. That was her grown-up crinoline swing—swinging as she went.

At the turn cows' parsley and rose campion began; on each side a long trail of white froth with the red tops of the campion pricking through. She made herself a nosegay.

Past the second turn you came to the waste ground covered with old boots and rusted, crumpled tins. The little dirty brown house stood there behind the ricketty blue palings; narrow, like the piece of a house that has been cut in two. It hid, stooping under the ivy bush on its roof. It was not like the houses people live in; there was something queer, some secret, frightening thing about it.

The man came out and went to the gate and stood there. *He* was the frightening thing. When he saw her he stepped back and crouched behind the palings, ready to jump out.

She turned slowly, as if she had thought of something. She musn't run. She must *not* run. If she ran he would come after her.

Her mother was coming down the garden walk, tall and beautiful in her silver grey gown with the bands of black velvet on the flounces and the sleeves; her wide, hooped skirts swung, brushing the flower borders.

She ran up to her, crying, "Mamma, I went up the lane where you told me not to."

"No, Hatty, no; you didn't."

You could see she wasn't angry. She was frightened.

"I did. I did."

Her mother took the bunch of flowers out of her hand and looked at it. "Yes," she said, "that's where the dark red campion grows."

She was holding the flowers up to her face. It was awful, for you could see her mouth thicken and redden over its edges and shake. She hid it behind the flowers. And somehow you knew it wasn't your naughtiness that made her cry. There was something more.

She was saying in a thick, soft voice, "It was wrong of you, my darling."

Suddenly she bent her tall straightness. "Rose campion," she said, parting the stems with her long, thin fingers. "Look, Hatty, how *beautiful* they are. Run away and put the poor things in water."

She was so quiet, so quiet, and her quietness hurt far more than if she had been angry.

She must have gone straight back into the house to Papa. Harriett knew, because he sent for her. He was quiet, too. . . . That was the little, hiding voice he told you secrets in. . . . She stood close up to him, between his knees, and his arm went loosely round her to keep her there while he looked into her eyes. You could smell tobacco and the queer, clean man's smell that came up out of him from his collar. He wasn't smiling; but somehow his eyes looked kinder than if they had smiled.

"Why did you do it, Hatty?"

"Because—I wanted to see what it would feel like."

"You mustn't do it again. Do you hear, you mustn't do it."

"Why?"

"Why? Because it makes your mother unhappy. That's enough why."

But there was something more. Mamma had been

frightened. Something to do with the frightening man in the lane.

"Why does it make her?"

She knew; she knew; but she wanted to see what he would say.

"I said that was enough. . . . Do you know what you've been guilty of?"

"Disobedience."

"More than that. Breaking trust. Meanness. It was mean and dishonourable of you when you knew you wouldn't be punished."

"Isn't there to be a punishment?"

"No. People are punished to make them remember. We want you to forget." His arm tightened, drawing her closer. And the kind, secret voice went on. "Forget ugly things. Understand, Hatty, nothing is forbidden. We don't forbid, because we trust you to do what we wish. To behave beautifully. . . . There, there."

She hid her face on his breast against his tickly coat, and cried.

She would always have to do what they wanted; the unhappiness of not doing it was more than she could bear. All very well to say there would be no punishment; *their* unhappiness was the punishment. It hurt more than anything. It kept on hurting when she thought about it.

The first minute of tomorrow she would begin behaving beautifully; as beautifully as she could. They wanted you to; they wanted it more than anything because they were so beautiful. So good. So wise.

But three years went before Harriett understood how wise they had been, and why her mother took her again and again into Black's Lane to pick red campion, so that it was always the red campion she remembered. They must have known all the time about Black's Lane; Annie the housemaid used to say it was a bad place; something had happened to a little girl there. Annie hushed and reddened and wouldn't tell you what it was. Then one day, when she was thirteen, standing by the apple tree, Connie Hancock told her. A secret. . . . Behind the dirty blue palings. . . . She shut her eyes, squeezing the lids down, frightened. But when she thought of the lane she could see nothing but the green banks, the three tall elms and the red campion pricking through the white froth of

the cows' parsley; her mother stood on the garden walk in her wide, swinging gown; she was holding the red and white flowers up to her face and saying, "Look, how *beautiful* they are."

She saw her all the time while Connie was telling her the secret. She wanted to get up and go to her. Connie knew what it meant when you stiffened suddenly and made yourself tall and cold and silent. The cold silence would frighten her and she would go away. Then, Harriett thought, she could get back to her mother and Longfellow.

Every afternoon through the hour before her father came home she sat in the cool, green-lighted drawing-room reading *Evangeline* aloud to her mother. When they came to the beautiful places they looked at each other and smiled.

She passed through her fourteenth year sedately, to the sound of *Evangeline*. Her upright body, her lifted, delicately obstinate, rather wistful face expressed her small, conscious determination to be good. She was silent with emotion when Mrs. Hancock told her she was growing like her mother.

III

Connie Hancock was her friend.

She had once been a slender wide mouthed child, top-heavy with her damp clumps of hair. Now she was squaring and thickening and looking horrid, like Mr. Hancock. Beside her Harriett felt tall and elegant and slender.

Mamma didn't know what Connie was really like; it was one of those things you couldn't tell her. She said Connie would grow out of it. Meanwhile you could see *he* wouldn't. Mr. Hancock had red whiskers, and his face squatted down in his collar, instead of rising nobly up out of it like Papa's. It looked as if it was thinking things that made its eyes bulge and its mouth curl over and slide like a drawn loop. When you talked about Mr. Hancock Papa gave a funny laugh as if he was something improper. He said Connie ought to have red whiskers.

Mrs. Hancock, Connie's mother, was Mamma's dearest friend. That was why there had always been Connie. She could remember her, squirming and spluttering in her high nursey chair. And there had always been Mrs. Hancock,

refined and mournful, looking at you with gentle, disappointed eyes.

She was glad that Connie hadn't been sent to her boarding-school, so that nothing could come between her and Priscilla Heaven.

Priscilla was her real friend.

It had begun in her third term when Priscilla first came to the school, unhappy and shy, afraid of the new faces. Harriett took her to her room.

She was thin, thin, in her shabby black velvet jacket. She stood looking at herself in the greenish glass over the yellow painted chest of drawers. Her heavy black hair had dragged the net and broken it. She put up her thin arms, helpless.

"They'll never keep me," she said. "I'm so untidy."

"It wants more pins," said Harriett. "Ever so many more pins. If you put them in head downwards they'll fall out. I'll show you."

Priscilla trembled with joy when Harriett asked her to walk with her; she had been afraid of her at first because she behaved so beautifully.

Soon they were always together. They sat side by side at the dinner table and in school, black head and golden brown leaning to each other over the same book; they walked side by side in the packed procession going two by two. They slept in the same room, the two white beds drawn close together; a white dimity curtain hung between; they drew it back so that they could see each other lying there in the summer dusk and in the clear mornings when they waked.

Harriett loved Priscilla's odd, dusk-white face; her long hound's nose, seeking; her wide mouth, restless between her shallow, fragile jaws; her eyes, black, cleared with spots of jade grey, prominent, showing white rims when she was startled. She started at sudden noises; she quivered and stared when you caught her dreaming; she cried when the organ burst out triumphantly in church. You had to take care every minute that you didn't hurt her.

She cried when term ended and she had to go home. Priscilla's home was horrible. Her father drank, her mother fretted; they were poor; a rich aunt paid for her schooling.

When the last midsummer holidays came she spent them with Harriett.

"Oh-h-h!" Prissie drew in her breath when she heard they were to sleep together in the big bed in the spare room. She went about looking at things, curious, touching them softly as if they were sacred. She loved the two rough-coated china lambs on the chimney piece, and "Oh—the dear little china boxes with the flowers sitting up on them."

But when the bell rang she stood quivering in the doorway.

"I'm afraid of your father and mother, Hatty. They won't like me. I *know* they won't like me."

"They will. They'll love you," Hatty said.

And they did. They were sorry for the little white-faced, palpitating thing.

It was their last night. Priscilla wasn't going back to school again. Her aunt, she said, was only paying for a year. They lay together in the big bed, dim face to face, talking.

"Hatty—if you wanted to do something most awfully, more than anything else in the world, and it was wrong, would you be able not to do it?"

"I hope so. I *think* I would, because I'd know if I did it would make Papa and Mamma unhappy."

"Yes, but suppose it was giving up something you wanted, something you loved more than them—could you?"

"Yes. If it was wrong for me to have it. And I couldn't love anything more than them."

"But if you did, you'd give it up."

"I'd have to."

"Hatty—I couldn't."

"Oh yes, *you* could if *I* could."

"No. No. . . ."

"How do you know you couldn't?"

"Because I haven't. I—I oughtn't to have gone on staying here. My father's ill. They wanted me to go to them and I wouldn't go."

"Oh, Prissie——"

"There, you see. But I couldn't. I couldn't. I was so happy here with you. I couldn't give it up."

"If your father had been like Papa you would have."

"Yes. I'd do anything for *him,* because he's your father. It's you I couldn't give up."

"You'll have to some day."

"When—when?"

"When somebody else comes. When you're married."

"I shall never marry. Never. I shall never want anybody but you. If we could always be together. . . . I can't think *why* people marry, Hatty."

"Still," Hatty said, "they do."

"It's because they haven't ever cared as you and me care. . . . Hatty, if I don't marry anybody, *you* won't, will you?"

"I'm not thinking of marrying anybody."

"No. But promise, promise on your honour you won't ever."

"I'd rather not *promise.* You see, I might. I shall love you all the same, Priscilla, all my life."

"No, you won't. It'll all be different. I love you more than you love me. But I shall love you all my life and it won't be different. I shall never marry."

"Perhaps I shan't, either," Harriett said.

They exchanged gifts. Harriet gave Priscilla a rosewood writing desk inlaid with mother o' pearl, and Priscilla gave Harriett a pockethandkerchief case she had made herself of fine grey canvas embroidered with blue flowers like a sampler and lined with blue and white plaid silk. On the top part you read "Pockethandkerchiefs" in blue lettering, and on the bottom "Harriett Frean," and, tucked away in one corner, "Priscilla Heaven, September: 1861."

IV

SHE remembered the conversation. Her father sitting, straight and slender, in his chair, talking in that quiet voice of his that never went sharp or deep or quavering, that paused now and then on an amused inflection, his long lips straightening between the perpendicular grooves of his smile. She loved his straight, slender face, clean-shaven, the straight, slightly jutting jaw, the dark-blue flattish eyes under the black eyebrows, the silver-grizzled hair that fitted close like a cap, curling in a silver brim above his ears.

He was talking about his business as if more than anything it amused him.

"There's nothing gross and material about stockbrok-

ing. It's like pure mathematics. You're dealing in abstractions, ideal values, all the time. You calculate—in curves." His hand, holding the unlit cigar, drew a curve, a long graceful one, in mid-air. "You know what's going to happen all the time. . . . The excitement begins when you don't quite know and you risk it; when it's getting dangerous. . . . The higher mathematics of the game. If you can afford them; if you haven't a wife and family—I can see the fascination. . . ."

He sat, holding his cigar in one hand, looking at it without seeing it, seeing the fascination and smiling at it, amused and secure.

And her mother, bending over her bead-work, smiled too, out of their happiness, their security.

He would lean back, smoking his cigar and looking at them out of contented, half-shut eyes, as they switched, one at each end of the long canvas fender stool. He was waiting, he said, for the moment when their heads would come bumping together in the middle.

Sometimes they would sit like that, not exchanging ideas, exchanging only the sense of each other's presence, a secure, profound satisfaction that belonged as much to their bodies as their minds; it rippled on their faces with their quiet smiling, it breathed with their breath. Sometimes she or her mother read aloud, Mrs. Browning or Charles Dickens; or the Biography of some Great Man, sitting there in the velvet curtained room or out on the lawn under the cedar tree. A motionless communion broken by walks in the sweet smelling fields and deep elm-screened lanes. And there were short journeys into London to a lecture or a concert, and now and then the surprise and excitement of the play.

One day her mother smoothed out her long hanging curls and tucked them away under a net. Harriett had a little shock of dismay and resentment, hating change.

And the long, long Sundays spaced the weeks and the months, hushed and sweet and rather enervating, yet with a sort of thrill in them as if somewhere the music of the church organ went on vibrating. Her mother had some secret: some happy sense of God that she gave to you and you took from her as you took food and clothing, but not quite knowing what it was, feeling that there was something more in it, some hidden gladness, some perfection that you missed.

Her father had his secret too. She felt that it was harder, somehow, darker and dangerous. He read dangerous books: Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer. Sometimes he talked about them.

"There's a sort of fascination in seeing how far you can go. . . . The fascination of truth might be just that—the risk that after all it mayn't be true, that you may have to go farther and farther, perhaps never come back."

Her mother looked up with her bright, still eyes.

"I trust the truth. I know that, however far you go, you'll come back some day."

"I believe you see all of them—Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer—coming back," he said.

"Yes, I do."

His eyes smiled, loving her. But you could see it amused him, too, to think of them, all those reckless, courageous thinkers, coming back, to share her secret. His thinking was just a dangerous game he played.

She looked at her father with a kind of awe as he sat there, reading his book, in danger and yet safe.

She wanted to know what that fascination was. She took down Herbert Spencer and tried to read him. She made a point of finishing every book she had begun, for her pride couldn't bear being beaten. Her head grew hot and heavy: she read the same sentences over and over again; they had no meaning; she couldn't understand a single word of Herbert Spencer. He had beaten her. As she put the book back in its place she said to herself "I mustn't. If I go on, if I get to the interesting part I may lose my faith." And soon she made herself believe that this was really the reason why she had given it up.

Besides Connie Hancock there were Lizzie Pierce and Sarah Barmby.

Exquisite pleasure to walk with Lizzie Pierce. Lizzie's walk was a sliding, swooping dance of little pointed feet, always as if she were going out to meet somebody, her sharp, black-eyed face darting and turning.

"My *dear,* he kept on doing *this"* (Lizzie did it) "as if he was trying to sit on himself to keep from flying off into space like a cork. Fancy proposing on three tumblers of soda water! I might have been Mrs. Pennefather but for that."

Lizzie went about laughing, laughing at everybody, looking for something to laugh at everywhere. Now and then she would stop suddenly to contemplate the vision she had created.

"If Connie didn't wear a bustle—Or, oh my dear, if Mr. Hancock did ——."

"Mr. Hancock!" Clear, firm laughter, chiming and tinkling.

"Goodness! To think how many ridiculous people there are in the world!"

"I believe you see something ridiculous in me."

"Only when—only when—"

She swung her parasol in time to her sing-song. She wouldn't say when.

"Lizzie—Not—*not* when I'm in my black lace fichu and the little round hat?"

"Oh dear me—no. Not *then*."

The little round hat, Lizzie wore one like it herself, tilted forward, perched on her chignon.

"Well then—" she pleaded.

Lizzie's face darted its teasing, mysterious smile.

She loved Lizzie best of her friends after Priscilla. She loved her mockery and her teasing wit.

And there was Lizzie's friend, Sarah Barmby, who lived in one of those little shabby villas on the London road and looked after her father. She moved about the villa in an unseeing, shambling way, hitting herself against the furniture. Her face was heavy with a gentle, brooding goodness, and she had little eyes that blinked and twinkled in the heaviness as if something amused her. At first you kept on wondering what the joke was till you saw it was only a habit Sarah had. She came when she could spare time from her father.

Next to Lizzie, Harriett loved Sarah. She loved her goodness.

And Connie Hancock, bouncing about hospitably in the large, rich house. Tea-parties and dances at the Hancocks'.

She wasn't sure that she liked dancing. There was something obscurely dangerous about it. She was afraid of being lifted off her feet and swung on and on, away from her safe, happy life. She was stiff and abrupt with her partners, convinced that none of those men who liked Connie Hancock could like her, and anxious to show them that she

didn't expect them to. She was afraid of what they were thinking. And she would slip away early, running down the garden to the gate at the bottom of the lane where her father waited for her. She loved the still coldness of the night under the elms, and the strong, tight feeling of her father's arm when she hung on it leaning towards him, and his "There we are!" as he drew his closer. Her mother would look up from the sofa and ask always the same question, "Well, did anything nice happen?"

Till at last she answered, "No. Did you think it would, Mamma?"

"You never know," said her mother.

"*I* know everything."

"*Every*thing?"

"Everything that could happen at the Hancocks' dances."

Her mother shook her head at her. She knew that in secret Mamma was glad; but she answered the reproof.

"It's mean of me to say that when I've eaten four of their ices. They were strawberry, and chocolate and vanilla, all in one."

"Well, they won't last much longer."

"Not at that rate," her father said.

"I meant the dances," said her mother.

And sure enough, soon after Connie's engagement to young Mr. Pennefather they ceased.

And the three friends, Connie and Sarah and Lizzie, came and went. She loved them; and yet when they were there they broke something, something secret and precious between her and her father and mother, and when they were gone she felt the stir, the happy movement of coming together again, drawing in close, close, after the break.

"We only want each other." Nobody else really mattered, not even Priscilla Heaven.

Year after year the same. Her mother parted her hair into two sleek wings; she wore a rosette and lappets of black velvet and lace on a glistening beetle-backed chignon. And Harriett felt again her shock of resentment. She hated to think of her mother subject to change and time.

And Priscilla came year after year, still loving, still protesting that she would never marry. Yet they were glad when even Priscilla had gone and left them to each other. Only each other, year after year the same.

V

PRISCILLA'S last visit was followed by another passionate vow that she would never marry. Then within three weeks she wrote again, telling of her engagement to Robin Lethbridge.

. . . "I haven't known him very long and Mamma says it's too soon; but he makes me feel as if I had known him all my life. I know I said I wouldn't, but I couldn't tell; I didn't know it would be so different. I couldn't have believed that anybody could be so happy. You won't mind, Hatty. We can love each other just the same." . . .

Incredible that Priscilla, who could be so beaten down and crushed by suffering, should have risen to such an ecstasy. Her letters had a swinging lilt, a harried beat, like a song bursting, a heart beating for joy too fast.

It would have to be a long engagement. Robin was in a provincial bank, and he had his way to make. Then, a year later, Prissy wrote and told them that Robin had got a post in Parson's Bank in the City. He didn't know a soul in London. Would they be kind to him and let him come to them sometimes, on Saturdays and Sundays?

He came one Sunday. Harriett had wondered what he would be like, and he was tall, slender-waisted, wide-shouldered; he had a square, very white forehead; his brown hair was parted on one side, half curling at the tips above his ears. His eyes—thin, black crystal, shining, turning, showing speckles of brown and grey; perfectly set under straight eyebrows laid very black on the white skin. His round, pouting chin had a dent in it. The face in between was thin and irregular; the nose straight and serious and rather long in profile, with a dip and a rise at three-quarters; in full face straight again but shortened. His eyes had another meaning, deeper and steadier than his fine slender mouth; but it was the mouth that made you look at him. One arch of the bow was higher than the other; now and then it quivered with an uneven, sensitive movement of its own.

She noticed his mouth's little dragging droop at the corners and thought: "Oh, you're cross. If you're cross with Prissie—if you make her unhappy"—but when he caught her looking at him the cross lips drew back in a sudden, white, confiding smile. And when he spoke she understood why he had been irresistible to Priscilla.

He had come three Sundays now, four perhaps; she had

lost count. They were all sitting out on the lawn under the cedar. Suddenly, as if he had just thought of it, he said:

"It's extraordinarily good of you to have me."

"Oh, well," her mother said, "Prissie is Hatty's greatest friend."

"I supposed that was why you do it."

He didn't want it to be that. He wanted it to be himself. Himself. He was proud. He didn't like to owe anything to other people, not even to Prissie.

Her father smiled at him. "You must give us time."

He would never give it or take it. You could see him tearing at things in his impatience, to know them, to make them give themselves up to him at once. He came rushing to give himself up, all in a minute, to make himself known.

"It isn't fair," he said. "I know you so much better than you know me. Priscilla's always talking about you. But you don't know anything about *me.*"

"No. We've got all the excitement."

"And the risk, sir."

"And of course, the risk." He liked him.

She could talk to Robin Lethbridge as she couldn't talk to Connie Hancock's young men. She wasn't afraid of what he was thinking. She was safe with him, he belonged to Priscilla Heaven. He liked her because he loved Priscilla; but he wanted her to like him, not because of Priscilla, but for himself.

She talked about Priscilla: "I never saw anybody so loving. It used to frighten me; because you can hurt her so easily."

"Yes. Poor little Prissie, she's very vulnerable," he said.

When Priscilla came to stay it was almost painful. Her eyes clung to him, and wouldn't let him go. If he left the room she was restless, unhappy till he came back. She went out for long walks with him and returned silent, with a tired, beaten look. She would lie on the sofa, and he would hang over her, gazing at her with strained, unhappy eyes.

After she had gone he kept on coming more than ever, and he stayed over night. Harriett had to walk with him now. He wanted to talk, to talk about himself, endlessly.

When she looked in the glass she saw a face she didn't know: bright-eyed, flushed, pretty. The little arrogant lift had gone. As if it had been somebody else's face she asked herself, in wonder, without rancour, why nobody had ever

cared for it. Why? Why? She could see her father looking at her, intent, as if he wondered. And one day her mother said, "Do you think you ought to see so much of Robin? Do you think it's quite fair to Prissie?"

"Oh—*Mamma* . . . I wouldn't. I haven't—"

"I know. You couldn't if you would, Hatty. You would always behave beautifully. But are you so sure about Robin?"

"Oh, he *couldn't* care for *anybody* but Prissie. It's only because he's so safe with me, because he knows I don't and he doesn't—"

The wedding day was fixed for July. After all, they were going to risk it. By the middle of June the wedding presents began to come in.

Harriett and Robin Lethbridge were walking up Black's Lane. The hedges were a white bridal froth of cows' parsley. Every now and then she swerved aside to pick the red campion.

He spoke suddenly. "Do you know what a dear little face you have, Hatty? It's so clear and still and it behaves so beautifully."

"Does it?"

She thought of Prissie's face, dark and restless, never clear, never still.

"You're not a bit like what I expected. Prissie doesn't know what you are. You don't know yourself."

"I know what *she* is."

His mouth's uneven quiver beat in and out like a pulse.

"Don't talk to me about Prissie!"

Then he got it out. He tore it out of himself. He loved her.

"Oh, Robin—" Her fingers loosened in her dismay; she went dropping red campion.

It was no use, he said, to think about Prissie. He couldn't marry her. He couldn't marry anybody but Hatty, Hatty must marry him.

"You can't say you don't love me, Hatty."

No. She couldn't say it; for it wouldn't be true.

"Well, then—"

"I can't. I'd be doing wrong, Robin. I feel all the time as if she belonged to you; as if she were married to you."

"But she isn't. It isn't the same thing."

"To me it is. You can't undo it. It would be dishonorable."

"Not half so dishonorable as marrying her when I don't love her."

"Yes. As long as she loves you. She hasn't anybody but you. She was so happy. So happy. Think of the cruelty of it. Think of what we should send her back to."

"You think of Prissie. You don't think of me."

"Because it would *kill* her."

"How about you?"

"It can't kill us, because we know we love each other. Nothing can take that from us."

"But I couldn't be happy with her, Hatty. She wears me out. She's so restless."

"*We* couldn't be happy, Robin. We should always be thinking of what we did to her. How could we be happy?"

"You know how."

"Well, even if we were, we've no right to get our happiness out of her suffering."

"Oh, Hatty, why are you so good, so good?"

"I'm not good. It's only—there are some things you can't do. We couldn't. We couldn't."

"No," he said at last. "I don't suppose we could. Whatever it's like I've got to go through with it."

He didn't stay that night.

(*To be continued.*)

LIBERTY ABOVE EQUALITY

BY JOHN CORBIN

IT is a self-evident truth, or so Thomas Jefferson held, that all men are created equal. With similar solemnity, as one who says an undisputed thing, Jefferson's greatest disciple declared: "Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen." These be winged phrases; but, as it happens, they fly in directions precisely opposite. Wilson was demanding a rigid exclusion of Chinese and Japanese laborers—in whose increasing presence among us, as he clearly saw, the vigor and virtue of our free institutions would suffer. He was asserting not universal equality, but an irreconcilable difference. By precisely the same logic, we should be justified in discriminating against unassimilable people of any race or color. Which of the phrase-tipped shafts comes nearer the bullseye of our Americanism?

The question is pertinent to the cause of the forgotten folk who are remembering themselves as the middle class—the newly poor brainworker who finds himself taxed and otherwise put upon to provide ever widening opportunities for those who were once called the poor. If the brainworker is to feed his mind with the knowledge of books, his life with human contacts; if he is to have children and hand on the education and the larger tradition which he received—if, in short, he is to fill the position and do the work which is owing to himself and to the nation—it must be by a frank recognition of inequalities and distinctions. He must have a life scaled higher in opportunity, and in expense, than the life of the man whose capacity is for merely manual labor. That can be right only if Thomas Jefferson was wrong—if some men are destined from birth to higher privileges and opportunities. But then this land of liberty is not, and never can be, the land of equality. Somewhere between the two

sayings, which were proffered as equally axiomatic, there is room for a deal of close thinking.

Our revolutionary forefathers had precious little use for the words with which we now concern ourselves, equality and democracy—those of them, at least, who fought for independence instead of writing about it. The word on their lips was liberty. This fact, and the quaint predicament of the Wilson-Jefferson phrase, suggests that equality and liberty are distinct principles—perhaps contradictory.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, deeply as he is despised for the looseness of his thought, had considered this matter more closely than his disciple, Thomas Jefferson. He knew that there is no such thing as absolute equality. In his *Discourse upon Inequality,* which exercised a vast revolutionary force both on the France of 1789 and on the America of 1800, he admitted at the outset what he called the "inequality of nature." Some men are created taller than others, and stronger; intellectually more able, morally more elevated. These inequalities of nature Rousseau sadly dismissed as irremediable. As for social equality, which means, basically, equality in property, he knew that it did not exist in any state—that it could not exist in life as we know it or can conceive it. But he felt that it ought to exist; and to picture it more vividly he assumed a state of primitive nature in which there was as yet no such thing as property—because tools and weapons had not been invented, and because land was so plentiful that no one thought of appropriating any tract as his own. In this state, as Rousseau pictured it, the father had no care for the mother or claim on her, the mother no care for their child.

Such a state is unknown to nature. The fox owns his hole; the trout owns his favorite bend in the brook, and will fight for it. Among the higher animals, of whom man is one, the possession of females is a primordial instinct, as is the love of parents for offspring. Rousseau was aware that his "state of nature" was conjectural, so he passed on to the American Indians, whom he praised as leading the most perfect known life—the nearest approach to the life of social equality. Jefferson knew the noble red man as his master did not; yet he repeated this verdict so explicitly and so often that we are forced to conclude that he believed it. "Those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater

degree of happiness" than was possible "under the English system of government"; and he called it "a problem not clear to my mind" whether the "unrestraint" of Indian life were not preferable to the restraints imposed by even his own loose construction of the American Constitution. This is the intellectual milieu which gave birth to the most frequently quoted of our political axioms.

At best it is a "glittering generality," as Rufus Choate called it—a verbal tom-tom with the beating of which our leaders inspire us to follow them where they will. It has nothing to do with the concrete realities of any situation in which, as a nation, we have ever found ourselves. The granting of an equal vote to the negroes whom our fathers so nobly fought to free was as misconceived philosophically as it has proved impossible in practice. When the Declaration of Independence passes from Jeffersonian generalities to a plain statement of the cause for which the fathers were in revolt, it becomes manifest that "equality" was to them neither "natural" nor social. They stood for taxation through representatives, for trial by jury—for a merely political equality. In plain terms, "equality" meant that an Englishman in America was as good as an Englishman at home. Democracy most of them scorned; but their freedom, certainly, rested upon the equality of the citizen.

Even political equality is an ideal—a thing to be longed for, striven for, rather than a possible fact. If anyone thinks otherwise, let him look about him. Repeatedly we have seen important legislation, from prohibition to woman's suffrage, carried by organized, wire-pulling minorities without reference to the will of the people. Even in the courts, equal justice is defeated. The murderer who can retain the ablest counsel and a staff of alienists has a decided advantage over the murderer who is poor—and so he gaily spends his life in escaping from sanitarium to sanitarium, in retrial after retrial, to the vast expense and chagrin of the community.

Why do we who profess equality permit such abuses? Because we love another and greater ideal, irreconcilable with the ideal of equality. The desire for personal differences and distinctions, of which property is but one, is intrinsic in the scheme of things. In all life that rises above the brute struggle for food and shelter, the prime motive is to prove oneself unequal and superior—to realize all native qualities and aspirations. Man wants the mate of his choice

against all the world, wants to work for her and to pass the fruit of his toil to their children. He wants to sing his songs, build his railways, lead his fellow men. Unless the way is open to do so he is not a free man. Not equality, but liberty, is the master passion of our race.

Like equality, to be sure, liberty is something less than absolute. The moment a man takes a mate, he is bound to her by one of the strongest ties of which he is capable. Their children subject them both to bonds equally strong. And so it goes, throughout civilized life. The things which freedom gives us with a seeming-generous hand, the things for which alone we hold that freedom is precious, enmesh our insurgent spirits with silken strands. Liberty imposes obligations against which instinct often rebels, but against which the true man is powerless. We live in ceaseless conflict, within ourselves and within the community.

Only a strong man can contain such a conflict, control it. And so, as Montesquieu pointed out, and as Rousseau conceded,—though to do so disillusioned him,—there are peoples for whom self-government is no blessing—inferior peoples. Liberty is a tonic to strong, selfmastering races, and to them alone. To Montesquieu and Rousseau this idea could only be an abstraction. In our American problem of immigration, Woodrow Wilson was face to face with the concrete reality. He cast about it the bright woof of a casual phrase but did not pause to weave it into the close web of thought. To him and to his hearers the phrase was doubtless inspiring merely as an echo of Jefferson.

And always liberty is in conflict with the ideal of equality—which, though we outrage it in every act of life, we feel to be somehow noble and sacred still. In Rousseau's earliest essay, he found in the human desire for distinction—found in the spirit of liberty—only an ignoble vanity, to which he attributed all the corruptions of society; and he never quite lost his infatuation for the equality of red Indians and his wonderful state of nature; but when he came to analyze civilized life in *The Social Compact* he recognized a new set of facts. His reasoning was often loose, but his perceptions were those of a man of genius. Wherever " the forces of life " are unchecked, he says, they tend to destroy equality; but the social pact works powerfully to arrest the tendency, substituting for the inequalities of nature a moral and legal equality. " Unequal in physical

force or in genius," men are only "equal by the conventions of the law." So equality became, to Rousseau as to us, a legal convention. Liberty was something more—an active principle. Yet it had definite limitations. "To obey every appetite is to be a slave to mere impulse," but if one lives under the self-imposed laws of a sovereign people the laws "become instruments of a truer and higher freedom." Equality is of the law but liberty is the distilled essence of civilized living. And so, having begun as an individualist uncompromising and absolute, Rousseau became an uncompromising and absolute champion of the sovereign state, a precursor of the Prussian. "As nature gives to each man absolute power over all his members, so the social compact gives the body politic an absolute power over all its units."

The justification of the state is that it gives the highest liberty which is possible to the civilized individual—scope to talents that, without it, would be thwarted. Equality itself becomes a mere convention of the law in order that each man shall live his life to the utmost—for himself and for the state. In our thoughtless moods we vaunt our liberty; but when the day of trial comes we know that liberty is the most austere of masters, to whom true men give to the utmost in service and sacrifice. No principle in a republic is more basic than this, that the absolute right of an individual to take wealth and power out of the national stock is proportioned to the vigor and ability with which he uses it for the national good.

The *Discourse upon Inequality* was the prime motive force in the upheaval of 1789—in which Jefferson, though American Ambassador, took an active part. But when the Revolution had progressed to the point of organizing a Government of its own it drew its philosophic inspiration from the maturer *Social Compact,* and the result was a State exerting a sovereignty rigid and absolute. Jefferson, meantime, had returned to America. He escaped the Terror, but he missed also the more deeply philosophic influences of his master—both as expounded in *The Social Compact,* which he does not appear to have read, and as exemplified in the constitution of the First Republic. Republican sovereignty as administered by Robespierre no doubt confirmed his belief in "unrestraint" and red Indians. Meantime in America, as it happened, Washington and Hamilton were organizing a Government which, though perhaps unconsciously,

was in general accord with the ideas of *The Social Compact*. To them citizenship implied service; government was a function austere and noble. But to Jefferson their every thought was anathema. They were "tyrants," "monarchists," "monocrats" and what not—Washington and Hamilton. Eventually, thanks to the blunders of the Federalists who succeeded Washington, Jefferson brought off his "Revolution of 1800"—the foundation of the Democratic party—which he never ceased to laud as an event equal in importance to the Revolution of 1776. In so doing, he fixed upon our political thought a wholly doctrinary and largely false conception of republican institutions, exalting above the mature theory of Rousseau, above the organized practice of the founders of our nation, a nebulous dream of equality.

For our present purpose all this is of importance chiefly as applying, not to individuals but to groups— if you will, to classes; for they also in a republic are subject to a conflict between the principles of equality and liberty, subject to the necessity of using the national resources for the general good. The laborer claims a right to hours that enable him to give the needed strength to his work and to have due leisure for self-development; to wages that enable him to maintain his efficiency and to provide normal opportunities for those who depend on him—to rise out of his class, if he is able, to any height. On what principle, if not those we have adduced, can he justify this claim—equality as to the laws of the game with liberty to play it to the utmost? The capitalist claims the right to a life which shall keep him in touch with the world he so largely controls, the right to bend to his purpose as large a portion of the wealth of mankind as he can rightfully amass; and all this we have freely granted him. No claim is made for the brain worker. He is forgotten so fully that if he also asserts his right to survive and to serve, according to his needs and the needs of the state, men rub their eyes.

Today the cause of the middle class has—very suddenly, as it seems—become the cause of the state. The proletarian is rising with an insistent demand that equality be granted him not only in politics but in industry—that all of wealth and all of social amenity—all of civilization, in short—which the race has achieved through the disciplined liberty of the individual be subjected, day by day, to the will of the industrial voter. With class warfare already upon us, the

blindest can see in the middle class a powerful and indispensable ally—with whose aid the ideals and the institutions of the fathers may still be preserved and without whom the liberties of all will crumble.

No precise count or classification of the middle class exists; like so many of the rest of us, the census taker has forgotten them. Yet in a general way we can estimate who and what they are. Very largely they are Americans of the older stock. Edward Alsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, estimates that fully one quarter of our population are descended from the Puritans who sought the wilderness between 1618 and 1640—the men who have caused New England to be humorously styled the "brain orchard" of the nation. One sixth of our population at the time of the Revolution were of the scarcely less able Scotch-Irish stock; and, until recent decades, they also have multiplied mightily. It is conservatively estimated that of the Americans of today some 40,000,000, or over 42 per cent. of our white population, are descended on both sides from Colonial ancestors. Some of these no doubt are degenerate; the great majority are still educated, energetic. In the nineteenth century also our immigration was from a stock of prime vitality. Professor Ross estimates that those of German ancestry comprise 25 per cent. of our present population. The immigration of Scandinavians up to 1910 numbered almost two millions, and of Celtic Irish over four millions; with their descendants they doubtless number 8 per cent. of the population. In all 75 per cent. of native Americans come from the Nordic peoples. In addition there were, in 1910 upward of two million recent immigrants born in Europe, including 1,221,000 from England, Scotland and Wales. In purely British stock alone, as W. S. Rossiter has pointed out, we outnumber the British Isles and Canada combined, with some 55,000,000 as against some 50,000,000—the scale being turned against us by 5,000,000 Australian Britons and a smaller number in South Africa.

In all of these national groups in America there are, of course, many who cannot be included in the middle class; but the fact remains that over three-quarters of all Americans are from nations predominantly of the North European stock. They readily fall into the spirit of our life and the abler of them, being equal before the law and individu-

ally free, rise easily into the middle class. As the United States is the richest of modern countries in material resources, so also it is the largest single reservoir of the Nordic stock. And the middle class is its brain power. Is it not an omen, a portent, that more and more the middle class is submerged by the unregenerate hordes of new immigration from the east and south of Europe—that we make it a virtue to teach them the phrases of democracy, equality?

Wherever civilization has reached its pinnacles, it has been under the leadership of this northern man—the Aryan, as he is more familiarly, though less accurately, known—in Assyria, in Persia, in Greece, in Rome, and now again in the nations of the north and west of Europe. And wherever the Aryan civilization has reached its utmost heights it has developed free institutions. Yet freedom has not meant stability: the power of self-control has not endured. In Greece the rise of democracy and in Rome the rise of the Republic was speedily followed by a decline—a tragic and arresting phenomenon. It would be interesting to know why. Historic records are meager, yet two factors may still be distinguished—the wasting of the best blood and its weakening through intercourse with alien peoples.

As to Greece we can be sure only of the former cause—civil war, adventurous mercenary expeditions and the migration of men of intellect to alien Mediterranean ports. Before Hellas could achieve unity, its best were no more. But there must also have been a corruption of those who lived on in Greece. How soon this happened we do not know; yet it is worthy of note that, as early as 450 B. C., Athenians found it necessary to pass a law limiting citizenship to men both of whose parents were citizens. Even in the age of Pericles, it would seem, the danger of an admixture of alien blood was serious. Today among the people who speak the language of Homer there is only a thin trickling of the ancient blood.

The case of Rome is clearer. When the old Romans ceased to labor with their own hands, their place was supplied by slaves—who were furnished in abundance, and from a great variety of races, by ever widening conquest. It was the custom to select the slaves on each estate from different nationalities, so that language would prove a barrier to intrigue and insurrection—and thus the way was paved to an eventual admixture of widely divergent races. Men of

the Latin stock, meantime, extinguished one another in fierce civil war and in wholesale proscriptions. The virtues of family life sank in luxurious idleness and debauchery—the most sordid and hideous race suicide. From the lack of men of the ancient stock, Roman citizenship was thrown open to freed men—an actual if not a doctrinary equality. In the first century of our era, Tacitus noted that the people of Rome were almost entirely of the class of emancipated slaves. Freedom died with the Roman stock, in the birth of the new equality. Roman institutions remained, and enough of the original race to administer them; but among the people as a whole the Aryan spirit was submerged. Only an Empire was possible. Many causes have been alleged for the decline of the Empire, but this is probably the most fundamental. Only of late have students of history taken note of all this and there is doubtless truth in what they say, that the determining factor in history is not war, politics or economics, but race. Or, to paraphrase another publicist, liberty rests upon the superiority of the citizen.

In the modern world once again the Nordic race has developed free institutions. There is no abatement of the warlike spirit, or of the racial devastation which it works. From the ethnological point of view the recent war was a civil conflict, and the slaughter of the best blood was unprecedented, appalling. We of the new world fought as the Nordic has always fought when he felt that his liberty was in danger; but fortunately our losses in battle were relatively few. Yet we suffered a far greater loss through the war, which few have noted—still suffer it, and shall do so for decades to come. It is the loss of children who should be but will not be born. And these are almost wholly children of the middle class.

For a generation before the war, race suicide had been noted—and noted as a middle-class phenomenon. Though analyzed statistics are lacking, it is probable that among highly educated and professional people—the finest flower of the nation—it has progressed farther even than in France. Before the war a Harvard professor calculated that if the university were limited to the sons of graduates it would have to close its doors within a century. During the war the proletariat continued, as always, to swarm; being organized, it was able, on the whole, to maintain the normal proportion of wages to the price of commodities. But those

dependent upon salaries have been forced lower and still lower in the scale of living, both during and since the war. Men and women of today who are hard put to it to feed and clothe themselves and maintain the dignity of their standards do not bring children into the world to increase their hardships—and to suffer from them, as children must, tenfold. Our middle class has little of the ancient lust of conquest and delight in military adventure— though it fights with the best when it must and dies with the age-old heroism. Its ruling passions are those of peace. Thanks to the diffusion of knowledge, and of spiritual comprehension, it stands on a higher plane than has ever before been possible to it, in the history of the world. Yet even in normal times of late, and especially under the impact of war, it has suffered diminution of its best blood as surely as those of the ancient world suffered through orgies of civil strife and debauchery.

The reason for this loss is much more nearly the same in modern and ancient times than appears on the surface. In Greece and Rome, the excesses of warfare and of debauchery were a result of slave labor; for, except the pursuit of philosophy, the youth of the dominant stock had little else to do. Americans of the middle class are more fortunate in having to work for their livelihood; yet an important—perhaps the fundamental—cause of their decline lies in the age-old problem of the manual laborer—with us the problem of a disguised slavery, the " new " immigration.

As early as 1891 General Francis A. Walker noted the sterilizing power of immigration. " Not only did the decline in the native element as a whole take place in singular correspondence with the excess of foreign arrivals, but it occurred chiefly in just those regions to which the newcomers most frequently resorted." " When the country was flooded with ignorant and unskilled foreigners, Americans instinctively shrank from the contact and the competition thus offered them." Other causes may be noted. The burden of taxation and of the cost of living fall most heavily upon the middle class. Meantime their standards are advancing. There has been a wide increase of reading, of devotion to music and playgoing, of knowledge of the great world and of interest in society and fashion—in brief, all the phenomena of a rapidly diffusing civilization. In individual instances the resulting limitation of the family is often selfish and wilful; but on the whole, the lifting of

the cultural standards of the middle class is the result of a sound and salutary instinct, calculated to give it precisely the breadth of outlook and tonic mentality which has always been its greatest need. And at the worst this cause is secondary. The primary cause is immigration, the results of which are so immediate and definite that, as General Walker found, they could be checked off "in those States and in the very counties" into which immigration flowed.

All this became evident even under the old immigration from Northern Europe, which reached its crest in 1882 and then steadily subsided. By 1896 a widely different immigration had come to surpass it in numbers, floods of "Mediterranean" and "Alpine" peoples from southern and eastern Europe and Asia Minor, including half a million largely Mongolian in blood—Portuguese, Sicilians, South Italians, Greeks, Slovaks, Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians, Armenians—people that, having been basely subjected throughout history, still live in mediaeval filth and squalor, with little sense of the dignity of life or the nobility of womanhood; people who have no experience of free institutions and probably little or no capacity for them.

Our tolerance of the new immigration has two sets of causes, ironically contrasted. The chief consideration, from our side of the water, has been the profit that is to be made out of laborers who will submit to an un-American standard of living—and of wages. Hand in glove with this is the profit which steamship lines find in a multitude of steerage passengers. These are no mere allegations but facts familiar to all sociologists—who make use of them nowadays mainly as socialistic propaganda. A vigorous contributory cause has been the effort of philanthropic Jews to relieve their nationals from the persecutions of central Europe, and to open up to them the blessing of our land and its institutions —a movement that has been more successful, far, than Zionism. "Not only Jerusalem is the golden." These forces of our own ruthless greed and of an intelligent race philanthropy have found a strong ally in our national sentimentality—which propagandists from the basic industries, from the steamship companies and from the friends of Russian and Polish Jews have not been slow to foster. The "blessing of democratic institutions," they tell us, is a solvent in which all races rise to any desired height. In praise of our "melting pot," Israel Zangwill wrote a whole, long

play, which had a wide appeal to our self approbration. Even the politicians have joined the fulsome eulogy—for many of them find in the increasing hordes of ignorant voters an inexhaustible source of power. One and all point out—and not without truth—that in patience and endurance, as also in thrift, these aliens are our superiors—neglecting to add, of course, that these very qualities, coupled with their lower standard of conduct and thought, will enable them eventually to dispossess us of our birthright. They subtly suggest that, by relieving us of the merely manual task, they leave us free to advance in prosperity and in the enjoyment of it—but do not point out the inevitable end of that enjoyment! They appeal mightily to our " reason " in suggesting that the only quick solution of the servant problem is in rapidly increasing immigration. No doubt the wise ones said the same in Rome! Industrially and politically we are committing the age-old Nordic folly. And we not only give these " wage slaves " full citizenship but proclaim them in all ways our equals—blandly assume that we have " Americanized " them when we have taught them our patter of equality and democracy.

The peoples of the old immigration spoke various languages, had various national characters and traditions; but racially they were for the most part close kindred—to one another and to us. The melting pot has melted nothing—biologists know that it can melt nothing. Widely divergent races may mingle but they do not blend. And the result of their mingling is mongrelization—the progressive debasement of both stocks which has made the " free institutions " of Central and South America a jest. In becoming Americans, immigrants of the northern race have sloughed off their superficial and merely national differences, but in the process they have realized more fully their unity and harmony of race. For the first century of its life our nation, though traveling the dangerous, untrod paths of democracy, has been the world's paragon of stability—as the nations to the south of us have been a byword of facile revolution. And now we also have started in the way that, in the slow lapse of centuries, can only end in mongrelization.

Meantime there is a near danger, not racial but political—a danger of revolution, which the public has strangely misconceived. Nowhere is the force of racial instinct more clearly evident than in the popular conception that the really

dangerous radicals are foreigners. In point of fact, alien propagandists have been relatively few and, except in the incitement of sporadic violence, impotent. As for the great masses of immigrants, they have been too ignorant, too hard-working, too much bent upon the week's wage, to give thought to revolution. Even in the steel strike, which was essentially a strike of "new" immigrants, the revolutionary element was negligible. The organizing leaders, Fitzpatrick and Foster, were Americans—and revolutionists. So everywhere, the radical element which is dangerous consists of Americans born and bred.

And with the leaders we have furnished the inflammatory idea, without which revolution is impossible—we ourselves, the American people. Professing the Jeffersonian doctrine of universal equality, we have carried it to its political consummation in universal franchise. Whether right or wrong, that step cannot be retraced. If we proceed by the ancient logic, however, one more step is inevitable. Like our political government, our industries, and their invested capital, will be administered democratically. For, though we persistently blink the fact, the basic principle of Socialism is the doctrine of equality. By the logic of our own teaching, industry must be controlled by all workers—including the "wage slaves" of the new immigration.

Now in industrial democracy there are many plausible and perhaps fruitful ideas. Even the American Federation of Labor, once so solidly conservative, has declared in favor of "democratic control" of the railways, and by an overwhelming majority. It is a confident prophet who will say that our great industrial units may not some day have a definite power over government as it affects their special interests. But if this new order is to be ruled by its educated brain force, and not by the voice of the ignorant and racially inferior laborer, it can only be by a candid recognition of the special services and responsibilities of the middle class.

Many questions arise of the when, the how, and the wherewithal—questions which, far from being answered, have not yet been clearly put. But beneath them all lies this necessity: the Jeffersonian bubble of equality must be pricked. Above equality is liberty, and liberty rests upon the superiority of the citizen.

JOHN CORBIN.

THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

By VERNON KELLOGG

WHILE engaged with the work of Mr. Hoover's relief commission in German-occupied Belgium and France in 1915 and 1916 it was my peculiar privilege—and necessity—to live for several months at the German Great Headquarters in Charleville and to make many visits on matters of relief diplomacy to the headquarters in other months. Under these circumstances I came naturally to make the acquaintance of numerous important officers of the German General Staff, and to have much frank talk with them —with some of them at least. Now while this talking with the staff officers was not chiefly devoted to a discussion of science it touched so often on one particular matter of science that this matter will ever remain one of the outstanding indelible memories of these extraordinary conversations and experiences. And reference to it now will serve very well to introduce this present account of the National Research Council.

Whenever German victories were interrupted for a few days or weeks, or, as in the latter part of the period of my relations with the headquarters, were replaced by grudgingly admitted Allied successes, the officers of the General Staff had one unfailing solace. "All right," said they, "our scientific men will give us something new. They are all at work; their work is all organized so as to meet any emergency; just wait until next week or next month and we'll have something to make your eyes stick out." This is admittedly a rather free translation of what they said, but it conveys the meaning of their boasts. And they were not idle boasts. The organized scientific men of Germany did make the world's eyes stick out several times during the war. So at Great Headquarters there was always a confidence which

the spectacle of nation after nation allying itself to Germany's enemies would otherwise have made difficult to maintain. It was the confidence in Germany's organized science. And it was necessary before the war could be won to meet German science with English and French and Italian and American science. We and the Allies had to organize science, too, and, with a haste made desperate by necessity, it was done.

Stimulated both by the revealed need and by the realized possibilities of coordinated scientific attack on problems presented by the war, America and the Allies have taken steps to provide for a continuing encouragement and support of organized scientific research for the sake of an increased national strength and well-being. Scientific advance has a direct relation to national welfare and national progress. Although the World War has ended there is going on, and there is to go on continuously, a silent and less spectacular, but hardly less important or fateful warfare of each nation with disease and food lack and refractory natural conditions and of nation against nation in industrial and general economic competition. In all of this warfare science, both in its application and fundamental principles, plays, next to the racial qualities of the people, the preponderant role.

It is little wonder then that the illuminating revelation made by the war of this really basic importance of science in national strength has led to serious attempts by the more forward and understanding nations to put themselves in the way to take greater advantage than heretofore of their scientific resources, both of personnel and material. Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan and America have all taken special steps to continue and to extend their scientific mobilization and organization for the new period of national reconstruction and international economic competition, and to be ready for the next great war if the present efforts to avert it fail.

In December, 1916, England established a Government Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which was made responsible to the Lord President of the Council, who is the only Cabinet Minister who has relations with the whole British Empire. It was recognized that if British scientific research is to be organized efficiently, it must concern the whole empire.

But the great Dominions have not been content to rely solely on the activities of the mother country. Canada and Australia have already set up special governmental bureaus or institutes of scientific research, and South Africa, India and New Zealand have taken the necessary steps to establish similar organizations.

The other Allies have also taken, or are in course of taking, their measures in the same direction. Japan's activities are especially marked. A national laboratory for scientific and industrial reasearch has been established with a first fund of two and a half million dollars for its maintenance. The work of this laboratory is being organized to deal especially with a series of selected subjects, such as electricity and electro-chemistry, scientific apparatus, drugs, dyes, perfumes, rubber, artificial or imitation silk, foodstuffs and beverages, oils, fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, utilization of fumes of metallurgical works, resistance power and speed of ships, fireproof and earthquake-proof buildings, and other subjects of national importance. Young men of promise in research are being appointed to fellowships and sent abroad.

In France, Italy and Belgium, the new organization of scientific work is in a more preliminary state of development, but in each of these countries, organization is actually under way.

What of America? Well, we also are moving. We have, for many years, had well-developed and well-supported governmental bureaus of scientific work. The list of them is long and imposing. We have also a number of well-organized and active special institutions of scientific research, supported by the great philanthropic foundations, such as the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation, or by other private (as contrasted with Government) funds. We have developed first-class research laboratories and research men in the universities and great technical colleges of the country. There are, too, a considerable number of industrial research laboratories supported directly by industrial concerns. Some of these are large, but most of them are small and very strictly limited to a few special "works problems," of particular interest to the special industrial concerns supporting them. A list of about three hundred such private industrial laboratories has recently been published in a National Research Council

bulletin, and there are undoubtedly others not included in this list. But in Germany such research laboratories are not looked on as unusual or *de luxe* appendages of industrial concerns; they are something taken for granted as an integral necessary part of the industrial plant. Many thousands of highly trained German research experts find their regular employment in them. It is a familiar German scientific career.

But with all our various and excellent Government and university and private scientific laboratories, we found ourselves in the war needing something else. We needed a means for temporarily amalgamating and coordinating our research facilities both as to personnel and equipment. We needed means for a swift mobilization of the total scientific resources of the country, so that a combined and intensive attack could promptly be made on the pressing great wartime problems that demanded serious scientific investigation and ingenious scientific application for their solution.

There was therefore set up in the latter part of 1916, before we had actually entered the war, but when it was apparent to most thinking men that our entrance was only a matter of time, a cooperative organization of the scientific men of America, called the National Research Council. It was established under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences. The academy itself was established by act of Congress, signed by President Lincoln on March 3, 1863. Its charter states that "the academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment and report upon any of the subjects of science or art." Under this provision, the academy dealt with many military problems during the Civil War, and since that time it has frequently been asked by the President, by Congress, and by heads of Government departments, to report on scientific and technical questions. In April, 1916, just after the *Sussex* incident, the academy offered its services to the President to assist the Government in any preparation it might be making for possible war. The President promptly acknowledged the offer and requested that steps be taken by the academy to organize the research agencies of the country, not solely with respect to the necessities of possible war, but also because of the importance of developing and utilizing their agencies more effectively under

peace conditions. The establishment of the National Research Council was the answer to this request.

It was not exactly the springing up of a million men to seize arms, and, untrained and unled, to form a great army to save the country, but it was the voluntary offering of thousands of trained and experienced scientific investigators to put themselves and their knowledge and capacity, under proper suggestion and leadership, at the service of their country. And they did real service. The men who know the secrets of the war know that; the responsible men of the Army and Navy will gladly testify to it. Joining their effort through the organized National Research Council with that of the scientific men already in regular Government service in Army, Navy and Washington bureaus, they attacked energetically and simultaneously all the pressing war-time technical problems.

Under the general direction of the Council many great centers of research throughout the country were kept occupied with Government work. In more than a score of leading universities the scientific laboratories gave feverish attention to military problems involving elaborate scientific investigation. The Council directed investigations relating to gun defense, high explosives, smoke screens, dyes, wireless telegraphy and telephony, fuel substitutes, detection of submarines, testing of materials and pathological and medical problems. Associated with the Council was also the group of psychologists whose work so largely modified the methods of organizing Army and Navy personnel.

Space forbids any detailed account of this work accomplished by the organization of American science under the stimulus of war. But the lesson from the work and from the manner in which it was accomplished is clear. It is that many forms of scientific effort can be greatly speeded up by proper stimulus; that many efforts can be made immensely more effective by proper organization; and, that while such organization can be encouraged and helped by the Government, it can be effected by cooperative effort among scientific men themselves. The present post-war reorganization of the National Research Council for coordinated attack on reconstruction and peace-time scientific problems affecting the national welfare has been largely determined by a recognition of the lessons learned in its war effort.

As it exists today, therefore, the National Research

Council is a cooperative organization of the scientific men of America, including also a representation of business men interested in engineering and industry and in the fundamental, or "pure," science on which the "applied" science depends. The Council enjoys the formal recognition and active cooperation of most of the major scientific and technical societies of the country, its membership being largely composed of appointed representatives of these societies. Although partly supported during the war period by the Government, it is now entirely supported from other than governmental sources and is entirely controlled by its own representatively selected membership and democratically chosen officers. It expects to maintain a close cooperation with Government scientific bureaus and their activities, but it is in no sense itself a Government bureau, differing in this respect from the more or less similar organizations, established for the same purpose by England, Japan and the other Allies, already described. Its essential purpose is the promotion of scientific research and of the application and dissemination of scientific knowledge for the benefit of the nation.

The Council is composed of a series of major divisions, one group of seven divisions of science and technology representing, respectively, physics, mathematics and astronomy; psychology and anthropology; geology and geography; the medical sciences, and engineering, and another group of six divisions of general relations, representing foreign relations, Government relations, States relations, educational relations, research extension and research information. As subordinate or affiliated lesser groups, each of these divisions comprises a larger or smaller series of committees, each with its special problem or subject of attention. There are certain other committees, administrative and technical, which affiliate directly with the executive board of the Council. Its general administrative officers are a chairman, three vice-chairmen, permanent secretary, treasurer, and a chairman of each of the various divisions. All of these, except the permanent secretary and treasurer, are elected annually by the executive board or by the members of the divisions.

The financial support of the administrative work of the Council is assured by a gift of five million dollars, recently made by the Carnegie Corporation. Part of this gift is to

be devoted to the erection of a suitable building in Washington for the joint use of the Council and the National Academy of Sciences. The rest is to serve as a permanent endowment for the Council. For the support of the special scientific projects set on foot or fostered by the Council, it relies on special gifts obtained from time to time from various sources. The most notable of these gifts so far made has been one of five hundred thousand dollars by the Rockefeller Foundation for the support, during five years, of a group of National Research Fellowships in Physics and Chemistry, administered by a Research Fellowship Board, affiliated with the Council. Other considerable gifts for specific purposes have been made by various philanthropic foundations, large industrial concerns, and private individuals interested in the advancement of science. The funds for the purchase of the land in Washington on which the headquarters building is to be erected were obtained from a score of such generous individuals.

So much for the general relations of the Council to the scientific men and societies of the country and for the skeleton of its organization and support. It will be seen by this outline that the Council is organized to be the direct instrument democratically controlled, of the scientific men of the country. And it distinctly considers itself as such. Any idea of an attempted domination of research activities in America is distinctly foreign to its thought. It looks upon itself as a means of promotion, of assistance, of helping to bring about a cooperation and coordination of American scientific endeavor and of *liaison* between this endeavor and that of other countries.

As for the policies and methods by which the Council hopes to accomplish results of service to science and the national well-being, limitations of space will prevent any but the briefest attempt to discuss them.

The Council is neither a large operating scientific laboratory, nor a repository of large funds to be given away to scattered scientific workers or institutions. It is rather an organization for bringing together scattered work and workers, for coordinating in some measure scientific attack in America on large problems in any and all lines of scientific activity, especially, perhaps, on those problems which depend for successful solution on the cooperation of several or many workers and laboratories, either within the

realms of a single science or representing different realms in which various parts of a single problem may lie. It particularly intends not to duplicate or in the slightest degree to interfere with work already under way; to such work it only hopes to offer encouragement and support where needed and possible to be given. It hopes to help maintain the *morale* of devoted isolated investigators, and to stimulate renewed effort among groups willing but halted by obstacles. It will try to educate the managers of great industries which depend on the applications of science for their success to a fuller appreciation of the necessity of support by them of fundamental science. It will try to encourage the interest in universities and colleges of research work and the training of research workers so that the inspiration and fitting of American youth for scientific work may never fall so low as to threaten to interrupt the constantly needed output of well-trained and devoted scientific talent in the land.

With any serious interruption in the output of American science and scientific workers the strength of the nation will be immediately threatened. The industries are today seriously draining the universities and the technical bureaus of the Government in their eager search for scientific men. This may mean an immediate advantage to the industries, but it means also an immediate injury to the indispensable scientific work of the Government and a grave menace to the future of all science in the country, including necessarily that required by the industries themselves. It is the obtaining of a supply of scientific men to satisfy the needs of the industries at the present at the expense of the provision of scientific men for the future. For it is upon the presence in the universities of a large body of devoted and inspiring scientific workers and teachers that the training and inspiration of new workers depends.

The methods of contributing practical assistance to American science in harmony with the general point of view and policy outlined above, which the Council has so far adopted are various. One is the establishment of special committees of carefully chosen experts for specific scientific subjects or problems urgently needing consideration, which plan modes of attack and undertake to find men and means (with the assistance of the general administrative offices of the Council) for carrying out the plan.

About eighty such committees are now in existence. Another is the bringing together of industrial concerns interested in the development of the scientific basis of their processes and inducing them to support the establishment of special laboratories or institutes devoted to this development under the advice of experts representing the Council. Another is the stimulation of larger industrial organizations which may be in a situation to maintain their own independent laboratories to see the advantage of contributing to the support of pure science in the universities and research institutes for the sake of increasing scientific knowledge and scientific personnel on which future progress in applied science absolutely depends. A great English industrial concern has just given half a million dollars for the support of research in the English universities. Other methods are the direct maintenance of university research fellowships; the publication of valuable scientific papers for which there is at present no other suitable prompt means of issuance; the preparation of bibliographies and abstracts of current scientific literature; the setting up of well-considered mechanisms for the collection and distribution of information on current research, university and industrial research laboratories and facilities, research personnel, etc.; and the dissemination through the press and magazines of popular but authentic scientific news and information for the sake of increasing the public interest in and support of productive scientific work. Still other forms of activities might be listed, but those given adequately illustrate the Council's methods.

Certain criticisms of the Council's programme readily suggest themselves to the critical-minded. One of these criticisms, especially, has been repeatedly voiced. It is that true research is the function only of the creative imagination; that it comes only from the scientific genius, and that he cannot be "organized." No amount of organization or special stimulation, or support of research can produce more or better science than the scientific geniuses will produce anyway.

The criticism assumes that research is all of one grade and that the very highest. It assumes that the only research is the truly creative work of the most gifted minds, the epoch-making men of the Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Einstein type. Such men need no stimulation; they do not

need organizing. We may grant that the greatest contributions to science have come and will always come from such men, and that they cannot be organized. They do not need "cooperation and coordination." But even that is not to say that they cannot be given, to great advantage, much material assistance in the way of experimental facilities and extra pairs of hands and eyes to save them time and energy. Among the most convinced and enthusiastic adherents to the National Research Council are men who, if we have any geniuses at all among American men of science, are admittedly such men. The most active man in the foundation and present development of the Council is one whose claim to genius would certainly be admitted in any consensus of American scientific men. This man believes that American science can be greatly advanced by organization.

He believes this because the real answer to the criticism is that a great deal of scientific investigation of great excellence and value and a great many scientific investigators of high capacity and fruitfulness are not of the genius type but are yet greatly worth while to the nation and the world, and that such work and men can be greatly helped by planned organization. Much research is so many-sided in its aspects that it cannot successfully be undertaken by one man working alone. Much research imperatively demands the cooperating work of several men and several laboratories; it may call for simultaneous and coordinated investigation by chemists and biologists; or physicists and geologists; or any three or all four of these. Problems of great national importance, such as many of those connected with food production and use, fuel production and use, public health, and plant protection, are simply beyond the powers of the single isolated workers to attack. Many good men and much good work in several different lines of science are needed for swift and large advance toward solving such problems. And such work does really need planned organization. It is particularly in connection with such problems that the National Research Council will probably find its chief opportunities to help in the encouragement and support of American science.

In a democracy like America's there are enjoyed the unquestioned advantages which spring from wide opportunity and the high premium put on individual initiative.

In all undertakings in which these two circumstances are crucial we outstrip all competition. But our success in this respect is purchased at a price, a price that we were likely to have paid very highly for in the World War; just as England and France did pay this price, so long as Germany held the advantage gained by having foreseen and prepared for other possible circumstances. Germany alone had seen the advantage of organized and coordinated scientific work and until the Allies and ourselves had taken a leaf from Germany's book and had similarly organized concerted scientific endeavor the victories were chiefly to Germany's science-backed armies and submarines.

What America needs is not to give up its individual initiative in science but to add to it means for coordination and organization. We need a wider recognition, an increased social evaluation of the place of scientific research in our national life, and hence a willingness not only to encourage and support individual scientific effort but also to insure a greatly augmented productivity of present research agencies and a much more effective coordination of them both with regard to planning and to executing the broad, inclusive scientific investigations which are required for the solution of the problems concerned with the most effective use of our national resources, with the highest production in our agriculture and industry, and with our national health. In a word we need more, and better-coordinated, science for the preservation and development of our national strength. The National Research Council is an organization that hopes to contribute in some degree, however modest, to the meeting of this need.

VERNON KELLOGG.

"HOW'S IT LOOK OVER THERE?"

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ANIZY-LE-CHATEAU, an ancient village in the Aisne valley, is a desolate cluster of house-stumps, so engrossed with the burden the war left on its shoulders that, until only a few months ago, the bleached skeleton of some nameless poilu lay white amid the poppies, with all the world about too tired, too hardened or too busy to draw a sheet of earth across him.

The château that gave the hamlet its name, the manor house around which the life of Anizy had taken shape, is gone. Only a poor, jagged fragment of a single wall is left as a reminder of all its elegance. That château had been nested in by the Germans and it was blown to powder by the French guns perched just over the slope of the hill to the south. It is one of the legends of Anizy that the French artillery captain who directed its fire had been himself the owner of the château, born and bred within its walls like his father and his grandfather before him. Very likely the story is true.

As you trundle up the white road from Coucy these days, Anizy in the distant sunlight seems like a dead city, killed by the touch of some leprous giant reaching out of the ominous East. Yet as you draw nearer, you hear the occasional clink of hammer on stone, the wheeze of a leisurely saw, the rattle of pails, the hum of voices, the music of life. And in the village itself, you come upon things that tighten your throat, brave and comic and steadfast things that make you want to laugh and cry at the same time, and, passing, leave you with renewed respect for the spirit of man.

For example, there's the hotel. Anizy-le-Château has one. It isn't much of a hotel, to be sure — just such a long, bleak, wooden barrack as could be seen by the hundreds in any American camp this time two years ago. But as you

approach it, even across three or four blocks of crumbled homes, you catch the magnificent *élan* of its signboard and you know that something of the spirit of France—that baffling mixture of great bravery and some bravado, of fine art and some charlatanry — was in the hand that painted it. It reads:

GRAND EUROPEAN HOTEL
Weddings and Banquets

It is not till you get very near that you see its pathetic reservation, painted in shamefaced type underneath. There the management makes this confession: *"On a le droit de porter son manger,"* which, in our jargon, can best be translated: "Basket parties welcome."

Then, further along the wasted streets, you come upon another unexpected thing, a neat little shack from the door of which smiles a sunny, competent-looking woman from Denver. Inside, white, cheery and spick and span, is a dentist's office, and there, or in the neighborhood, she has been for many a month, tending to the reconstruction of France in the way she knows best. The teeth of a countryside have been her care — the jaws of German prisoners, homesick Annamites, American relief-workers, languid Portuguese laborers, but above all, of the French children of the Aisne valley — the sharp-faced, bright-eyed youngsters whose refugee babyhood is being followed now by precarious school days in shacks pitched here and there amid a man-made wilderness. It is amusing to see Mauricette, whose turn comes next, sitting on a high stool to watch, for her own gratification and reassurance, the gentle operations on the molars of Marcel, and amusing, too, to watch both children scamper away down the lane of ruins, each right hand bristling with a brand-new toothbrush.

At this dental parlor, no money is asked, for the woman from Denver is just an outpost of the C. A. R. D. — the American Committee for the Devastated Regions—that relief organization which Mrs. A. M. Dike directs from Paris and for which Miss Anne Morgan is the campaigner on this side of the Atlantic.

Sights such as Anizy-le-Château has to offer — the unburied poilu, the obliterated manor, the spunky hotel, the toiling recommencement — are to be seen the length of the old battle-line, from the hillside hamlets in Alsace to the fishing villages of Flanders. But it is the Aisne valley that

must interest Americans most for there, where the troops from Michigan and Wisconsin came to glory, there where the breathless youngsters of the First and Second Divisions were thrown like a piercing javelin for the redemption of Soissons, there the work of reconstruction has been turned over in some measure to the Americans. They have given us the Department of the Aisne and in its hundred odd villages, government or no government, Republican or Democrat, league or no league, there we are at work.

The work is slow. To any American coming back from France these days, the first greeting from a quondam member of the A. E. F. is always this:

"Well, how's it look over there? Changed much?"

To which, after some futile, short-lived notion of describing the great mutilated stretch of France, with its million discouragements and its thousand and one evidences of renewing life, the returning wanderer must needs answer:

"No, not much."

For the impression that the old battlefields make is of havoc undisturbed, paralysis uncured. The soldier who goes back to his old dugout in the woods near Grand Pré is likely to find that only the steady rains have reshaped it, that the old helmet the shell-hit blew from his head still lies where it fell two years ago and more. The villages of the Meuse, the Ourcq, the Vesle and the Aisne look much as they did when the American troops trudged out of them for the last time. It is true that the rubble is gone from the streets, and the litter of stone has been reduced to neat piles of assorted pieces. Here and there a rough, new cottage has been fashioned from the materials of its demolished predecessor. At intervals there are unfamiliar shacks and barracks. But on the whole, Montfaucon and Fère-en-Tardenois and Juvigny — they all look much as they did when the Yanks started home. Vaux, that little Marne village which the artillery behind the Ninth Infantry blew to bits in the excitement of June, 1918 — Vaux has only one new building. It is not much of a building at that — just a shack of wood and tar paper. And it is not a dwelling at all. It is a buvette.

It is in the spaces between the villages that the change is so remarkable. You see it even in the rolling land of the Argonne and the blasted countryside of the Chemin-des-Dames. For almost everywhere some tilling has been done.

The recaptured fields have yielded their crops, some for one, some for two harvests, and with the passing of two peaceful Summers, have begun to take on once more the look of a blessed land. When the skies are kind, when all the fields are blooming, and patches of ripening wheat reward the eye at every turn, the passer-by can almost forget the war was ever fought. The healing that Nature can do has been done, and, in the Summer, her touch brings life and color and animation even to stretches of French countryside that two years ago looked as dead as the face of the moon.

Coucy-le-Château, that most perfect relic of mediaeval France which was dynamited by the Germans in their retreat, is now just a mound of tumbled stone, acres of tumbled stone, a ghastly and a bitter sight. Yet that great ruin in Summer time is a dazzling spectacle, so marvellous are the myriad bluebells which have overgrown it like an azure mantle. Belleau Wood is still torn and twisted, a mute memorial of the agony it shared and witnessed one far-off, half-forgotten June. Yet in Summer time, it is a glorious green.

Now it is in Summer that the tourists whiz by in their great sight-seeing cars, note all the health and ardor of a renascent land, strain their eyes for any really pleasurable scenes of destruction and return breathless to Paris to report that the devastation has been much exaggerated. Propaganda, they say, knowingly.

They would not say that if they could see the battlefields in Winter, the chill, wet French Winter, when the crumbled towns and villages stand out bleak in the lean, bare, deflowered countryside. They would not say it even in mid-July, if they could leave their fast-riding motor-cars and move around in the villages long enough and sympathetically enough to see what manner of life is lived in them. But then, in that event, they would probably say: "Aren't the French slow? Why, if this had happened in America, it would all have been built up good as new by this time. What they need over here is a little American pep. They ought to have a Charlie Schwab over here to show them what speed is. He'd show them, all right. We'll say he would."

And it is true that the work of rebuilding has moved slowly. An impoverished government, a halt in the reparations due from the other side of the Rhine, a shortage of labor, a population engrossed in the fields, the apparent

need of concentrating first on the restoration of factories and fields, a maze of red tape, the paralysis of old laws, war-weariness, selfishness (in France and elsewhere), all these factors have helped to keep these villages — these wounded Homes—in ruins, not greatly improved since sound of the last shot died down on the Western front. The wonder is not that this is so, but that, despite the fact, life does go on in them, goes on stoically, spunkily, cheerily. It is so in all of them. There is not a community in all that strip of the world which does not recall some ant-hill on which a passer-by has trod and in which the dwellers and the toilers are busy making the best of it.

Consider Juvigny. This is the little hillside town north of the Aisne not far from the Chemin-des-Dames. It was wrested fiercely from the Germans by the troops of the Thirty-second Division, who were borrowed by General Mangin for the purpose at a critical moment in the late Summer of 1918. They did their bloody, inch-by-inch task so well that the French authorities never recovered from their special enthusiasm for this Middle-Western division. On the outskirts of Juvigny, beside the narrow railway which once upon a time was No Man's Land, is one of those austere little American cemeteries, one of those lonesome American colonies which dot the map of France. Thither, on last Memorial Day, went General Mangin himself, with all the flower-laden children of Juvigny paddling after, to do the white crosses honor, crosses marked with the names of many a family from the Great Lakes down to the Tennessee Mountains.

In Juvigny itself, not much is standing. Of what was there before, only the *calvaire* is erect and intact, that singularly beautiful reproduction of the crucifixion, which, to the wonderment of the troops, stood in startling silhouette against the sky throughout the battle. The rest of Juvigny is flattened out, acre upon acre, of smashed-up houses. "You will find my house down a little way," says Madame Quelquechose, "just across the street from the church." But her house is only a shack and the church is visible to no eyes but hers. Probably she thinks of the old spire as still reaching toward the clouds, but the stranger has to be told that that heap of grass-grown stones and that corner of an ancient altar was once Juvigny's church.

Here and there are the wooden barracks installed by the

government to house the old people returning to the wilderness and here and there a stone house has risen from the rubble like a phenix from its ashes. No American agency, no welfare worker, no repentant enemy, no paternal government has done this rebuilding. When you find a French peasant in that part of the world with four stone walls and a ceiling, you may know he has found time and strength and material to do the work himself. Plain little houses they are, of course, but in some cases, where the homesteader had been a bit of a mason, the work has been neatly, even handsomely done.

Such a house is most a matter of pride when it is the work of a whole family, with every one from Grand'mère to the littlest boy enlisted in the sawing, lifting and toting that a house means, for all the world like General Mangin writing his memoirs, with his whole family of nine mobilized for the carrying of paper, sharpening of pencils, deploying of dictionaries, unfurling of maps and typing of notes.

More often a house, particularly a farmhouse, is found partially rebuilt. This is the middle stage of reconstruction. The first you might have seen any time in the Spring of 1919, when, in some Montfauçon cellar, say, you would come upon two brothers camping out to be near their newly relinquished fields to which they had just led back a horse and plow. The second stage comes in the breathing space after the first harvest, when, as often in Juvigny, you find they have rebuilt one room of the old home, roofed it over temporarily, and moved in, with the skeletonized débris of the home as it used to be still sprawling around about them. Perhaps, after another harvest or so, the whole house will come to life again.

Visitors to the American graves near Juvigny in the Spring of 1919 marvelled to find that the old quarries along the ravine on the side of the town, which had once served as divisional headquarters, message centres and dugouts in time of battle, were then serving as homes for the first six of the returning families, so that children were playing with the useless gas-masks out front while spartan *perce-neiges* bloomed at cave-entrances and the week's wash flapped in the wind.

Now another Winter and another Summer has gone by. The fields near by have been largely cleared of their wire and shells and have yielded some food and a little income to

Juvigny. Perhaps two hundred people are back in the town. But most of the houses still lie in crumbled decay and folks still make what homes they can in the dugouts along the ravine.

It is because of this scantiness of reconstruction as far as home-building goes that, as you walk along a ruined street, Juvigny seems a deserted city. But it is hardly that and you realize as much with something of a thrill when, in a clearing amid the rubble, you come upon a barrack and catch through the windows the unmistakable drone of childish voices. It is a school and a glance through the window shows row on row of pig-tailed girls and black-smocked boys declaiming the fact that the Amazon is a river in *l'Amerique du Sud* or that Ceylon is an island where the tea comes from.

Laboring with them patiently, his brow furrowed by his sense of the time that has been lost, you see a fatherly young Frenchman. Perhaps he was a corporal at Verdun when the armistice was signed. Outside, on the bulletin board — for the schoolhouse doubles as the office of the mayor — proclamations in the neat script of the schoolmaster himself announce such-and-such an impending marriage in the village, with doubtless a reception to follow at the shack of the bride's mother. A passing matron peers at the notices, beams on these evidences of further recovery, and tells you proudly that there have been more births in Juvigny than in any other village of the Aisne Valley.

Then, as you take another turn amid the rubble, you come upon another barrack and find within such hospitable tables and shelves of wine as glorify any buvette in France. A whopping big phonograph hums with some melody of Irving Berlin's and the *patron* shows you where, once a week, the tables can be cleared away for a dance or a picture show.

There is the whole story of Juvigny. It looks disconsolately and discouragingly as it did when the Americans left. But children plug away at the tattered school-books, babies are born, marriages are solemnized by the octogenarian curé, crops come in from the once bleak fields and they dance in Juvigny of a Saturday night. That is after all the real message to the men who sweated in the town when it shrieked and shook with the smash of shells. They are dancing now in Juvigny of a Saturday night.

The rough scheme, then, has been to get the farms and factories and schools re-started and to let the houses follow as a consequence — a scheme that works out the more slowly, of course, because so much of the husky youth that belonged to this wilderness was wiped out in four years of fighting. So many of those who have come back are old folk, unable to do much more than putter about, anxious only to spend their last days in their own *pays*. This inclination of the very old to forsake the greater physical comfort of their refuges in Southern France for the greater satisfaction of being home would be natural enough anywhere in the world. It is inevitable in France. Sometimes the younger generation tries sternly to forbid such return until the wilderness should be more livable and the homes more fit. But the old folks feel the sands running out and they come back somehow.

Once such a grandfather was trudging along the road north of Soissons when a camionette girl at the wheel gave him a lift. He was all jubilance at the thought that he would soon be back in the village where he was born. His son had written him not to come, but *mon dieu!* When she pulled up for him on the edge of the village, he did not recognize it in its demolition, and, in his bewilderment, would not get out. Just then, out of a crazy lean-to, a man came forward. It was the son, in whose sheltering arms, as the truck passed on, the driver left a collapsed and tearful old man.

Next day, the same driver on an errand in that part of the valley, passed the lean-to. On a soap-box out in front, sat the old man, drinking Pinard. He lifted his glass to her in jovial salutation.

"Does all go well, *grandpère?*" she sang out to him.

"I am home," he replied, and beamed upon her.

Now this first rush of the homesick wanderers is over and the first relief work, the thrilling emergency work of being ready with hot coffee and mattresses and blankets, is giving way to the harder, duller, more thankless, less picturesque tasks of building up and replacing some of the community functions which had been lost or destroyed during the hejira.

It is one thing to come back and camp out under any sort of roof to be near the fields you hope to till once more. It is quite another to have to wonder if a traveling huckster

will ever pass by, if there will be schools for the children, and somewhere for the young people to go of an evening, if there will be community comforts like dentists and surgeons within reach or transportation to some hospital in case any one should be hurt. It is these latter worries which the relief workers are trying to lift from the minds of the overburdened natives.

For the C. A. R. D. workers in the Aisne valley, the blanket-and-hot-coffee era is past and they are busy with everything from school-books to tractors. They have brought up great lumbering tractors for the use of the farmers around Blérincourt, have followed these with gas stations to keep the tractors going, and these in turn with warehouses to shelter for a better transportation period the excess crops which such stimulated agriculture means.

They have established clinics and the little ambulances scoot over the country, bringing in the babies for the appointed days and hours when the doctor and nurse will be at each dispensary. They have set up country stores where useful things like lamps and knitting wool and blankets and pottery are sold at cost, while the old wives of the villages haggle delightedly over every purchase and cluck with one another over the cost of living. They have established work-rooms where girls can learn to sew—shops of which the coarser products are sold there in the neighborhood and the finer ones borne off to Paris to catch the eye of some acquisitive, money-spending matron from Chicago or Buenos Aires.

They have started libraries in circulation and financed and transported circuit-riders to keep going a score of classes in domestic science, for, to the grief of the mothers in these regions, the young girls during the years of flight or captivity, have come close to the marriage age without having learned any of the household arts that any girl knew in the humblest French home before the war.

These C. A. R. D. women, who work from their four headquarters in the Aisne area, turn their hands to any one of a hundred schemes for settling and sweetening the life there. I can think of none more arduous than running the movie shows one night a week in each of the villages—nights when the school-house is packed to suffocation (being French) and the stalest of films is greeted with explosions of delight. Until you have mended a tire on a muddy road

at dusk and turned a crank for five reels of the most deadly movies, you have an entirely misleading notion as to the softships of relief work.

I can think of no work of theirs more satisfying to the worker herself than the meeting of such an emergency as befell Crouy this year when a whole new generation was approaching confirmation without any of the festive confirmation regalia with which the streets of Paris are so gay in the Spring. There was none to be had within a hundred miles. Such a scramble there was to get to Paris in time, buy up stocks of white gowns and veils for the girls and beribboned arm-bands for the boys, such rejoicing as there was in Crouy when these arrived and the confirmation could proceed according to ancient tradition.

This American work in the Soissons region is a source of satisfaction to those who perform it, those who finance it and those who witness it, for reasons other than the mere immediate assistance given. There is the idea that at least one more part of France is being permanently re-enforced as a place of friendship for America. Whatever of bitterness and disappointment there may be traced in the attitude toward this country among certain French people—and that bitterness is grotesquely exaggerated by some of the uncomprehending tourists—you find none of it in the Aisne.

After all, any man's notion on large questions is narrowed and colored and deflected by his own personal experience. I suppose many a Yank who lost his arm in France and was later fleeced by some French shrew now cares precious little what becomes of the "frogs" the next time Germany splits her seams. Then I know one Brittany mother whose bouncing three-year-old boy is a daily reminder of a passing surgeon in olive drab who saved the eyes a stupid midwife had blinded. I doubt if the most caustic of Paris newspapers could dissuade her from her hearty enthusiasm for "*les Americains.*"

Or consider the woman who beams over the rich old farm on the outskirts of Bézu-le-Guéry near Belleau Wood. To her the war was a distant rumbling, a far away disaster, till one day all her neighbors from the north seemed in flight past her door and every one told her she too must fly. Then in came certain fresh young Americans who climbed into her *gréniers,* strung wires from her tool-house, displaced her cows with map tables and slept all over her

house. She heard the enemy come booming to the very edge of the landscape visible from her upper windows, saw these newcomers hurry up to get between her and that enemy (very obliging of them) knew of the tussle that followed and then, in time, heard that the Germans were in inglorious retreat to the other end of the world. All this she saw with her own eyes, heard with her own ears. So, when some tired poilu says to her scornfully: "And did you know that those *effroyable* Americans are claiming they won the war?" she probably makes answer: "*Mon dieu,* and didn't they?"

So, if it be a good thing to hope that France and America will remain in sympathy with each other—not that their chancelleries should always be in cohoots but that their peoples should be fraternal and mutually respectful—we may all be glad that the hard-pressed folk of the Aisne at least do not think of the Americans as comrades-in-arms who, when the fighting was over, packed gaily off and left them neck-deep in want and trouble.

Something of all this must be in the mind of every American who starts back from Soissons to Paris and sees the desolate villages give way gradually to tidy clusters of red-roofed houses and garden land that never felt the scorch of war. Perhaps his thoughts run in this fashion:

"Whatever the inextricable tangle of responsibility for the war, there were no people in all the world less guilty than these simple, hardworking country-folk of northeastern France. Yet theirs was by far the greatest share of the suffering and woe. Wherever we may eventually decide—if at all—to strike at the root of the ugly business, it would be monstrous for us to let their struggle go on unaided while we talk and talk. Or while we forget.

"What a pity that the forces of good-will and co-operation could not have remained mobilized just long enough after the signing of the armistice for the rebuilding of these battlefields. Just as we made shells and built ships and killed Germans for one another, so we might have pitched in and put a lot of health and comfort into a part of the world that needed it most. True, these American women are doing something, but after all, it is not much and then theirs is but a fragment of the wilderness. What a pity we didn't stay to finish at least this much of the job!"

Thus his thoughts run, and, as the train slides along

through Villers-Cotteret and he sees all the preposterous havoc and blight still in force, he finds himself thinking of pleasant suburbs back in America, comfortable, well-fed America, of tidy lawns and overflowing Fords and children romping off to school, of country clubs and poker games and silk stockings and squandered wealth. And of people who say: "Oh, forget about the war." And he begins to feel a certain tingling resentment at America.

But then the train wheezes into Paris and his taxi whirls him away to boulevards all gay with bustling people and restaurants with groaning tables and such food and drink as only the old world knows. He sees luxury and ease and extravagance on every side and he sees that not all of it can be laid to strangers within the gates. He wanders on down into rich Touraine, a land flowing with milk and honey, where people, knowing only vaguely of the hardship to the north, fret and fume about their taxes and go on about their business.

And he realizes then that all the selfishness and forgetfulness in the world is not American. Whereupon, he grows depressed and gives himself over to a low opinion of the human race. But even that fairly tenable position he cannot hold for long. For he keeps remembering something. He remembers that they are dancing in Juvigny of a Saturday night.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

PERIODICALS AND PERMANENT LITERATURE

BY HARRY T. BAKER

THAT a union of journalism with permanent literature is not always accomplished even by famous authors, is well illustrated by Dr. Johnson—who, like Coleridge, achieved more as a celebrated talker and literary dictator than as a writer. Johnson's essays in the *Rambler,* although mercifully short, are for the most part unmercifully ponderous. Not a few of them commit the unpardonable sin of all writing, dullness—unpardonable because it defeats the primary object of writing, which is to obtain readers. A dull periodical is already doomed to bankruptcy. In order to be of any wide service, knowledge must be humanized, must be so presented as to be intelligible and interesting to a moderately large number of readers. In the periodical this means the death of complacent pedantry. Dryden's lines on Shadwell may profitably be laid to heart by many an author of the present generation:

> As Hannibal did to the altars come,
> Sworn by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
> So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
> That he till death true dullness would maintain.

One of the most interesting authors in the college-professor class, Mr. Bliss Perry, remarked in an article, *A Readable Proposition,* published in the *Atlantic Monthly* while he was editing that periodical: "When a magazine fails to be readable, it is as if a man failed in honesty or a woman in goodness. Its character is gone." But, he adds, a magazine will be readable "if it continues in its own way to reflect and interpret, as all literature somehow succeeds in reflecting and interpreting, the fascination of life itself."

To accomplish this, evidently, is not simple; else we should all be successful authors.

Perhaps the most useful test of the literary quality of any periodical—of the permanence of its contributions—is to ascertain what proportion of its contents is reprinted in book form, and how many such books are read ten or twenty years after publication. This is not a wholly fair test; for even valuable articles are seldom reprinted unless they form a series which, within the covers of a book, reveals some unity. Yet, measured by such a test, even periodicals of large circulation come out tolerably well. And for *Harper's, Scribner's,* the *Atlantic,* the *Century,* the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the *Unpartizan Review,* the *Yale Review,* and such British magazines as the *Fortnightly,* the *Nineteenth Century and After, Blackwood's,* or the *Edinburgh,* an excellent case could be made out.

As pioneers the *Tatler* and the *Spectator,* founded in 1709 and 1711 respectively, are best worth studying for genuinely literary qualities; for Addison and Steele are now acknowledged classics. A few of their breakfast-table papers may be of rather slender interest today; but a large majority still possess sparkle, are still valuable in their criticism of manners and conduct. They are a trifle provincial in their continual celebration of London society; yet London was and is in many respects a mirror of the world. "Does not a man sometimes grow tired of London?" asked Boswell. "Sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "when a man is tired of London he is tired of life!" So thought Addison and Steele; and they knew how to choose and how to treat the most representative themes in that life. Addison's military metaphors, in his essay on the proper exercise of a lady's fan,[1] are as amusing today as in the eighteenth century; and the nicety of his satire and the turn of his phrase are a rebuke to the host of merely clever and often vulgar journalists who invade so many of our newspapers and popular periodicals of the present age. His mild ridicule of Ned Softly,[2] the minor poet, is also of the same permanent value. Ned still buttonholes acquaintances of literary distinction, in New York and London clubs, in order to read his bad verses and to solicit influence for publication.

It is significant that Joseph Addison and Richard Steele

[1] *Spectator,* No. 102.
[2] *Tatler,* No. 163.

were men of the world as well as men of letters; they did not write in a vacuum, but with a full realization of their audience. They possessed that great secret of all successful periodicals, judicious variety; and another almost equally great, urbanity in criticism. "I believe Mr. Addison could be king if he chose," said Swift good-naturedly; and the remark is a tribute to a true editorial temperament. Steele was even more genial; but his judgment was inferior and his style somewhat less polished and felicitous. Both, however, were intimately concerned in the conception and execution of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, so famous in their anticipation of those first English novels which arrived during the decade between 1740 and 1750.

Defoe, whose *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) is not strictly a novel, was much more journalistic in his *Review*. Indeed, of all his many volumes, only *Robinson Crusoe* is now read by the general public. He wrote much that was hasty and ephermeral, and if he had died at fifty—Crusoe was written at sixty—he would hardly have been a literary figure today. Neither he nor Swift rivalled Addison and Steele as a periodical essayist. And there were dozens of imitators whose very names have disappeared under the corroding touch of time. Francis Jeffrey, too, that slashing critic who edited the *Edinburgh Review,* established in the next century (1802), failed by both substance and style to save himself from oblivion. His ridiculous attacks on Wordsworth's best poetry are now completely forgotten save by the academic student; and his equally ridiculous praise of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet whom he hailed as one of the two great writers of the age, is remembered only by its power to excite derisive laughter. Gifford, the foul-mouthed calumniator of Hazlitt and Keats, is even more secure in oblivion. May the earth lie heavy upon him; for he was strangely unresponsive to what any great editor must be able to recognize—genius. The *Quarterly,* founded in 1809, still persists; but the literary reputation of its early editor does not. His magazine was a positive disservice to the development of literary criticism, whereas the *London* and the *New Monthly* did much to advance both the critical and the familiar essay.

Most of the work of Lamb and Hazlitt—and the latter is still one of the greatest of English critics—appeared within the covers of these short-lived but notable periodicals. If

modern periodicals, or even those two of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were filled wholly with contributions of such merit, the question: Are magazines literature? would be superfluous. What reader does not still recognize, for example, both the accuracy and the eloquence of Hazlitt's enumeration of the joys of life, in that almost matchless paper, *The Feeling of Immortality in Youth?* And who does not recognize in its rhythm and cadence the born stylist?—

> To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the outstretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and be lord of a thousand creatures . . . to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing . . . to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakespeare . . . to overlook the world as if time and nature poured their treasures at our feet—to be and to do all this and then in a moment to be nothing—to have it all snatched from us as by a juggler's trick, or a phantasmagoria!

Leigh Hunt, a pleasant, chatty little man contemporary with Lamb and Hazlitt, has not attained anything like a similar fame because he lacked vigorous and compelling personality. The writer of the familiar essay, which is nothing more than an intimate unveiling of a personal portrait or an easy, informal and friendly talk with the reader—never a lofty lecture or a homily—must be a peculiarly attractive man as well as a literary artist; he must be instantly recognized by his reader as good company. He is not taken for better, for worse, but will be quickly divorced if he proves a bore or a preacher. Stevenson can come nearest to homilizing without offence; for he had a gay Cavalier temperament overlying his Presbyterian upbringing. Furthermore, he had a fastidious care for style and a horror of the outworn word. His frequent contributions to British periodicals, and later to *Scribner's,* were among the distinct literary events of periodical publication in the second half of the nineteenth century. His robust and inspiring optimism, too, has been of great aid to the widening of his fame; he presents a striking contrast here to Poe, whose

imagination was often as morbid as it was powerful. Optimism alone, however, or accompanied by less desirable characteristics, is not "magazinable"; for Browning was not *persona grata* in the periodical world—although one of his best and most optimistic poems, *Prospice,* was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly.* And he was actually offered the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine,* an honor which he wisely declined. Browning, though a great literary figure, demands too much intellect to attract a large periodical public. His obscurity has been ludicrously overestimated by critics who ought to know better; and he has been valiantly defended on this score in Mr. Chesterton's biography; but he was undeniably difficult to commonplace minds—which are always largely in the majority. Stevenson and Hazlitt were always limpid; and Lamb, though allusive and inordinately fond of mixing his centuries when choosing word and phrase—he was much more familiar with Sir Thomas Browne than were most of his readers—was not overloaded with philosophy or with any mere lumber of learning. He would find a welcome from some of the best periodicals, both American and British, today.

There is other good literature besides Browning's which is not adapted to periodical publication—as *Fraser's* discovered when it attempted, in the early 'thirties, to cram Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* down the throats of its readers. The oddity and obscurity of this work quickly provoked indignant protests from subscribers; and college students today find it decidedly difficult. Yet it is reckoned one of the half dozen great prose works of the nineteenth century, and in its discussion of the hero's religious experiences it goes to the very bases of life. Evidently not all good literature, therefore, is welcomed by magazine readers. This notable experiment marks a memorable limit for periodicals; and in this case the periodical was not one of large circulation. On the contrary, it was intended for a comparatively small group of thinking people. Indeed, Moncure D. Conway once declared—humorously, one suspects—that "an English magazine is a circular letter addressed by a scholarly man to a few hundred friends."

Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy,* when published in the *Cornhill* in 1867, excited no such prejudice; but Arnold, though a penetrating and quietly sarcastic social critic, was

much more urbane and cautious in manner. He had, too, an unusual gift of humor. Yet his *Literature and Dogma,* in the field of religion, made him many enemies among the orthodox, both through its serialization in the *Cornhill* and its publication in book form. Since Arnold is by almost universal consent the greatest of English literary critics, it is important to note that most of his best essays were first published in periodicals: *Heinrich Heine* in the *Cornhill Magazine,* August, 1863, reprinted in *Essays in Criticism, First Series; Marcus Aurelius* in *The Victoria Magazine,* November, 1863, reprinted in the same volume; *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* in *The National Review,* also reprinted in this volume; *On the Study of Celtic Literature* in the *Cornhill,* March-July, 1866; *George Sand* in *The Fortnightly Review,* June, 1877, reprinted in *Mixed Essays; Equality* in the *Fortnightly,* March, 1878, reprinted in the same volume; *Wordsworth* in *Macmillan's Magazine,* July, 1879, reprinted as a preface to selected *Poems of Wordsworth* and in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Literature and Science* in *The Nineteenth Century,* August, 1882, reprinted in *Discourses in America.* The last named was the most popular of his lectures delivered in this country.

A good many of Thackeray's familiar essays were printed in the *Cornhill,* and he edited the magazine for a short time, toward the end of his life; but both he and Lowell—the latter on the *Atlantic*—found editorial labors uncongenial. Sir Leslie Stephen was one of the greatest editors of the *Cornhill;* and his eminence as a literary critic gave it an enviable reputation. More than one of Thackeray's novels was serialized in English magazines, and in *Harper's Magazine* on this side of the water; for *Harper's* had been established in 1850. Dickens also attracted American magazine readers; and even George Eliot's historical novel, *Romola,* was printed in *Harper's.*

Thackeray would be regarded today, I fear, as poor material for serial publication; for readers, even of *Harper's, Scribner's* and the *Century,* demand rather more action, and certainly greater condensation; or, to state the same thing more accurately, a smaller canvas. Thackeray used two or three times as many characters in a novel as modern writers do; his studies of life were more complex, and for this reason, among many others, more valuable. He did not be-

lieve in too much artificial simplification of life. Dickens, George Eliot and Scott also loved the ample canvas.

Concerning the services of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to literature, Mr. Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's* from 1869 till his death, says, in his volume, *Magazine Writing and the New Literature:* "It marks the beginning of American literature and has the unique distinction of numbering among its contributors nearly every great American writer. . . . The first great imaginative poem written by an American, Bryant's *Thanatopsis,* first appeared in the REVIEW in 1817 [the REVIEW had been established in 1815], followed a year later by the same writer's characteristic lyric, *To a Water-Fowl.*" The distinction, however, was not, after 1857, unique; for in that year the *Atlantic Monthly* was established. A glance at *The Atlantic* Index, a volume covering the years 1857-1888, reveals the following number of contributions from distinguished names: Bryant, 12; Hawthorne, 16; Holmes, about 100; Whittier, the same; Aldrich, 75; Emerson, 30; John Fiske, 35; Bret Harte, 13; Howells, 40; Henry James, 40; Sarah Orne Jewett, 30; Longfellow, 65; Lowell, 75; Thoreau, 12; Whitman, 2. The last-named was evidently not sufficiently refined for prim New England readers. The list, however, is a convincing indication that some periodicals have fostered great literature. *Scribner's* was not founded until 1870. It was sold in 1881 and renamed *The Century;* but a new *Scribner's* was started in 1887. In an article in the *Century,* November, 1895, *The Century's Quarter of a Century,* occurs this modest statement, which during the last few years has somehow come to have a rather familiar ring among statements by editors and publishers: "The literary history of America during the past twenty-five years involves to a very large extent the history of *The Century Magazine.*"

A single illustration will make tolerably clear, I hope, the fact that there is no ground for pronounced pessimism today in discussing the relation of even the average periodical to literature. The living writer commonly recognized as preëminent is Rudyard Kipling. Well, the stories and articles of Kipling have appeared, from 1895 to 1918, in the following American periodicals (I give only

one title in each case): *McClure's, Kim; Century, The Brushwood Boy; Harper's, The House Surgeon; Scribner's, They; Collier's,* some Canadian travel sketches; *Metropolitan, Friendly Brook; Saturday Evening Post, The Eyes of Asia* (a series of four stories); *Cosmopolitan, Egypt of the Magicians.* Here is almost every type of magazine, from the most fastidious to the most popular, from a circulation of one hundred thousand to one of two million. The *Saturday Evening Post*, moreover, placed the first of its series on its front page; and *Scribner's* did the same for that obscure but remarkable tale, *They.* The *Century* showed lack of editorial acumen by burying *The Brushwood Boy* on page 102; but this story was at first, and perhaps still remains, caviare to the general. The same is true of *They.* Doubtless the editors of *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* would hardly have dared to try either on their readers. But the fact that the latter periodical should print anything of Kipling's must discourage the professional pessimist who goes about bewailing the parlous state of American literature, and especially of American magazines. The ability of some academic critics to ignore good literature immediately under their eyes is amazing.

Kipling is as good a single example as could be chosen, because he represents the spirit of the age. He breaks sharply with Victorian tradition and creates, as a writer of a new age should, a new literature. Other distinguished writers who have gladly been received by contemporary magazines both in England and America are H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Maurice Hewlett, W. W. Jacobs, Alfred Noyes, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Edith Wharton and O. Henry. Not all of these are on the highest level of literary craftsmanship; but all are above mediocrity.

The purpose and accomplishment of a good periodical in stimulating the production of real literature has been well stated in an article, *The History of the Century Magazine,* published in the *Century* for November, 1881:

> The monthly magazine is the great modern intellectual amphitheater, and the publicity it is able to give to works of excellence of widely differing kinds is a perpetual stimulus to the intellectual activity of a nation . . . The literary and artistic judgment of the editor . . . must directly and strongly affect the taste and culture of the people. . . . The public, in turn, imposes its authority.

Mr. Alden is much more explicit and bold in the introduction to his volume, *Magazine Writing* (Page vi.):

> Since 1860, no distinction, as to quality or as to any substantial values, can be made between the best books and the best periodicals.

This is somewhat too optimistic; yet it challenges attention and can only in part be discredited. Mr. Alden, Mr. Gilder and various other editors of the best class have done much to foster the growth of good American literature. Authors have been indebted to them for many timely suggestions and have received few or no undesirable ones. Richard Watson Gilder acted on the principle, says Professor Brander Matthews, "that what was truly good was certain to be popular." Catering to a subscription list of about a hundred thousand, Mr. Gilder could afford to believe and practice this; but it would obviously be a dangerous assumption for an editor who must think of the limitations and prejudices of two million subscribers. If such a principle were universally applicable to modern periodicals, the millennium would be here.

It is significant, however, profoundly significant, that as Mr. Alden has pointed out, most of the best novels of the past fifty years have first had serial publication. This is a tribute at once to editors and to magazine readers. In the field of the short story the service of the periodical is even more important; for collections of short stories within the covers of a book are not encouraged by publishers, and a good many short-story writers of unquestionable genius would have been snuffed out at the beginning of their careers except for the possibility of magazine publication. Apparently readers like their short fiction in small doses and feel cheated when offered a volume of brief tales as a substitute for a novel. Most of Poe's masterpieces were first published in magazines, including *Graham's,* the *Broadway Journal, Godey's Lady's Book* and the *Southern Literary Messenger.* Like Lowell, Poe also had editorial experience, on *Graham's,* the *Broadway,* and the *Evening Mirror.* Hawthorne wrote for *Graham's,* and later for the *Atlantic* and *Putnam's.* Among other notable contributors to *Putnam's* were Lowell, Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow. After 1860, nearly every American author of any note had an opportunity—which most of them embraced—to write for some periodical. Toward the close of the century,

Harper's had such names as Mark Twain, Henry James, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Margaret Deland, William Dean Howells, Walt Whitman, Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Hardy, Conan Doyle, Richard Harding Davis and Thomas Nelson Page. Clearly, then, some American magazines have had a vital connection with genuine literature.

The original *Scribner's,* established in 1870, was edited for ten years by a man more gifted as editor than as writer, Josiah Gilbert Holland. Though extraordinarily popular during his lifetime both as author and lecturer, his works do not seem to have survived the "severe tomorrow" of a critical verdict. Doubtless this is due chiefly to his lack of any high literary talent; but there may be something significant also in his eagerness to please the widest possible audience and his willingness to sacrifice something in order to accomplish this. He was known as "The Great Apostle to the Multitude of Intelligent Americans Who Have Missed a College Education." And at his death in 1881 the New York *Evening Post* said that no literary man in America was so accurately fitted for the precise work of developing a great popular magazine. The *Century* added: "He was in all respects in the closest sympathy with the people, and his literary success never drew him away from them." These tributes mark at once his merits and his defects. Within less than forty years his literary works have been virtually forgotten.

Today nearly all American magazines have become journalized, in the sense of treating topics of immediate interest, whether economic, social, political, commercial, or literary. As early as 1881, the *Century,* in one of its confidential editorial talks, was saying: "Journalistic alertness, an entire modernness, and wide-awakeness in subject and manner, are the indispensable conditions of life and prosperity in the struggle for existence in which periodical publications are ever involved." Yet this does not imply the absence of literary motives and literary qualities. The "entire modernness" of Kipling is indisputable; and he too has felt to some extent the journalistic influence; but he is none the less an artist. Some magazine writing doubtless has to be prepared in haste. This was true of articles made necessary by the entry of America into the European War, in April, 1917; but haste is not regarded as a virtue and, except in magazines of a decidedly low

order, is not encouraged. Moreover, those writers of unquestioned standing who are given the cold shoulder by editors are lacking in lightness of touch and generally in humor. There are few barriers for authors who possess these two qualities in addition to genuine literary merit. Nor does the average periodical aim at mere entertainment. It must interest the reader, but it may also benefit him. It may even, to some extent, improve his taste. And there are gradations of taste by which the callow reader may ascend from one periodical to another. Some editors are men of unquestioned culture; and they are willing to experiment somewhat with specimens of what promises to be a new order of literature.

More than half of our successful American editors have been innocent of a college degree; but this can hardly be said to be in every case a misfortune, since it would be difficult to show that a college education is indispensable to either authorship or editorship. One of the most intellectual of English poets, Browning, obtained his culture chiefly outside a university; and, among our Americans, Whittier, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Whitman and O. Henry owe something of their sturdy individuality to an escape from the conventionalizing influence of the college. They were not men cut out on a pattern; and in literature this is of the highest importance. Magazines generally encourage individuality—even though they frown upon too much boldness. Within reasonable limits, therefore, periodicals may be said to have fostered the growth of permanent literature.

HARRY T. BAKER.

TWO PILLARS OF THE BRITISH MERCHANT MARINE

I

LLOYD'S REGISTER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the objects aimed at by the Jones Act for the recreation of the American mercantile marine are the classification of ships and their insurance through purely American agencies. To an Englishman, like myself, these objects appear not merely legitimate, but laudable. If, as seems clear, the national mind of America is firmly set on reviving the days when the Stars and Stripes were to be seen on every ocean, when the Yankee clippers were famous throughout the world, and when America launched twice as many tons as Great Britain, then it is only natural that this ambition should include a control of the classification and insurance machinery. It is a sound judgment which has led Senator Jones to see in Lloyd's and Lloyd's Register two indispensable fillers of British sea-power and of Great Britain's world-wide trade. Very properly he wishes the American merchant navy to rest on its own, and not on alien foundations. He hopes for an American Lloyd's and an American Lloyd's Register. He looks forward to, and is working for, a time when cognate institutions in Washington or New York will challenge, and so far as American shipping is concerned, will oust the influence and authority of the great British organizations. As I have said, the goal he has set himself seems an eminently right and rational one to strive for. Whether he will ever reach it, or come anywhere near reaching it, is another matter. On this point, perhaps, it may help toward a sound judgment—his countrymen and the world at large may get a better idea of Senator Jones' chances of success—if an effort is made to describe Lloyd's and Lloyd's Register as they are and to

show what part they have played, and are still playing, in building up Great Britain's merchant marine. In this article I propose to deal particularly with Lloyd's Register.

These two famous corporations both derive from a coffee house managed in London by a Welshman named Edward Lloyd, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the favorite meeting-place of shipping underwriters and shipowners. But each works independently, though in the closest coöperation, in different spheres of that vast aggregation of British shipping interests which both have been pre-eminently instrumental in constructing and expanding. Lloyd's Register is a society of merchants, shipowners, shipbuilders, underwriters and marine engineers whose function it is to classify ships. Lloyd's is an association of underwriters at the Royal Exchange who insure the ships so classified and conduct, in addition, a general insurance business on an immense scale. Their work is thus separate, but supplementary; and in some form or other it must always have been carried on since the earliest days of commerce by sea. From the time, or very shortly after, men first ventured themselves and their goods at sea, there must have been some form of marine insurance. Without it foreign commerce could hardly have been born and could certainly not have survived. But if there was insurance there must also have been the knowledge on which alone insurance could be based. It is not possible to imagine such acute traders as the Phoenicians or the Rhodians or the Venetians insuring a vessel and its cargo when they knew nothing of the condition, age and equipment of the ship. Somebody undoubtedly must have made it his business to collect information on such points, to keep a record of the vessels in which he was interested, and to grade them according to his estimate of their efficiency. That "somebody" nowadays, not only for British ships, but for a great proportion of the world's tonnage, is Lloyd's Register. It does on a national and an international scale what was formerly the work of isolated individuals or of small groups.

Fundamentally, Lloyd's Register is a society for the classification of ships. Its central function has been from the beginning and is now that of grading vessels in various categories of merit, so that shipowners, merchants and underwriters may know everything it is essential for them to know concerning the ships in which they are interested.

But a society—I wonder if Senator Jones quite realizes this—which exists to classify ships insensibly finds itself driven to undertake innumerable other and equally vital responsibilities. To begin with, it must have expert surveyors within easy reach of the principal ports to examine and report upon the vessels to which classes are to be assigned. Then it cannot differentiate between ships, or put this one in a higher grade than that one, without having formulated in its mind some fairly definite standard of strength, durability, workmanship, and so on. It follows from this that it is to everybody's interest if the standard by which the vessels are to be classified is known beforehand. A shipowner does not wish to order a ship if on completion it is placed by the classifying society in a low category. In that case he has to pay more for insuring it, and the merchants on the conveyance of whose goods he depends for his profits will fight shy of it. For when you have a society whose judgment on ships is followed by underwriters and merchants, and when the class to which a vessel is assigned fixes her standing in the eyes of the shipping world, and governs all the commercial transactions in which she plays a part, a power is created which, so long as it retains its vitality, must gradually spread to every corner of the industry. It simplifies everything, for instance, if the society roughly specifies in advance the requirements that will have to be met, if vessels are to be placed in the highest class. Owners and builders have then a model to work to, an outline of regulations to which it is to their interests to conform, if they desire the highest classification for their vessels.

A society so situated is inevitably led on to inspect the ships that are candidates for classification not only when they are finished, but during process of construction. It has to satisfy itself that its rules are being complied with and that no material or fastenings of which it does not approve is being used in building the vessel. In the old days of wooden vessels an effective examination could be made after the ship was completed. But in the infinitely more complex era of construction which scientific progress has induced, this system is no longer practicable. It becomes very much to the advantage and convenience of all concerned if the society which is to classify the vessel has not only passed on and approved the plans for her construction, but inspects, tests and stamps the material to be employed,

and supervises every stage of her growth while she is still on the stocks. And to-day, of course, when one speaks of a ship one does not merely mean her hull and scantlings, but her boilers and machinery and a variegated technical equipment. All these are factors in determining her character and seaworthiness. All these accordingly have to be taken into account, inspected, and approved, by the society, whose duty it will be to assign to the completed vessel her class. Then, again, ships and a ship's engines wear out. Unless she is periodically inspected a vessel may so have deteriorated as to have forfeited her class without the underwriters or the merchants or the owners being aware of it. The society, therefore, has to make provision for a regular overhauling of each ship on its register, must designate the renewals and repairs that it considers necessary, and must superintend them while they are being carried out. Only so can its classification continue to be up-to-date and to command respect.

It will be seen, therefore, that a classifying society by the very law of its being finds itself committed to a host of highly technical and momentous duties embracing all the multitudinous aspects of an industry which can never know anything like finality and which has been revolutionized three or four times over within the past eighty years. But I have very far from exhausted the range of the activities that are compulsorily thrust upon it. A new method of ship-construction or of ship-propulsion is devised, a new material is discovered, innumerable mechanical inventions are developed. Who is to sit in judgment upon them? Who is to insure that they mark a real and not merely an apparent advance and that they may be adopted with safety to the public and benefit to the industry? Obviously the classification society is the only body competent to pass a verdict that is at once authoritative and independent. To gain acceptance among shipbuilders, shipowners, merchants and underwriters they must first be assured that the new device can be used without disqualifying the vessel in which it is employed for ranking in the highest class. The society necessarily has its surveyors and officials at the chief shipbuilding centres, and their reports constitute a body of information and experience much beyond that which any single firm, or any institution that does not cover the whole country, can have at its disposal. Moreover, being a volun-

tary organization, not working for a profit, and intent merely on holding the scales evenly between the various shipping interests and on advancing the welfare of the industry as a whole, it is in a position to bring to bear on the problems submitted to it not only an exceptionally wide and well-informed but an exceptionally impartial judgment. It knows the danger of not keeping abreast of the times and of laying down regulations that will have the effect of cramping progress. It knows also the risk, the even greater risk, of lending its authority to the employment of methods or material that have yet to be proved to be of enduring value. It is, therefore, admirably qualified to form an expert and detached opinion on whatever new invention or idea is brought before it, and to discharge this duty efficiently it must be able to command the best technical advice and all the necessary facilities for testing and experimenting with the theories and appliances and discoveries it is asked to stamp with its approval.

A corollary to this function is that the society develops into a sort of clearing-house of ideas on all matters that appertain to the building of ships. Its centralized position and the unique stream of information that flows through it, and the intimate, yet independent, relations it maintains with all the yards in the country, make it a storehouse of knowledge on current shipbuilding practices. It is thus enabled to guide the development of the industry along sound and progressive lines. It collects facts, observes results, interprets their teachings, criticizes and compares. While it is not its province to originate it can, as a matter of fact, frequently exercise the prerogative of leadership by virtue of the authority attaching to its decisions. Thus, if after exhaustively testing a new material or design or method, it pronounces it to be satisfactory, the adoption of the novelty is at once enormously stimulated. In the same way, if it recommends that a steel section of a certain size and breadth and thickness should be regarded as a standardized pattern with a view to economizing the costs of production, its pronouncement is pretty sure to take speedy and universal effect. In both these cases the shipping world knows that the society's decisions have been reached only after a thorough weighing of all the available evidence by the most competent experts in the land, and that

no other motive has inspired them except a desire for the common good.

Then, again, commerce is international, and a classification society, which rises to a position of authority in a country in whose economy shipping plays a leading part, necessarily finds that its endorsement is sought after by the shipowners and shipbuilders and underwriters of other countries; while its own members, having world-wide commercial and insurance interests, are naturally as anxious to possess the fullest information about the ships built abroad as about the vessels built in their own country. Hence the society is forced to extend its operations to foreign lands and to see to it that foreign ships which aspire to inclusion in its classified register are constructed in accordance with the same regulations and under the same meticulous supervision as ships at home. The standards thus set by the society become the determining and universal standards, and its hall-mark is accepted everywhere as the verdict of the ultimate court of appeal.

It will be seen, therefore, that a classification society which really knows its business must gradually build up for itself, through a series of consequences whose progression almost resembles a law of nature, a position of transcendent power and influence. There are many classification societies in the world, but only one of them—Lloyd's Register—has risen to the full height of its opportunities. Not only is it the oldest of them all, but it is by far the largest, the widest in scope, the most authoritative, and the most competent. For over eighty-five years, if we reckon the Register in its modern form as dating from 1834, it has exercised all the functions I have described with a zeal and a soundness of judgment that make it perhaps the most remarkable institution which has yet been created by the British genius for coöperative organization. It was supreme when our British mercantile marine totalled less than 20,000 tons, when a vessel of over 500 tons was exceptional, and when vessels of under 100 tons constituted far more than half of the nation's shipping. It is equally supreme to-day when over 9,500 vessels, registering more than 25,000,000 tons gross, hold classes assigned to them by the committee of the society. Through all the changes from wood to iron, from iron to steel, from sail to steam, and from coal to oil, it has held its own as an incorruptible expert and disinterested

tribunal with no other end to serve but that of the well-being of the British and every other mercantile marine; and the confidence that is everywhere felt in its integrity and its efficiency is shown by the fact that considerably over half the tonnage classed in its books is foreign and not British tonnage.

Let us then clearly understand what is meant when a modern ship is classed at Lloyd's Register. It means that the man for whom the ship is being built has handed over to the society the responsibility of seeing that he gets the vessel he has ordered. It means that the plans have been submitted to the committee of management in advance and approved by them. It means that from start to finish the ship has been put together under the inspection of the society's surveyors; that no steel or forgings or castings has been used which has not been tested and stamped by its experts during process of manufacture; that all the machinery and boilers have been inspected while they were being made; that the ship complies in all respects with the standard prescribed by the society's regulations, and that while she remains on the Register she will be subject to exhaustive and periodical surveys. The owner, the merchant, the passenger, and the underwriter have thus the guarantee of an intensely practical and wholly impartial tribunal that the vessel in which they are concerned has been well and truly built. I cannot imagine that the time will ever come when the need of such a guarantee is not felt or when the whole science of shipbuilding would not suffer if a society such as Lloyd's Register ceased to exist. Its services in presiding over and guiding British shipping through all the changes of the last three generations form an unparalleled record of prudential progressiveness.

I get a strong impression that the society was never more alert, or better organized and equipped for its work, or coöperating more helpfully with all that is soundest and most enterprising in British shipping, than at this moment; while its esprit de corps and the devotion and unswerving uprightness of all who are connected with it remain as they always have been—unsurpassable. Its committee of management, equally representative of the merchants, shipowners and underwriters of London and the principal British ports, and reinforced by a strong infusion of technical experts, contains not a single name that is not recognized as

a guarantee of authority and distinction in this or that branch of the shipping industry. The more one studies the society's history—the wise caution with which for nearly twenty years after it had admitted the first iron-built vessel to the Register it refrained from laying down rules which might have proved too rigid for the construction of iron ships, and the energetic propulsion it imparted to the use of steel in shipbuilding—the more confident is one's assurance that in the still greater revolution which oil and the internal combustion engine seem destined to work in the world's shipping, and in helping to regain for the British mercantile marine the supremacy that has been temporarily wrested from it by the war, the society will prove an indispensable counsellor, guardian and ally. At once the most national and the most international of British institutions, there is no branch of shipping at home or abroad, from liners and tramps to yachts, fishing smacks, trawlers, tankers, refrigerated ships, and other vessels built for the requirements of special trades, that it has not taken under its steadying care. Its prestige never stood higher than now and its sphere of usefulness never seemed so illimitable as to-day, when all the nations that count are plunging furiously into the business of shipbuilding, and when the need for a trusted regulating authority of experience and discrimination will be peculiarly felt. Whether Senator Jones likes it or no, I imagine that the last word on the vessels of the new American merchant navy will rest not with the American Bureau of Shipping, but with Lloyd's Register, operating through a powerful American committee. The United States Government may compel its own vessels to obtain their classification at the American Bureau, but the private American shipowner, I conceive, will prefer in the future as in the past to go to Lloyd's Register.

If anyone doubts either the present vitality or the future prospects of the society, let him study its record during the war. Lloyd's Register has always been freely drawn upon by the British Government for advice and guidance on shipping questions. But it can never have rendered services of such varied value and efficiency as during the years of the struggle with the Central Empires. Between the opening and the close of hostilities it classed nearly 10,000,000 tons of new shipping. For the years ending in

June, 1917, 1918 and 1919, no fewer than 816 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage exceeding 2,300,000, were built in America alone, under the inspection of the society's surveyors, and I have heard American shipping men acknowledge that the most practical contributions towards the national shipbuilding effort came from the officials of Lloyd's Register.

At home, the British Government called on the society and its incomparable organization and personnel to assist in arranging and speeding up the shipbuilding programme. No other body, of course, possessed anything like its store of knowledge as to the capacities of the various yards and the best ways of economizing time, labor and material in the allocation of orders. The "standard" ships were built under the inspection of the society's surveyors. So also were many auxiliary vessels ordered by the Admiralty for minesweeping, patrol work and similar duties. Indeed, practically the whole task of organizing the delivery of these vessels and arranging for the prompt and regular distribution of the material and machinery necessary for their construction was undertaken by the society. Altogether 924 vessels, of a total gross tonnage of 687,560, were built under the inspection of Lloyd's Register for the British Admiralty. A large number of auxiliaries were constructed under the same conditions for the British War Office. The tugs and barges of reinforced concrete, which plied between England and France, were likewise placed during construction under the society's surveyors, who were also charged with the inspection of the machinery and the boilers intended for the monitors. When the British Government placed large orders in America for condenser tubes, boiler tubes, steel wire, copper pipes, hydrogen cylinders, and so on, it handed over to the society the business of inspecting and testing them and expediting their shipment.

Similarly Lloyd's Register acted for the French Government in testing the 1,400,000 tons of shell steel ordered by it from British works, as well as vast quantities of steel bands, corrugated sheets, and other material. The society, again, carried out the survey of the hulls, machinery and boilers of the surrendered German steamers and of over fifty British vessels that had been interned in German ports. It held over 250 surveys of neutral ships chartered by the Allies, and over 200 of British steamers which were sent to

the White Sea under requisition, and practically all the vessels purchased abroad by the British Government were first inspected and reported upon by the society. It lent its experts on cold storage to the Ministry of Food, and other officials and surveyors to other government departments, especially, of course, to the Ministry of Shipping. Very little, indeed, was done during the war in connection with merchant shipping in which the society did not take a leading advisory or executive part, and it rose to every demand that was made upon it with an unflurried and instantaneous efficiency worthy of its long and honorable past. Those tremendous days are over, but the annual report of the society for 1920, issued in the middle of October, shows that its activities are greater than ever. During the twelve months ending June 30, last, it classed over 4,250,000 tons of shipping (of which nearly 2,000,000 tons were American), and it has at this moment nearly 5,000,000 tons which are being built under the inspection of its surveyors with a view to classification. In the past year, moreover, it has set up one committee in France and another in Sweden; it has surveyed some 300 surrendered German ships in home waters and large numbers in other parts of the world; it has supervised the repairs and alterations on nearly 200 trawlers which the British Government is making over to ex-service fishermen; it tested nearly 9,000 anchors and over 500,000 fathoms of chain cable; it assigned freeboards to over 1,000 vessels; it tested nearly 2,000,000 tons of ship and boiler steel at home and abroad, and it took a leading part in many conferences on the technical problems of shipbuilding. The experience and the traditions of the society and its unique authority and organization seem, indeed, to place it beyond reach of any successful challenge, and one of the reasons why effective competition with the British mercantile marine is likely to be a matter of some difficulty is that no country possesses, or is in a position to evolve, an institution in any sense comparable to that of Lloyd's Register.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SOME PARADOXES OF HISTORY

BY GEORGE BOAS

"L'humanité tend à s'adapter à ce qu'elle rêve plus encore qu'à ce qu'elle voit."—M. Boirac.

HISTORIANS have always speculated on how human institutions and ideals have come into being and towards what goal they are evolving. Even before the days of written history men developed, Heaven knows how, legends like that of the Golden Age or of the Coming of the Kingdom, which philosophers were not slow to sieze and erect into theory. To all reflective minds it has seemed necessary to gather the loose ends of human activity together and knot them into a fringe, if only to prevent time from seeming incomplete and purpose vain. We have thus such philosophies of history as those of St. Augustine or Orosius, Hegel or Marx, which undoubtedly have as much truth as the legends but regrettably less charm. They all strive to make man's reactions to the universe rational. But they all are unable to explain certain paradoxes of history which undoubtedly exist and which are most illuminating to one who enjoys human nature.

Plotinus, for instance, living in the early part of our third century, not only made it his aim in life to interpret the wisdom of his predecessors, but actually succeeded in making fairly consistent the teachings of his master, Plato. It is safe to say that what Plato assumed Plotinus assumed. Now Plato had held in accordance with Greek tradition that there had once existed a happier era—not unlike Eden before the fall—when mankind had possessed the truth. Reading into this tradition many of his own notions, he soon made it apparent that in the golden age man had a vision of the world of ideals, those perfect models after which this poor world is fashioned. At birth, he went on to say, most of this knowledge is lost, yet there lingers in

the soul some traces of it, however faint, which education might strengthen much as heat strengthens and restores writings in invisible ink. Man's knowledge then to Plato was not a discovery but a recovery; education could not bestow knowledge, it could only reveal it.

One can see apart from the devastation caused in Greece by political and economic disturbances, why Plato was bent towards conservatism. There was nothing novel to be achieved, there was simply a most detailed intimacy with antiquity. Greece was degenerating insofar as she was departing from ideals which had informed her. The reading public is however familiar with Plato's disgust at his Greece; it needs no exposition here.

If Greece in the third century B. C. seemed poverty stricken and old and merely the withered body of beautiful early Greece, how much sadder must the times have seemed to one living in the early Christian centuries, when not only Greece but Rome had had its fling. The very gods, never more stable in the ancient world than the ideals they personified, were lowering their open eyelids and slinking to cover. Esthetic creation in all fields was but mediocre and for the moment the new religions seemed unable to inspire anything to improve it.

Plotinus faced this spectacle and taught the philosophy of Plato. Did he teach resignation, abnegation, a return to what was antique? Had he reasoned about it he certainly would have. But he taught instead that the soul deliberately chose to descend from the perfection of heaven in which it had lived before birth to inhabit and govern a body. Not only was its choice of imperfection deliberate, but its destiny was merely a steady and painful and again deliberate climb back to the realm from which it came. To read these pages of the *Enneads* is to read the drama of mankind abandoning the perfection which is its right for the simple value of recovering it. The recovery itself was but an incident in the general struggle of the whole cosmos, inanimate as well as animate, towards the beautiful pattern in the outline of which it was made. There was hope in such a world, hope of better things through the handling of worse things, hope however not in forsaking this realm of matter, the offscourings of the divine spirit, but in mastering it as the artist does.

This doctrine was not confined to the schoolroom. It

achieved a popularity like that of our contemporary religions. The Emperor Gallien and his wife, the leaders of Roman society, senators and scholars, sat at the Egyptian's feet to drink in his ungrammatical and thrilling Greek which told them that the facts about them meant nothing, that the traditions of the past meant little, but that the future meant everything.

Could we have predicted with our psychology that such an interpretation of human life would gain widespread recognition in the third Christian century?

A much more brilliant instance of paradoxical behavior is the reactions of Europeans to the universe under the Ptolemaic system of astronomy and under the Copernican system.

Under the Ptolemaic system men were taught that this earth was the center of the cosmos. Around it moved in stately harmony the seven planets. Beyond the planets was a sphere of fixed stars and above all the unmoved heaven where God was known to dwell with all the thrones, dominions, and powers and other personages of the *Celestial Hierarchy* of Dionysius the Areopagite. The same doctrine which had pronounced that the world was created for man's delight and sustenance told them that the sun was created for his warmth and light. That man was but a point in this geocentric system, a point of no importance in the total scheme, could not have occurred to Christians of this time. The whole Hebraic tradition was opposed to so pessimistic a formula and that tradition was supported by the astronomy of the period; it rested as we like to say on a scientific foundation. Just as the heavens moved about the earth, so the earth moved about man.

But were people interested in so important a matter as the center of the universe? Were its workings and its history of any note in their intellectual lives? Did they care to know as Aristotle cared what it was in its own terms? "To treat of the quality and position of the earth," said St. Ambrose in his *Hexaemeron,* "is of no avail for our hopes of the future; sufficient is a knowledge of what the Divine Scriptures say, that He hangeth the earth upon nothing (Job xxvi, 7). Why should we debate whether it hangs in the air or floats on water only to start a controversy over how the thin and non-resistant air could possibly hold up the heavy earth?" And he gives scientific

opinions about the matter, ending by saying, "The earth stays in the center of things not because it is hung as a balance but because the majesty of God holds it aloft by the law of His will." Would you not think that this rational animal, as man was proud to call himself, would have turned his reason on that which God had deigned thus to honor, in order to illuminate and comprehend its nature? But man's eyes were turned to the heavens and it was not geology which became the predominant science under the geocentric system, but astrology. Men knew that they were creatures of the dust, yet they hoped to be dwellers amongst the stars. God had given them this earth to rule, they chose to abide in the heavens.

Then after some thousand years came the Copernican revolution. The earth was no longer the center of the cosmos, it was but one celestial body out of many; it was but a satellite of that star which human beings had been taught existed simply to warm and light it. In a very bitter sense heaven lay about the human race; they were hovering on the edge of it; what the saintly had always said was being justified. Man was proved to be what he had always said he was, a naked animal crawling for warmth over the floor of a smouldering hearth. Was this not enough to inspire a cynicism and a pessimism, a religious hatred for life and a longing for release?

Christianity ought to have flourished under so Christian an astronomy. It should have been strengthened in its other worldliness. Yet the new system served to make men enthusiastic about themselves. No gesture of mankind was uninteresting, his thoughts, his aspirations, his impulses were all studied with love and care. Ancient gardens were excavated and ruined marble set up to beautify them. The dead language of Greece was revivified and scholars travelled the length and breadth of Europe spreading the arts and science of what they knew to be a miserable tribe of obscure animals. Need I tell here of the glory of the Renaissance, the vigor with which all human values were pursued, the intensifying in every way of the beauty and interest of this worthless planet and of the parasites which infested it? The humanism of this period was a thoroughly unreasonable reaction, quite like the supernaturalism of the Christian Fathers, but as genuine and as dispersed. Its effect has lasted until to-day and ought to

be a cause of wonder to the rationalizers of human development. For on the one hand you find men believing this world to be the most important thing in the universe and taking no interest in it; on the other you find men believing it to be trivial and cherishing it with passionate devotion.

These are by no means the only paradoxes of cultural history. Why are Americans at once the shrewdest in business affairs and the most gullible in spiritual? Why was the nineteenth century an era of free thought and imperialism? Why did human beings wind up a magnificent career of construction with a grand smashing and levelling of everything peoples had labored to create? Why did the cult of the Virgin reach its height after the religion and theology of the Church had been shaped into a perfect series of syllogisms?

We fail to understand these things because our psychology has been Greek scientific method and not psychology at all. We have analyzed our ideas instead of writing their natural history. Greek scientific method, which was wonderful at the time the *Organon* was written, precludes discovery and creation and confines men's efforts to exposition and revelation. When one's conclusions can be no more extensive than one's premises one is bound to be at a standstill. Everything must be foreknown or foreseen, which is exactly what some scientists expect to-day. Believing in this with pathetic loyalty, we have not understood for the most part that experience is not the guide of our lives but the trial to which we submit our dreams.

GEORGE BOAS.

EDUCATIONAL ELEPHANTIASIS

BY BURGES JOHNSON

STRIVING for mere bulk is a national pastime that we like to think we have outgrown. Even a citizen of Chicago hesitates nowadays and glances furtively about before he taps his vis-à-vis impressively upon the waistcoat button and says, "Chicago has the longest street in the world. More cattle are slaughtered in our city in one week than die in a decade in Cathay." This type of confidence was once a cause of widespread complaint against the average Chicagoan, until he outgrew it. Chicago had begun to develop in ways other than physical. Later on, the center of superlatives moved to St. Louis, and then to Kansas City. At present writing it is located, we believe, in the geographical center of San Francisco Bay, with a strong pull to the southward from Los Angeles, which promises soon to draw it away altogether.

We are willing to admit that in Dickens' day Americans were constantly bragging of mere size. Yet this, oddly enough, did not necessarily prove us braggarts at heart; rather was it a superficiality, a shell that covered souls sensitively conscious of shortcomings. In the crudest 'fifties any average American recognized that there were great national deficiencies in the realm of culture. He felt that they must be at once apparent to a visitor from the more highly refined civilizations of Europe, and he hastened, like a cuttlefish, to throw out a smoke-screen of superlatives, to protect the national reputation from attack.

That day has passed. American art and letters, and other refinements of civilization, have been superimposed upon the sturdy physical structure that was once our only and our true boast. Nowadays we address the visiting foreigner even in deprecatory terms, confident that he will find here without our guidance qualities of many sorts comparable to those of his own native land.

This is true of the country as a whole. The center of braggadocio has moved so far west that it should rightfully have disappeared long ago into the Pacific, and be now reappearing among the oriental islands. But from time to time we are made aware by a newspaper clipping or a bit of conversation that the Boast of Bulk is still voiced in some retarded section of our country as a proof of final attainment. Does it at last prove the true braggart, or is it still a camouflage, a pose to cover the fact that sensitive souls recognize their community to be deficient in the finer things?

The longest street in the world, the biggest tree, the largest strawberry, are themselves no detriment to a community, unless they actually crowd out justifications for a finer sort of superlative. Even the most spiritually minded must take a sneaking sort of pride in mere size. Jumbo was indeed an admirable elephant. But it would be a serious matter if this admiration for bulk set an entire community upon the wrong track, because of the grotesque notion that quantity proves quality.

Not long ago I had a strange dream. It seemed to me that in the state of Calisota rumor was running like a prairie fire that with a little effort the State university might become the largest seat of higher education in the land. Here was a superlative almost within reach compared to which bulk in trees and fruits and other material things sank into insignificance. For would not bulk in an educational institution prove bulk in mental attainment as well, so that two superlatives could be caught in one trap? So I dreamt that the directorate of the university, backed by loyal sons of the commonwealth, reached out eagerly for students.

It has been frequently noted how easily the mental balance of a sane individual may be lost in the emotion of a crowd—clergymen of the 'fifties defending slavery, scholars in Germany rejoicing over the *Lusitania.* So we can imagine (if my dream were true) how honest and scholarly reasoners, surrounded by popular clamor for bulk, would discover that bulk itself actually served the purposes of scholarship, or at least of education. So it proved in my dream. Scholars in plenty connected with the institution suddenly discovered that education in a democracy must be within immediate reach of all—higher education no less

than lower. It is the duty of a State university, they said, to be available to every boy and girl in the State who has finished high school, and to make itself as easy of attainment as possible. The matter of educational standard may be considered after admission, but first of all it is imperative that all who wish should be admitted to anything! Only thus may the function of the State university be carried out. Others reasoned that if bulk was the one argument that the State legislature could understand, then let the university first acquire numbers, at any cost.

So I dreamt that throughout the State every high school was empowered to certify its graduates for admission to the university without examination, and though a few conscientious high school principals at first required some standard of attainment before granting a certificate, standing alone in such a quixotic position soon proved too great an effort and in time certificates were cheapened equally from one end of the State to the other. Then, glorious news, rumor ran from mouth to mouth that the State university had a larger enrollment than any other institution of its kind in the United States, and loyal citizens leaned back in their chairs and beamed with satisfaction over this final proof of their beloved State's pre-eminence, now at last in the field of mental attainment.

Let us be grateful if all this was but a dream! But it might be interesting to consider what would happen to a university attempting to digest such a mortal gorge. In the first place, the usual percentage of students attending the university for no reasons other than social would be greatly increased. Boys and girls with no educational aim whatever would tend to lower the standards of those classrooms which largely received their patronage. Moreover, a State university, dependent upon legislative action for funds, could not respond at once to demands for more instruction. Budgets are fixed for a certain time ahead. A thousand students selecting a course in Economics might find salaried instructors sufficient only for five hundred students. Every possible stretching of the exchequer by the authorities could not provide fit men and women to meet this need during the current year, and students would find themselves under fellow students of honor grade, rather than receiving the benefit of mature instruction. A hundred students, it is safe to guess, might find themselves in a " Spoken

French" classroom attempting to master French conversation by a fifty-minute association three times a week with one French expert. Students of weaker moral resistance might find themselves over-tempted to plan prolonged absences from classrooms unbeknown to the instructor. The same type of students might the more easily substitute for one another. Such crimes have been known. I recall now that in my dream there was an instance of a student receiving a high mark in a course that he had not attended at all, and two freshmen electing Sanskrit under the vague impression that it was a science, perhaps having something to do with a sand-box, but content to know that it came at an hour which fitted in with their social engagements.

In other words, such an educational structure might collapse of its own weight. Those earnest apologists for no sifting process at entrance would discover that because of resultant circumstances the establishment of a standard among these hordes after entrance was enormously difficult, and such a standard as we should like to have maintained by our American universities quite impossible.

This was indeed a gloomy dream. I make no defense for it other than to claim that it presents a picture of something which might occur, here or there in our broad land. Assume that such a case of educational elephantiasis were to develop. What, then, is the cure? Surely a vast number of American boys and girls brought together in the name of higher education, in an environment adapted to its pursuit, is an inspiring thought, even though a foolish striving for mere bulk aided their assemblage. Perhaps the establishment of old educational standards among them would be impossible. Then, perhaps, in such an institution it would be better to face that fact and establish new ones.

Is a little education for everybody better than a great deal of education for a few? Such a question is not a fair one. The two things are not mutually exclusive. Surely there is an aristocracy of education that will exist, whatever powers arise to crush it, and however for a time they may succeed. And it is doubtful whether any public can lift itself by its boot-straps. Yet—a little more education for everybody!—that must be worth while. If a great State university might arise which would frankly admit such to be its whole purpose, and not claim for its baccalaureate degree a parity with the degree awarded by educational

machines operated in a different fashion, justification for its existence might well be acknowledged by the entire fraternity of scholars.

Some time ago, an eastern university professor stated that in his opinion the day of great educational segregation was at hand. The accumulation of wealth and power at these centers would make it impossible for small colleges to continue and to justify their own existence. Yet within a year of that statement, progressive administrators in more than one great institution were discussing the advantages of some sort of unscrambling operation, and the establishment of many distinct small colleges of liberal arts, under a system similar to that of English universities. Some of these administrators are now for reaching out and gathering under their wings all detached small colleges in the State. Whether or not the motive is wholly altruistic I cannot say. The fact that all these would be under the control of one centralized authority would give satisfaction to the professor whose opinion I have just quoted.

A few years ago I attended a banquet to celebrate a new development in paper bag cookery. After a delicious meal, various speakers arose to sing its praises, among them Mr. Gelett Burgess. In the course of his remarks he praised the dinner, expressed his approval of the method, but suggested that there were one or two obvious disadvantages to the little bags which had appeared upon our plates. In the first place, they were difficult to handle. He suggested that in the future various improvements upon the idea might appear. The bags, for greater convenience, would be made of some rigid material; then, because of the difficulty of entering them, one side would be left open; then eventually, for convenience of manipulation, some inventive genius would attach a handle, and he could prophetically see, in the far distant future, the gradual evolving of the saucepan.

A most interesting phenomenon in our American world of education is the occasional seismic disturbance, with its resultant ripple upon the waters, when the president of some large university rediscovers the small college.

Some time ago, Amherst College, which proposes to limit its numbers to six hundred students, announced a 50 per cent increase in faculty salaries that would enable it to compete with the largest universities when seeking

teachers, so far as the financial appeal is concerned. It also will offer to every professor of science a private laboratory for research, with assistants to aid in the caring for apparatus, and others to aid with instruction. In this particular small college there is at present one teacher to every ten students. Moreover, 84 per cent of the faculty are of professorial rank. These facts, interpreted, amount to just this: That students are permitted to come into direct relationship with the best teachers of the institution, and the college is able to secure men of the best sort. In contrast to this, some of the largest universities in the country offer to their under-graduates less than one teacher to every twenty students, and a faculty with less than 57 per cent of professorial rank. There are great universities with an even larger percentage of new-fledged instructors, providing instruction for young men nearly as old as themselves.

No wonder that great universities seek to affiliate with the small colleges of their neighborhood! Let us hope that the college will decline with thanks. The best possible antidote so far discovered for the germ of educational elephantiasis is the small college.

BURGES JOHNSON.

THE DOLL

BY MURIEL HARRIS

THE doll is a sardonic creature. We know her age to be at least four thousand years and the perfection of the Egyptian dolls of that period makes it certain that her ancestry is considerably more remote than this. Yet she remains unchanged and unchanging, throughout history, nursing our delusions, giving us away without scruple, a silent witness to our emotions and our needs, to the futility of all our efforts to present ourselves as other than we are, to the devastating truth that there is no real dividing line between mortals and Olympians, even between children and grown-ups.

By dolls, I mean those toys that are usually given to children to play with. The religious element does not come in here, or when it does, the doll ceases to be a doll proper. The figurines, for instance, placed in Egyptian tombs for religious purposes, are not dolls at all, though they can easily be mistaken for the real dolls found in children's tombs, but with entirely different functions. Sometimes the two functions are interchangeable. In the Brooklyn Museum, for instance, the magnificent collection from New Mexico shows the doll used primarily for religious purposes. When it has served this purpose, it is made over to the child, and from that moment becomes a doll proper. Similarly in the fourteenth century, royalties used to send each other dolls, primarily to exhibit upon them the latest fashion. Later these fashion dolls were given to the children and so started upon their legitimate career. It is the real dolls, the dolls given to children, who really preserve continuity of history and who really give us those unexpected glimpses into a mirror, whose reflection of ourselves is so different from that upon which we have counted.

Perhaps the most unexpected truth brought home to us by dolls of all the ages, is that they are by no means the

monopoly of the child. There are children's dolls and there are Olympians' dolls and there are very many more of the latter than of the former. The child's doll may be a piece of stick wrapped in a duster, but endowed with a soul, which, in later years cannot be recaptured. It may be a melancholy wreck, vivified by tenderness into all that is bright and beautiful, and, above all, indispensable. You simply cannot classify the true child's doll, because most of it is imagination and so you never know what form it will take.

The Olympians' doll, on the other hand, is usually wholly lacking in imagination, but its exterior qualities are unmistakable. It may walk or talk, be beautifully dressed, be as natural as a child, possess wardrobes and nurseries, repeat, in short, everything that the Olympian most appreciates himself. As far as material goes, the Olympian's doll wins, hands down. But whereas the child knows exactly what it wants, the Olympian very rarely knows. He believes, for instance, that all the trouble he has lavished upon his dolls is for the sake of the child and not for himself. Now it is true that some children like the dolls of some Olympians, but it is hardly ever for the qualities upon which the Olympian has laid special stress. Moreover, the Olympian gets pleasure out of the fashioning or planning of his doll, which is far greater than anything experienced by the child when it comes into its possession. But still the convention goes on and the fiction is thus maintained that children and parents are two wholly different sets of human beings. And the doll is testimony that so it has been for four thousand years and so it will be probably for four thousand years more.

Another fraud, which most of us like to perpetrate upon ourselves, is ruthlessly exposed by the silent witness. I mean the fraud of modernness. Not so very many years ago a Paris doll was a conception which never failed to give its thrill. Latterly Paris dolls have been exchanged for teddy bears or still more modern presentments of the doll, and it all feels very new and advanced and modern and revolutionary of the old educational ideas. Turning to the Egyptians, however, we find in their dolls the very Parisians of the ancient world, Parisians perhaps who gossiped about modern architectural tendencies when Cheops was building his pyramid, and discussed the domestic affairs of the Shepherd Kings. The Egyptian dolls are wonderfully

smart, whether they are made of flat gaily painted pieces of wood or modelled in earthenware or stone. They are slim, elegant, spare—certainly witty, rather sensitive to the classical influence though they might not have recognized Greek art under so dead-and-buried a term. Like the Parisians, there was little they did not understand about color, and like them also they had a taste for embroidery, decoration and a touch of the ouija board. Many of the little painted dolls are decorated with triangles and cabalistic signs, to say nothing of lucky pigs of naturalistic design. And very much care is lavished upon them. Parent and child had much in common over these dolls. Many of them are jointed—and the Parisian has always laid great stress upon jointing. The hair convention of four thousand years ago is one which still exists in Lower Abyssinia today. Mud pellets from the Nile are threaded upon strings to form hyacinthine locks, barbered according to the rigid Egyptian style. Thus there are few principles in dolls today which were not anticipated by the old Egyptian, and those that were not, appear among the Greeks and Romans.

Since we have made our own so many Greek and Roman conventions, it is almost difficult to realize that these conventions—many of them—existed at least two thousand five hundred years ago. The wax doll, for instance, came not from Paris, but from Greece in the first instance. And just as the Pompeiian hot air system is a little nonplussing to the modern engineer who has discovered everything, so a doll's bedstead in classical times makes us feel almost that the ancients must have been human beings. And when we come to Plutarch's little girl who asked her nurse to give food to her dolls, what becomes of the historical period, of dates and modern methods and discoveries?

The Greek dolls were often so beautiful as really to be little less than statuettes, while the Romans extended the life of the doll to a remarkable point of realism. She, too, had her wardrobes, her doll's houses with complete sets of household utensils usually made of lead. Even the money-box was not lacking, made of clay and with little slits for the cents and dimes of the day. The discovery some years ago of the tomb of little Crepercia Tryphania disclosed a beautiful wooden doll, nearly a foot high, showing traces of gilding and having joints, and another tomb of interest, as linking up ancient with modern life, was that of a child, found in

London, in which was a little doll dating from the earlier years of the Roman occupation of Britain. Finally, to carry realism still further and to show that classicism is no less modern than are our own times, there is in the British Museum a sad, small rag doll, which belonged to a little Roman some seventeen hundred years ago. There is one blue bead on the left of its battered head,—presumably, as to-day in Italy, to ward off the evil eye. Even the idea of something soft for tender fingers is not new—indeed, perhaps, considerations of hygiene alone are absent, which temporarily are laying the rag-doll under suspicion.

While dolls show the extension of the anthropomorphic idea to all parts of the world, it is even more startling to trace in them with almost equal certainty the psychological development of a race as regards such unprimitive qualities as boredom, humor, exaggeration. The "pretty" doll of our own times has for some time been out of fashion. The golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty has been replaced in one direction by the more natural, realistic doll; in the other by the humorous, absurd, and, very often, vulgar doll. In between you have the teddy bear, who, strictly speaking, is the lineal descendant of the Esquimaux dolls, of which there are several specimens in the Natural History Museum. Now it is, of course, easy to grow tired of the merely pretty, and the latter-day Olympian casts around for something to take its place in the doll-world. Thus you have dolls who turn up their eyes, dolls with over-developed stomachs, dolls who wear veils and little else besides, dolls who grin and dolls who are merely ugly—as the easiest antithesis to prettiness. Few of them are really humorous; many of them are excessively boring. They are the sign of a self-conscious age, which above all must be different—no matter in what direction, no matter at what sacrifice—but different. But they are not different at all. The Greeks—to take the earliest known freak doll-makers—went through just the same phase. From the exquisite beauties of the age of Pericles, the Greeks turned to caricature and to the sort of humor that used to be considered inherent in any sort of deformity. The dull Bœotian, for instance, offered unrivalled opportunities for caricature of which the Greek doll-maker was not slow to take advantage. Bœotians as dolls are represented with fatuous, goose-like expressions which are really funny. Other "humorous" dolls—the

Golliwogs of ancient Greece—fell back upon humped backs or big paunches, with which to obtain their effect and negroes, thus transformed, are found in large numbers among ancient Greek dolls. Incidentally, the average humorous doll may be found all over the world under the conventional guise of the tilting-toy or Bouncing Billy—that is to say, the doll or figure whose center of gravity is so arranged that, if knocked down, he always gets up again. The Bouncing Billy of Maryland exists in Japan, China, Germany, Spain. He also existed in ancient Rome, where he no doubt fascinated parents and children alike.

In religion, as in every-day government, laws are made and laws are broken, and some laws are taken as being expressly made to be broken. Normally there are forms and observances by means of which laws are broken, and so the really law-abiding citizen can feel that he is on the side of the angels whatever he does. Among dolls you find a similar system, only it is perhaps more straightforwardly systematized. Thus, in the Mohammedan world, you have the story of Mohammed who played at dolls with his nine-year-old wife Ayesha. On the other hand you have the Koran, which, like the Bible, says you must not make graven images. Now a doll is clearly a graven image. Yet dolls are a prime necessity. Mohammedans in Egypt take a very short cut to achieve their object. They make their dolls of white rag, tightly rolled, and they dress them in the conventional black silk attire of the Mohammedan women. But they give them no faces and thus escape the charge of the graven image. This is not unlike the habit of the Sunday doll, who used, unofficially, to exist in England years ago. Since Sunday was a day of rest, you put away all mundane things including dolls. Unfortunately your behavior without your doll was not all that could be desired either from a Sabbatical or a parental point of view. And so there was often a doll, kept in tissue paper in a bottom drawer, who used to be produced for Sundays only, who had to be treated with a care and reverence befitting the day, but who, being surety for a certain alleviation of an intolerably dull time, inspired an affection she otherwise would not have achieved. Even in China, where the Trimetrical Classic—the horn-book of every Chinese school—declares that play is unprofitable, Chinese children manage not only to possess dolls, but to possess some of the most beautiful dolls.

Usually children and Olympians meet in the extremes of the doll-world, except perhaps in Japan, where dolls have Feasts and festivals and are treasured as much by the grown-ups as the children. At one extreme you get the Russian peasant doll, made sometimes of moss, sometimes of chips of wood, brightly painted. They have the sombre, wooden expression of the denizen of boundless forests, reproduced, for instance, in the Byzantine Madonnas—and they have clearly been made solemnly and will be played with solemnly. Few dolls are nearer nature than these and in their presence the boundary line between children and Olympians is simply non-existent. At the other extreme, you get the elaboration which, while it is made over to the children, simply could not have existed without the greatest interest in the subject on the part of the grown-up.

There are very definite periods of this elaboration. In the eighteenth century for instance, children became rather fashionable. I mean fashionable in the sense of being regarded as ornamental assets to the family, instead of being merely the necessary continuation of the race. You have only to look at the Reynolds' portraits of babies to realize the estimation in which they were held and how the child ideal had changed from the stately children of Van Dyck's day. The result was an immense outcrop of dolls with all sorts of refinements and elaborations. Usually, owing to the heavy German fashions, the dolls were made of wood and not very naturalistically painted. Those of wax which survive are most often effigies made of babies after death, just as a wax effigy of Nelson was carried at his funeral. Being babies, they are very often mistaken for dolls, pure and simple. But of clothes they had everything that chintz and brocade could produce. The elders vied with each other in producing Hogarth-like families of dolls, who were housed in beautiful dolls' houses with exquisite suites of Chippendale furniture, the very best china, Sheraton mirrors, blue glass, miniature chandeliers and all the luxuries which are sought after in furnishing to-day. So many of these dolls' houses have come down practically intact, that there is reason for grave doubt as to how much the children were ever allowed to play with them. Similarly the Japanese have the ceremonial dolls, who have very little to do with children, and during the French Renaissance dolls reached such a height of luxury as to make them very much

more the vehicles of Olympian love of showing-off than objects suitable for children. Indeed the tendency of French dolls generally has been over-elaboration, and that, even before the French type emancipated itself from the German influence about the middle of the nineteenth century. Probably it has something to do with the maturity of the French child as compared with those of many other nations. Suffice it that Jean-Jacques Rousseau took upon himself to fulminate against extravagance in dolls, much as people might fulminate against the costliness of lap-dogs to-day, and the extravagance of a doll, for instance, which in the eighteenth century cost 20,000 livres, was clearly an affair of the elders rather than of the children for whom such dolls were ostensibly designed. In early Mexico you find a similar elaboration in Aztec dolls, who, when blown into, said "Mamma." One more instance, and a very modern instance, of the monopoly of the doll by the grown-up can be found in *"ma tante d'Alsace."* *"Ma tante d'Alsace"* is perhaps the one known instance of doll-influence in the art of propaganda. She hails from Brittany. Ever since the war of 1870 a number of Breton families have kept a very beautiful Alsatian doll, wrapt in tissue paper and produced only on ceremonial occasions. She is known to the children of the family as *"ma tante d'Alsace,"* and she was used to be a perpetual reminder to Breton youth from its earliest days of the Lost Provinces.

Thus you find all nations leagued to possess dolls. You find all religions overcoming suspicions and beliefs in order to possess them, and that, whether among the early Christians, who would naturally be suspicious of so pagan an institution, or among the Congolese with their iron doll, always a little uncomfortable as to whether it should not be treated as a fetish. You find them descending to little ruses and tricks, in the interest of the doll; you find art and invention placed at her service. You find seasons of the year given over to dolls—when it is right and proper to buy them and possess them. And all the time the doll remains unchanged, unyielding, unwinking, knowing that while she can wait for you four thousand years and more, you cannot do without her.

MURIEL HARRIS.

THE NEW USURY

BY E. A. CROSS

TO-DAY the cost of a certain necessity is advanced. To-morrow organized labor will advance wages to meet the new level of the cost of living. Then the week following sugar or coal or cotton goods will take another upward step, for the producer and selling agent must maintain their margins of profit undisturbed by the advance of the wages of labor. Business is so organized that it can manipulate the prices of food, fuel, shelter, and clothing almost at will. But labor can also dictate terms. There is no end in sight to the march of prices up an ever-ascending staircase.

The process of increasing the cost of these four vital necessities, food, fuel, shelter, and clothing, and of forcing wages up to meet the new scale of expenses has been at work with a new and alarming activity since the beginning of the war in 1914. Within the given years the cost of living has been doubled and the wages of organized labor doubled to meet the advance in the cost of necessities. The futility of the struggle becomes apparent when one considers that the eight-dollar carpenter has no more money to spend for high-priced necessities than he had when he was a four-dollar man and the same luxuries cost only half as much. It is an even break for the laborer. True, the business man who buys an article for a dollar and a half and sells it for three makes twice as much money on a single transaction as he made when he bought the same article for seventy-five cents and sold it for a dollar and a half. But his doubled profits buy only the same amount of goods now as the single bought five years ago. He too breaks even, except that he is preyed upon by a panic of fear. Business today is terrorized. It fears that labor is not merely preserving itself but is out on a well-organized

bolshevik raid upon capital, property, and business, and will not be satisfied until it has pulled the house down on all our heads. What does it profit a man if he have a heavy purse today, but is possessed by a gnawing fear that the golden goose suffers from a mortal distemper and soon must die?

Economists declare that the supply of a necessity, and the demand for it, regulate the price, and that this ascending staircase has a necessary fixed height, determined by supply and demand and the volume of money. Perhaps so in times past. This may once have been a dependable economic law operating with the regularity and smoothness of a well-regulated pendulum. But organization of labor and combination and agreement of capital accelerate or retard the swing of the pendulum, as if a human hand were thrust into the works of a clock. Who believes, for example, that supply and demand alone delicately regulate the price of gasoline today? Or who is convinced that even the retail association of dealers in meats and groceries in his own town stands helpless before the supreme authority of supply and demand?

If society were made up of just the two groups—capital and labor—nobody would care much what wages would be or where prices might go. When sugar would be selling for a dollar a pound, the worker could hold up his employer for ten dollars an hour in wages so as to provide the means to buy sugar and other necessities priced on that scale. And if organized labor should demand wages at the rate of one hundred dollars a day, the bakers could compel labor to pay two dollars for a loaf of bread. But, you will say, this process cannot go on forever. The volume of money is fixed, and will not permit such excesses. When " reason and the will of God prevailed " this might have been true, but either organized capital or organized labor can now enforce demands which have nothing to do with either reason or the will of God. Organized labor took advantage of an impending national calamity to compel the Government to pass the Adamson law, and would have tied up transportation at a time when every ton of traffic was needed to preserve the nation and labor itself from falling into the hands of a conscienceless foe. Capital took advantage of national calamity and made enormous profits in certain industries, at a time when both capital

and labor should have been drafted at a soldier's pay for the period of the war.

Extremists of either group know nothing of economic laws. When you tell the bolshevist that the volume of money limits wages, he points you to the printing press and asks, Why limit the volume of money? There is a bolshevism in business as well as in labor, just as unreasoning, just as determined to get all that's going without thought of ultimate consequences. These two have not been slow to make demands which set at nought all economic law; and the public has been obliged, up to this date, to find a way to meet these demands. Of course, those who see far know that the economic laws are only delayed in their action, and that the crash is yet inevitable, though temporarily deferred. Unfortunately society is not organized into just the two classes, capital and labor. If it were, and if the two insisted on pulling the house down on their own heads, the disinterested observer on Mars or the moon could slangily say, "Go to it". There is, however, a defenseless third interest, that views with apprehension the battle of the giants. This third observes the cost of necessities double and treble while its own means of purchasing food, and fuel, and clothing, and shelter remain fixed or are advanced only a poor five or ten per cent.

The usefulness of all endowed institutions is cut in half when their money buys only half of what it once bought. This means colleges and universities, the intellectual balance wheels of a republic whose people must think if the nation is to endure. It means charitable institutions. An orphan asylum which could care for two hundred children in 1914, is limited to one hundred in 1920. A soldier's widow, by the doubling of the cost of living, sees with dismay her few pension dollars shrink into halves. Eight hundred thousand teachers, men and women, have seen their meager salaries of 1914 cut in half by the increased cost of living. There are preachers, writers, clerks, stenographers, postal employees, firemen, policemen, and unorganized mental and physical workers by the millions who have been robbed—there is no other word for it—by capital and labor as these within five years have taken away half the purchasing power of the dollar.

These people, too, are the very salt of the earth. They make life worth living. They give Matthew Arnold's

"sweetness and light" to the very world in which capital and labor must live. But they cannot strike. A charitable or educational institution cannot strike. Preachers cannot strike. Teachers cannot strike. None of the men and women who do the kinds of work which make the country worth living in can organize and strike for higher wages. Capital may say that preachers and teachers should quit if they don't like the pay. Labor may declare that those who do not produce with their hands have no right to live. But the indisputable fact remains that without this defenseless third the country would speedily become a howling waste place with no law but the will of the strong, and no social consciousness but that of tooth and claw.

Even the faintest glimmer of wisdom should prompt capital to pay the brains of the country—the teachers, preachers, social workers, writers, clerks, etc.—such wages as would enable these to live contentedly, and to have more of the means to live than those who do not have the desire or the means or the brains to educate themselves to do the world's thinking for it. But even that could not long be effective. The wages of the voiceless third can never keep pace with the ever ascending spiral of wages and the cost of things which the struggle of the giants creates. There must be instituted some device to stabilize wages and costs for all three of the groups interested. There must be no forced ascending spiral. The new usury, a polite term for industrial theft, must be circumvented.

Usury in the renting of money is prevented by law. Only a fixed rental may be charged. There is a maximum annual profit charged for the use of money. Beyond this no man may go without bringing down upon himself the wrath of law. The laws of usury should be extended to labor and to other necessary commodities, as they are now applied to money. To stabilize the value of money and goods there should be a fixed maximum profit allowed on shoes, on clothing, on cloth in the piece, on farm products which are to be converted into food, clothing, shelter, or fuel, on every one of the necessities of life. Take coal as an illustration. The owner of coal land should have his just profit; the mine owner should have his fixed net profit above the cost of mining; transportation should have its fixed profit above the actual cost of service; and finally

the local dealer should have his fixed profit for selling coal to the consumer.

To determine what would be a just and liberal profit for each partner in this industry would require the services of economists and accountants more skilled than I; but nothing worth while is impossible. These calculations and adjustments can be made.

Beet sugar is produced in large quantities where I live. The steps in sugar-producing are few and may be easily reckoned. A farmer raises beets—what are his costs per ton, and what is a reasonable profit? A factory turns these into sugar—how much actual money is invested in the physical equipment of the factory (not watered stock upon which profits must be paid), and how much does it cost to change beets into sugar? Then a reasonable maximum profit for transportation and retail selling could be allowed, and a just and stable selling price to the consumer determined.

The necessities of life—food, fuel, shelter, and clothing—are not so numerous as to make it impossible to determine the cost of production and to add thereto a reasonable maximum profit to the producer or seller.

Public opinion alone can never dictate what is a maximum wage for labor or a maximum profit for grower, manufacturer, or selling agent. These matters must be determined by law. The penalty for profiteering (modern theft and robbery) should be heavy fines and imprisonment for the guilty. I, personally, would go even farther. Surely anyone who deliberately prevents or limits the production, transportation, or marketing of one of the necessities of life plots against the very existence of the nation; commits treason to his country.

Expert commissioners should fix prices, profits, and equitable wages. And then there should be added a quick-acting automatic safety clutch. Upon every article displayed for sale both the cost price and the selling price in plain figures should be attached. The penalty for lying about these should be the same as for profiteering. The American people are a fair people and are willing to allow every man a square deal and a fair profit. If a man goes into a store to buy a hat and finds the price ticket marked: "Wholesale cost $2.38, transportation—.12, operating margin—.48, net profit—.60. Selling price $3.58," he would

feel much better satisfied than if he had to pay six dollars for a hat that he suspected had cost the dealer only two.

These citations will serve to make clear what I mean by the new usury, and the devices to prevent it. As usury is an overcharge for the use of money, so should there be a new usury law to prevent overcharges for the use of the other cardinal necessaries of life—food, fuel, clothing and shelter—and labor. The remedy offered is the fixing of a reasonable profit for the production and marketing of the necessaries of life, and a provision for a vigorous prosecution of the usurer. In addition the white light of publicity as to cost and profit should be played upon all goods offered for sale.

Labor, too, must submit to reason. The great common mass of American citizens, rich and poor, labor and capital, and the voiceless third, has shown more than once, and supremely in 1917, how it could rise and respond as one man to an ideal that touched its conviction of justice and right. But that is past, and today labor has taken its cue from profiteering capital and seems now to be out on a wild border raid of grabbing everything in sight while it is the fashion to grab. The laborer sees the corporation he works for taking unwarranted profits, and he too demands similar unwarranted profits upon his toil.

There is a tendency everywhere to grant to working men better working conditions, better living conditions, insurance against loss of time through sickness or injury, service and old age pensions, and even a voice in the management of the business in which they are employed—a tendency to grant freely and as just dues all the conditions which make for industrial democracy. The intention of all level-headed and far-seeing Americans is to deal justly with both capital and labor. America stands for fair dealing. We are not unthinking idealists, but as a mass we simply see that it is best for all to be contented, moderately prosperous, well provided with the necessaries, and with a reasonable margin for some of the luxuries. There are, however, a sufficient number of bolsheviks in business and bolsheviks among laboring men who demand unreasonable returns from trade and labor. These men have dominated the situation, and they now compel sane and moderate good citizens to make demands which are virtually robbery to those who have to pay.

These must be restrained, be they millionaires, profiteers in the necessities of life, or mule drivers in coal mines. The Government of the United States, the people, must say to all such that any profit beyond a fixed limit is usury, and subject to the penalties of usury. After instituting commissions to fix reasonable profits on goods, and reasonable returns for labor when the costs of living are stabilized at a given level, after compelling the display of cost price and selling price upon all goods offered for sale, there is yet a third force to be called into operation to save the country from a mad stampede to destruction. This third force is a nation-wide propaganda to appeal to the American people as a whole, all classes, all callings, for a patriotic recognition of fair play and fair returns for all honest work.

Our people readily heard the call of every distress during the period of the war. They responded generously, lavishly, from the humblest laborer to the richest capitalist. Is there no possibility of the three parties concerned, capital, labor and the voiceless third, coming to an agreement concerning what is just and generous for all classes, and then by a campaign of publicity through newspapers, magazines, pulpits, schools, public addresses, cartoons, posters, dodgers—all the machinery which was used in the war drives—to persuade the people to accept a reign of economic justice in this country, no matter how wildly Europe may run amuck?

Whether the proposals set forth in this paper are found reasonable in the long run, or merely the voice of one overtaken by darkness and seeking for a flicker of guiding light, is yet to be seen. But a fact is before us. We are in besetting dangers. Wages and the cost of things must by some device be stabilized. Capital must know ahead what supply of material and labor it can depend upon; and labor must be able to know beforehand what wages it may expect and how far those wages will go toward paying for the means to live. Such an arrangement will be best for both, and such an arrangement will also enable the voiceless and defenseless third to live and do its work in a needy world undisturbed by the unhindered, uncontrolled usury of the twentieth century—a new usury that, unless checked, will bring the world to disaster.

E. A. Cross.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

"NOT because Heaven existed did men know Good from Evil; the because, I invite you to consider lay quite the other way. It was *because* men, having hearts as well as stomachs, felt there, and knew through all their being, the difference between Good and Evil, that Heaven and Hell first came to exist."

If I were to preach a lay sermon, I believe I should choose the passage quoted above, or a passage greatly like it, for my text; and for a sort of underpinning or support, I might throw in the well-known saying of Kant's,—"Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heavens; and the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man." Not that these two passages express the same thing—not at all. Their juxtaposition, however, I think, is interesting; the second might lead one to contemplate more earnestly the first. If I were to preach a real sermon, I should, of course, choose my text from the Bible; again it would be like the one quoted above, only rather more clouded, more overlaid with the scoria of talk, and it would take doubtless a more skillful hammer than mine to knock away the incrustment.

The notion of the sermon came to me from reading certain Grundy articles. My reading, I confess, was very cursory; I did not read them to agree or to disagree, but simply to note, to observe and, as Chaucer says, "turn over the leaf." These articles were about religion, its possible coming and its not coming, the when's and the why's; and one writer said that a certain other writer, in speaking of the humanity of Jesus, slurred over His divinity. And I wondered what the writer meant by the terms, humanity and divinity of Jesus, where one left off and the other began, whether or no they were blended—how blended? And if blended, was the blend different in kind or in degree from the blend of divinity and humanity in other people. And what is,

then, the divinity in other people, the godlike in men? Let me return to my text: Not because God existed did men worship, but because men, having hearts, felt and knew through all their being that they must have God: so they created Him in this exalted image of theirs, and He came to them to be worshipped.

I see, perhaps, a real difficulty here, a sort of owl and egg difficulty. What put it into the heart of men to worship God? Was it because God really existed, or was it because men needed God and had to create Him? Was the God of Jesus an existence or was He a creation, that is, did He exist because He was created? Could one say: "Not because God existed did Jesus know Him; but Jesus had to have a Divine Father: so He created His Father, and in this way found His experiences justified"?

The sermon at this point would get into very deep waters—refined definitions and what not—troubles which I wish to avoid. I have been thinking about the revival of religion—is there a chance of its coming?

The writer from whom my lay text is quoted was once giving an address, a notable address I take it, to a large body of students. In this address he said that a striking quality of the two great peoples of antiquity, the Greek and the Roman, was that in the beginning of their history, indeed, all through their noblest periods, they were very religious. The speaker lay great emphasis upon this point and brought it home by several illustrations; among others, which I forget, he mentioned, I believe, the plays of Sophocles as strengthening his assertion. Later in his address, he fell to speaking of Reverence and he quoted his master, Goethe, on the three reverences. The reverence toward, or worship of, those above us, he said, was characteristic of pagan peoples at their finest moments; they stretched out their hands in adoration of the powers above them. They created these powers because they had to have them; otherwise their lives would have been torn and thwarted. The wise Zeus, presider over the destinies of men, came into being because men could not get along without him; they were so religious that they had to create him. The address I am quoting does not actually say this; I am trying to adapt it a bit to my text.

After all, what I am thinking about is that religious revival which some maintain is so near us, or is, indeed,

now among us. What signs are there of its presence or of its approach? Does religious awakening ever come by way of a desire to organize, by the modes of business or of politics? Does it come through advertising, even by the latest hypnotic methods? World-Religious-Movement, how it has been dinned into our ears; and the people who do the shouting are possessed of most familiar faces; we have seen them before, but not as distinctly religious persons—their countenances wear the light or the dimness of other than religious dawn. "Art is anarchic," says some one, "and resistant to organization." So is religion. Religion comes in the throes of deep, deep experience. There is no talking it up. Movies, headlines, finding what the people like,—none of these things comes into the remotest contact with religion. Rather the reverse. If one were to ask what all this clamor were not, I should say it is essentially not religious. Religious people often organize, are rather prone to, it seems; but religion on the whole frets under organization. Like art, it likes to breathe the free air. When a movement is on to organize religion, the signs are pretty plain that no revival is imminent.

Indeed I do not think it would be difficult to prove that religion abhors noise. It might be contended that all this noise is an outward condition; underlying it, there is a deep, silent conviction, evidenced most of all, perhaps, in the widespread desire for service. Of course, the word, "widespread," rather begs the question. If one could actually prove that zeal for service were at this moment more widespread, more self forgetful than ever before, one might have a fairly good right to maintain that reverence for things about us and below us, if not for things above us, were becoming more and more prevalent. And these reverences are probably signs of religion. But to prove all this is a pretty stiff programme.

Religion has always been a force creative; she makes gods and devils and heavens and hells; and when a big religious movement gets started (as it has several times in the world's history) these creations are overpowering: they also last a long, long time; in fact, some of them that were created centuries ago are vital yet: in truth, they will live until a still larger creative force comes in and in creating new gods and devils does away with the older ones. Zeus and Poseidon, Dis were greatly damaged some centuries ago as Milton so well exaggerates.

And the God and the Devil and the Heaven and the Hell,—all these creations that embodied a new Sense of Right and Wrong in men—these new creatures that reduced the old gods and their environment to Literature, were made only after an awful heartsearching, in which noise was silent and service unpreached.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

DON QUIXOTE

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

They told Don Quixote he was old and dazed,
Ill-born, a pauper, not a knight at all,
A thing to make the very crows amazed
With the grotesqueness of his spectacle.
I think his words of answer spoke but part
Of his defense against the worldly crew;
I think great lights were flashing in his heart
Whereof he told not, and they never knew.
I think he saw all that they saw and more—
The old and battered knight, the sorry frame;
But cared not, knowing that his bosom bore
The living embers of a vanished flame,
And that his memory guarded now alone
The history of a beauty that was gone.

II

"However," said the Bachelor Carrasco,
"Some souls there be, reading your history,
Who wish the author had not numbered so
The bafflements that were your misery
And foil, most noble knight!" But Sancho, wise,
Spoke that thick candor which is half his zest:
"In these falls lies the history; all were lies
With these left out: and truth, gadzooks, is best!"
"Aye, truth to mortal eyes!" the old knight said,
"But such a truth might well have been let go.
Things that light not the living nor the dead
Are of small profit for our brains to know.
Prove that the real Aeneas was a knave,
But have you then stirred Virgil in his grave?"

III

Don Quixote died a sane man; at his bed
The curate and the barber marveling stood,
Admiring his new wisdom as he said
Clear words, abjuring in his dying mood

All of the far adventurings, cursing all
The old enchantments, casting out all fays
Of mad romances that had sounded call
So clarion-like to his knight-errant days.
Thus drew the high strange tragedy to its close;
Thus the great dupe and dreamer ebbed, was gone.
Madmen end ill, as everybody knows;
The barber and the curate, they lived on.
Poor knight! God viewed thee with a jealous eye
Since mad and great He would not let thee die!

IV

Dearest of all the heroes! Peerless knight
Whose follies sprang from such a generous blood!
Young, young must be the heart that in thy fight
Beholds no trace of its own servitude.
Young, or else darkened, is the eye that sees
No image of its own fate in thy quest.
The windmills and the swine,—by such as these
Is shaped the doom of those we love the best.
Beloved knight! La Mancha's windows gleam,
Across the plain time makes so chill and grey,
With thy light only. Still thy flambeaux stream
In pomp of one who on his destined day
Put up his spear, his knightly pennon furled,
And died of the unworthiness of the world.

V

Great ghost! who in the Autumn of the year,
When through gaunt branches terrible winds that blow
Seem whispering to us, seem more close and dear
Than all the human voices that we know—
Great ghost! who loved uncomprehended space
And was so fevered with immortal time,
Who dreamed that heaven lit up one chosen face,
And trusted fantasies crowded into rhyme—
Be not too far from us; come, at the pane
Flatten your pale face and look in on us:
We also are of those who live in vain;
Like you we are noble and ridiculous:
Like you we haunt a savage Autumn night
In dizzy errantries of lonely flight?

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PERHAPS the most intelligent attitude to take toward the plays of J. M. Barrie is unconditional surrender. If one unreservedly yields one's mind and heart to their enfolding charm, then one will understand them. Otherwise never.

J. M. Barrie is the foremost English-writing dramatist of our time, and his plays, taken together, make the most important contributions to the English drama since Sheridan. He unites the chief qualities of his contemporaries, and yet the last word to describe his work would be the word eclectic. For he is the most original of them all. He has the intellectual grasp of Galsworthy, the moral earnestness of Jones, the ironical mirth of Synge, the unearthly fantasy of Dunsany, the consistent logic of Ervine, the wit of Shaw, the technical excellence of Pinero. In addition to these qualities, he has a combination of charm and tenderness possessed by no other man. I am aware that the last two sentences will seem to many readers mere hyperbole. I will refer such doubters to the published plays.

That literary men cannot write plays is a lusty myth. Authors of inane, reverberating claptrap never tire of repeating it. Yet the three foremost playwrights of the modern English Theatre, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, were all distinguished novelists before anyone thought of them in connection with the footlights. So was St. John Ervine; Dunsany was a writer of prose tales, and John Drinkwater a professional poet. To command an excellent literary style is not necessarily a fatal handicap.

Although Mr Barrie had written a number of books before *The Little Minister* appeared in 1891, it was this thrilling story that literally spread his fame over the wide earth. One of the most fortunate results of its publication was that it attracted the attention of Stevenson, on the other

side of the world. Stevenson's heart was always in Scotland; and the appearance of a good book by a Scotsman gave him a thrill quite unlike any other sensation. Twice he essayed to write a letter to his young countryman, and succeeded only at the third attempt. He seems to have been instantly aware of the extraordinary powers of the new man, and equally certain that *The Little Minister* was only a prologue to the swelling act.

In December, 1893, at the close of a longish letter, Stevenson was bold enough to write, "Whereupon I make you my salute with the firm remark that it is time to be done with trifling and give us a great book." Barrie replied by writing *Sentimental Tommy,* which Stevenson never lived to see in print, but the character and plot awakened his liveliest curiosity, all the more that in some features he was the hero; had he lived to see it completed, he would have welcomed it as one of the great British novels, which it undoubtedly is. The evidences of amateurishness in *The Little Minister* vanished, and we have the work of a master's hand.

It is an interesting fact that in the early nineties, two novelists of genius—who were later to become intimate friends—were both struggling to win distinction on the British stage; J. M. Barrie and Henry James. After a few false starts, the former fairly surpassed expectation; the later totally failed. The reasons for this failure are conclusively though unconsciously given by the aspirant himself, in the wonderful *Letters,* published in 1920. And the main reason is not because James failed to master the technique of the stage, while Barrie succeeded; the failure was inherent in the temperament and mental processes of the great American. In order to achieve the success in the theatre that he reached in short stories, novels, and literary criticism, Henry James would have required a play twelve hours long, a dialogue enunciated with the deliberation of a glacier, and an intellectual audience endowed with divine patience. For the effect produced in his novels—of which I am almost a fanatical admirer—is produced by the accumulation of atoms; one pauses in reading, one reflects, one reads back, one finally sees; and then, after finishing the last page, one really ought to read the whole book through again in the light of the conclusion. There is hardly time for that method at the theatre;

there, instead of an effect produced by a large collection of tiny units, one word, one gesture, one smile, or one silence must do it all.

Herein lies one of the chief elements in Barrie's success. He reveals a situation as a lightning flash reveals an object in gross darkness. It is probably necessary for ordinary aspirants to study the "technique of the drama"; I do not know, for I suppose I am the only white man who never wrote a play. But it is not necessary for genius. If a prize had been offered in 1605 for the best treatise on dramatic construction, I do not think Shakespeare could have secured honorable mention; while it is probable that Ben Jonson would have carried off the palm. Barrie is a great playwright because he understands human nature, knows how to represent it in conversation and in action, has enormous sympathy with his characters, and what is equally important, has enormous sympathy with the audience. His plays are full of action; and yet the story of each play can usually be given in a few sentences. What is it then, keeps the audience at strained attention? If some character ask a question, we would not miss the answer for all the world. His people capture us almost instantly, because, while composing the play, their creator himself felt their reality. They were right there, in the room with him. He saw their faces and heard their voices. In a conversation with Mr. John D. Williams, he said:

> It is my contemptible weakness, that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is a coward and given to contortions, I cringe, or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely. One reads of the astounding versatility of an actor who is stout and lean on the same evening, but what is he to the novelist who is a dozen persons within the hour? Morally, I fear, we must deteriorate; but that is a subject I may wisely edge away from.

Now this method, so delightfully described in the above conversation, is similar to the method used by the founder of modern French dramatic realism, Henry Becque. While he was writing his masterpiece, *Les Corbeaux,* in which every person has an almost intolerable air of reality, the author would rise, stand in front of a tall mirror, and go through an extraordinary series of gesticulations and

grimaces corresponding to the appearance of his imagined men and women.

There is no doubt that shyness—so characteristic of the literary as distinguished from the rhetorical temperament—is an immense asset to a creative artist. Being a mute in general conversation, especially in youth, having no part to play and praying to escape from, rather than to attract the general attention, the unavoidable hours spent in society, in eating, and in travel, are spent in acute observation. The capacity to observe, combined with an endless capacity for human sympathy, is evident in all Barrie's literary work.

The year 1891 was memorable, for in that year Barrie published his first famous novel, *The Little Minister,* and made his first appearance on any stage. With Mr. Marriott-Watson as collaborator, he produced a drama that had a run of exactly one day. The play was *Richard Savage,* and I wish I knew where I could lay my hands on a copy, for it would be interesting not only in itself, but for its *ex post facto* potentialities. Some twenty-two years ago, Mr. Edward Morton gave an entertaining account of it, by which we learn that it was a romantic drama of the eighteenth century, with real persons, Steele, Savage, and Jacob Tonson. The prologue was written by W. E. Henley, and the scenes that followed were filled with plots and counterplots, strange oaths and the clashing of swords. Mr. Morton says that the future dramatist is revealed "in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice." This situation, I may add, Barrie repeated in *Walker, London.*

One would think that the prodigious success of *The Little Minister* and the failure of *Richard Savage* would indicate to the author his true "line." But Barrie, encouraged by success, was inspired by failure, for in the same year he produced two other plays of no importance, *Ibsen's Ghost* and *Becky Sharp.* The former was an unsuccessful parody on Ibsen, the preliminary necessary study of the Scandinavian genius bearing fruit later in *The Twelve-Pound Look* and in *The Will.* The other trifle was made by arranging the language of Thackeray.

These three finger-exercises merely indicate growing facility in practice; all depend on some element outside of

the author's mind. He hitched his wagon, not to a star, but to the nearest convenient post. In 1892, however, he wrote a purely original play, which, devoid of even a suggestion of literary value, indicated mastery of the playwright's art. This is *Walker, London,* produced at Toole's Theatre, London, on February 25, 1892. The entire action takes place on a houseboat on the Thames, and the humor — it is pure farce—arises from a case of mistaken identity.

The next year, with Conan Doyle as partner, he wrote *Jane Annie; or the Good Conduct Prize,* in which the small boy Caddie was the chief character and made the success of the piece.

After four years of faithful effort, he produced in 1895 *The Professor's Love Story,* his first successful play, which was revived in London in the season of 1916-1917. This has always been a favorite of its author's, not merely for the charm of sentiment in it, but because it gave him public recognition as a dramatist.

In the year 1897 his fame as a playwright equalled his fame as a novelist — and the same book is responsible for this right and left shot, *The Little Minister.* It was the fashion at that time to turn "best sellers" into plays, a fashion that began with *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and continued until everyone wearied of it. Nearly all of these dramatized novels were grotesquely inept, and perhaps Mr. Barrie was led to make his attempt in order to show how it ought to be done. "If the public will insist on having their favorite fiction-characters incarnate, let us have the process artistic." The author did not hesitate to alter many details, for he was forced to change time-exposures into snap-shots. The play is even better than the book—each person is sharply individualized, and by a word or a look both character and biography are revealed. Jean is walking to church, and on being accosted, almost intones the following: "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca."

The enormous success of *The Little Minister* was followed by sixteen years, during which Barrie's career as a dramatist was identified in the popular mind with the clever remodelling of one sensational novel. In 1900 appeared the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy,* called *Tommy and Grizel,* which is perhaps as good as most sequels. *Sentimental Tommy* gave evidence of inspiration. *Tommy and*

Grizel of perspiration. After he had cleansed his bosom of this perilous stuff, he made the year 1903 memorable by producing three original plays, *Little Mary,* a farce; *Quality Street,* a light comedy; *The Admirable Crichton,* the greatest English drama of modern times.

I doubt if we shall ever penetrate to the last significance, to the final essence, of this play. Every time I read it there is a new revelation, with a hint of something vastly important not plainly shown. Its philosophy contains a disturbing challenge to the audience, as every good drama should do. Instead of a manufactured puzzle with a trick solution — a common notion of what plays should be — it leaves the spectators unsatisfied. Instead of merely drawing our attention to the characters in the story, it directs imperiously our attention to the structure of society, to life itself. Call it unreal, call it fantastical, if you like; its scenery may be romantic, but its thought is realistic. It is founded on the basal traits in human nature, and on the history of the development of human society. Crichton is a pragmatist; the Truth is that power, not ourselves, which works for efficiency. Nature is his goddess, and the natural life in London may be exactly contrary to the natural life on a desert island. He believes in the only true form of democracy — not the nose-counting method, but a system of representative government, where the best men are chosen not as the agents of the majority that elected them, but as free-minded rulers, who will use their own judgment for the best interests of those less fitted to assume responsibility.

Crichton is a born aristocrat like every superman. His disgust at the counterfeit radicalism of Lord Loam in the early scenes, where an unnatural tea party once a month is forced on the unwilling household above and below stairs, is the natural antagonism of a man who rules below as his Lordship rules above. As soon as the conventions of society disappear before the importunate necessities of nature, we find Crichton not only ruling, but surrounding himself with all the outward signs of majesty, even as the First Consul became the Emperor.

In a very wise book we are told that among those things for which the earth is disquieted, and which it cannot bear, is a servant when he reigneth. The earth presumably means organized society. Many instances of the failure of this experiment occurred in the early days of both the French

and the Russian revolutions, but when by a single accident, the centuries of human development are swept away, and the complexities of life are transformed into a simple question of existence, service and peerage are seen to be external professions merely, as external as Piccadilly garments; the strongest man comes to the top. It is notable that on the island was only one book; that book was brought there by Crichton, and the dramatist repaid the kindness of the poet who wrote a prologue for his first play, by making this book a volume of Henley's poems.

It is clear that the play is a tragedy, not only for Crichton, but for Lady Mary — yes, perhaps for Lord Loam, when the change from open air, exercise, simple food, to their opposites, brings on some horrible disease of the liver. For the very organization of society, necessary though it be, is contrary to the natural instincts of man. You cannot have your cake and eat it, too, which so many grown-up children are forever trying to accomplish. If it is pleasant to have well-heated-and-lighted houses, opportunities for learning and for pleasure, adequate police protection, so it is decidedly unpleasant to conform every day and every night to the artificial restraints of convention. There is a price for everything and that price must be paid. Crichton knew well enough that it was better for Lady Mary to live in London than on the island, and that in London a reigning servant would be unendurable. Their natural instincts therefore had to be crucified, as natural instincts are every day and everywhere. Remember the stress laid on the word "natural" throughout the play — it is Crichton's touchstone for truth. Their parting is tragic in the extreme. All parting of lovers is tragic. And the reason why this comedy is a tragedy is not because either Crichton or Lady Mary falters at the essential moment, but because the conditions of life make their mutual happiness impossible. They may eventually attain happiness in separation, but never together. The sharp pain of the unspoken farewell may eventually become the fragrance of rosemary. But now these predestined natural lovers part, and awake from a beautiful dream to cold facts.

If we may judge by the newspaper criticism of the London revival of 1919 — which, of course, was immensely successful, for people forget how good Barrie is till they hear him again — a slightly different ending was provided to

the play. I cannot help doubting this; but if it be true, what were Barrie's reasons? Was it a sop to vociferous democracy, or was it a result of the war, which in real life would have provided another conclusion? For during the war Crichton certainly came to the front, in every sense of that word. Anyhow, if it were changed by the author, we may for once, permissibly doubt his wisdom. The ending in the book is perfect.

Lady Mary. Tell me one thing; you have not lost your courage?
Crichton. No, my lady.
(*She goes. He turns out the lights.*)

The dramatic critic, A. B. Walkley, protested in *The Times* against changing the flawless close. But either his recollection of the first performance played him false, or else Barrie omitted — as he did elsewhere — some spoken lines when he put the play into the permanent form of print. Mr. Walkley, in his review of the revival, says of Crichton: "He left you with the announcement of his intention of settling down with Tweeny in a little 'pub' in the Harrow Road. This struck the perfect note, the final word of irony." Now in the book, there is no mention of a "pub," nor indeed of any future plan, although of course everyone foresees the marriage of Crichton with the adoring Tweeny. Mr. Walkley continues:

You don't need to be reminded of the superman. You could do that for yourself. But now the author insists upon superfluously reminding you. The Harrow Road "pub" has been dropped out. Crichton glares at his old island subjects, and they cower with reminiscence. He glares at the formidable Lady Brocklehurst, and she, even she, quails. Lady Mary reminds him of the past, and even a *redintegratio amoris* is hinted at. In short, the author "hedges"—"hedges" against his own old irony, that perfect thing.

The book was printed long after the first stage success, and before the revival criticised by Mr. Walkley. Is it not possible that the revival follows the text, and that either the actors gave a false interpretation, or that the critic missed even more than the "pub"? Let us hope so.

In the cinema version provided for American consumption, I feared that in a land which loves to hear the scream of the eagle, the play would end with the marriage of Lady Mary and Crichton. That error was not committed; in order to explain to the spectators, always eager for sentiment, the impossibility of this union, a lady was introduced who

had married her chauffeur, with disastrous results. "You see, dear friends, it simply won't do." The final scene takes us to a distant farm in America — where Crichton and Tweeny live happily forever after. This is not a bad guess at what might easily be the sequel to Barrie's play. Back to the land — for a wide western farm is the nearest approach to the conditions of an island.

The film play unfortunately suffered under the Biblical title *Male and Female* — which for that matter might be the title of nine-tenths of the moving pictures—and was marred in the opening scenes by some gratuitous and inexcusable vulgarity. After that the play progressed extremely well; the pictures were admirable, and the story dramatically and skilfully presented. Many have felt that "a protest ought to be made" against putting Barrie on the screen. Personally, under present conditions, I rejoice that it was done, and I hope to see *Peter Pan* and other masterpieces. If we had a repertory company in every town, with the right to produce these plays on the legitimate stage, then it would be unfortunate to present them only in pictures, but, as this drama itself teaches us, the natural instinct of healthy Americans to see good plays is thwarted by a system of theatrical monopoly, and it is better to see Barrie on the screen than not to see him at all. And it is better to see Barrie on the screen than to see almost anything else.

In the year 1904 came *Peter Pan,* and it had a *succès fou.* This is no spring flower, or hothouse plant; it is a hardy perennial, and will delight thousands of spectators after we shall have all made our exit from the planet. It is one of the most profound, original, and universal plays of our epoch. No London Christmas would be complete without it. It is just as appealing in 1920 as it was in 1904, and there is no reason why it should not produce the same effect in 2020. It is the rapture of children, the joy of old age; and it ought to take its place with *Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, The Pied Piper Story, Alice in Wonderland,* and other classics founded on some eternal principle of youth.

At all events, in this play, Barrie created a character, a personality; Peter Pan is an addition to literature and an addition to humanity. He is a real person—already proverbial—and it seems incredible that he can ever be forgotten.

It is curious that there should have ever been any doubt

as to the audience's reception of the question—*Do you believe in fairies?* Audiences will always respond to an appeal to what is best in them. This question and answer united stage and auditorium, and made every listener present an integral part of the play.

In *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,* not only is every individual character laughed at, but boyhod, girlhood, youth, manhood and womanhood are all enveloped in a sea of mirth. It is a comedy of situation very close to farce; its conventional feature is the complete misunderstanding among the actors, with the audience, in full possession of the truth, enjoying it all. There are times indeed when we feel the intrusion of the regular formula for producing laughter—bewilderment. Yet although it is perhaps the least important of its author's mature work, it is saved from cheapness by its revelations of human nature and by its tenderness. One expects the brother and sister to be absurd; their absurdity helps to make them irresistible; "for aye" is as delightful as "methinks" in *Sentimental Tommy;* but how about Stephen? Are full-grown men so vain as that, so easily made idiotic by gross flattery? They are.

In *Rosalind,* we have a picture of the young Oxford man who is not only the perfect type of the English undergraduate, but with the change of a few words, will represent with equal clearness the type so easily recognized at Yale, Harvard and Princeton. This introduction is an admirable illustration of the author's powers of satire, so different in their quality from the tone of his friend Bernard Shaw. The young man, to use Browning's phrase, is "empty and fine as a swordless sheath," but he is satirized by sympathy, not by scorn. Barrie, looking on the young man, loved him. One feels sure, ten years hence, the boy will be doing a man's work in the world.

For sheer audacity, it would be difficult to parallel the opening of *What Every Woman Knows* (1908). The curtain rises and not a word is spoken for seven minutes. To conceive and to insist on such a situation is an indication of how much confidence the playwright had in himself, and in his audience. His confidence was justified, though it would be foolhardy for another to imitate it.

In the beginning of this play, one sees that the author's silences are as impressive as his dialogue—in fact, it is dialogue, a kind of song without words. Silence is used for

comedy, as Maeterlinck used it for tragedy. The two men at the dambrod, the alternation of triumph and despair, were greeted by the audience with every indication of joyful recognition; and at the pat moment, in walks David, and removes his boots. You can hear the clock ticking, and when the silence is finally broken by David's voice, not one guess in a million would have predicted what the granite-like Scot would say—it is a quotation from Tennyson's *Maud!*

This is one of the masterpieces, in the same class with *The Admirable Crichton* and *Dear Brutus.* The construction of the piece is as near perfection as the human mind can make it; the unexpected happens in every scene, just as it does in history. The surface caprices and quiddities of human nature are all accurately charted, and the depths of passion—love, jealousy, ambition—are revealed. If the dramatist had written only this play, we should know that he was a man of genius. No amount of toil can turn out work like this; it is sheer revelation; it is, as Turgenev wrote to Tolstoi, a gift coming from that source whence come all things.

I think the critic of the Literary Supplement of the *London Times* is mistaken in finding this play cruel and depressing; "we are shut up in a cage of makeshift, of a clear-sighted, tolerant despair." He finds a "clear cruelty, a strong hint of sneering." A play where a lost soul is redeemed by the laughter of love, a play where love triumphs over the forces of evil can hardly be characterized in such terms. Tragedy is there in plenty; but a woman's wit puts it to flight.

It is possible that if Ibsen had never written *A Doll's House,* Barrie would not have written *The Twelve Pound Look* (1910). It certainly harks back to the great Norwegian, only there is an improvement even on that master of economy, for the whole story is squeezed (as Henry James would have said) into one act. It has the depth of Ibsen without his grimness, and a whole life history is revealed in fifteen minutes. It is the tragedy of failure in success; the husband, identified by Barrie with every man in the audience, had a complacency that literally made his lawful spouse run for her life. There was not the faintest spark of an adventure about such a domestic existence—

> We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

Nora slammed the door, in order that the audience might hear it; and she did this at the last moment of the play. Kate slipped out quietly many years before the rise of the curtain; and her subsequent adventures, together with the slow poisoning of her successor, form a sequel to *The Doll's House.* The combination of Ibsen and Barrie (at their best) is a delight to gods and men.

A reason why Barrie wrote it in one act, is because he could not bear to have the logical sequence interrupted. I have often wished at good plays that there might be no intermissions. Who wants to leave the room at an exciting moment? These between-the-acts are as acute a nuisance as the persons who stood between the sunshine and Diogenes.

In 1913 appeared *The Legend of Leonora,* not the greatest but in some ways the most original of all its author's productions. This is one of my favourite plays, although it was coldly received by both English and American critics. To omit this comedy from Barrie's works would be a visible subtraction; it is unlike any of the others both in the humour of character and in the humour of situation. Instead of dramatizing action and conversation, he has dramatized *motives and impulses*—which in organized society cannot possibly come to fruition.

In *The Legend of Leonora,* we have two ideas presented; one, that no individual can be described by a formula; on different days in the life of the same person, that person may behave as irregularly and inconsistently as the weather.

The second idea, on which the comedy is really founded, is the dramatisation of *impulse* instead of the representation of action. Leonora's little girl had a cold, just a snuffly cold; and when the lady requested the gentleman to close the train-window, and he rudely refused, she killed him. So far from attempting to excuse herself, or to pretend that it was an accident, she insists that she meant to kill him, and is glad she did. "Can't you understand? My little girl had a cold and the man wouldn't shut the window." It is not she who is crazy, but everyone else! Now of course a woman travelling with a sick child would not kill a man who refused to shut a window; but she would want to. The same dramatisation of motive and impulse appears in the trial

scene. One critic showed a misconception of this, saying that he thought it a poor burlesque. It is not a burlesque at all. The prisoner is beautiful, centripetally attractive; the judge, the prosecuting attorney, the jury show her every attention, vying with one another in claiming her notice; when the jury retire, they soon send in a message, requesting the prisoner's company during their deliberations. Now none of these things could possibly happen in a court of law; the judge and prosecuting attorney would not flatter the prisoner, nor would the jury request her presence; but if the prisoner were radiantly beautiful, this is exactly what every man of them would want to do. She gladly accedes to the wish of the jury and enters their room carrying an enormous bouquet; when she returns, she has almost nothing of it left; but when the jury appear, everyone of them has a flower in his buttonhole.

Human nature may be faithfully and truthfully represented in unnatural speech and in unnatural conduct, and this is what Barrie has done. Such at all events is my understanding of the play, as I give it remembering the happy day I saw it on the stage. I eagerly await its appearance in print, whether or not my impression will be confirmed.

In *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916) we have one of the lesser plays, but for all that a thing of beauty. Here he returns to favourite ground, representing life through the imagination of an elementary mind. The old charwoman attends the royal function, where the king and queen are sitting in rocking-chairs and eating ice-cream cones. Lord Times is even higher, as the Quiet was above Setebos. This play indicates that the tenderness in the author's heart cannot be killed by circumstances; in the scene where the charwoman is taking care of the babies, one of them happens to be German. "Some one had to look after it!" In her poverty and in her charity is there not a rebuke both to those who had much and gave little and to those who foamed at the mouth with indiscriminate hate?

The World War naturally appears in the dramas written between 1914 and 1918. Our author has the distinction of having written the worst and the best war-play—I refer to *Der Tag* and to *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.*

The greatest play produced by the war is *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.* It is a tragedy, as every war-play should be. Just as he takes the ordinary themes of the the-

atre in times of peace, and creates something permanent and beautiful, so he takes the universal theme of the war, and shows how its tragedy reaches down into the humblest lives. No Oxford or Cambridge here; we have only charwomen, who preserve social distinctions with more rigidity than prevails in Mayfair. (A favourite theme with Barrie; remember Crichton below stairs. The last persons who will ever accept democracy are the servants.) "Altogether, she is of a very different social status from one who, like Mrs. Haggerty, is a charwoman but nothing else." The entire play takes place under ground, like Gorki's *Night Asylum,* which in other respects it does not resemble! We shall see that the basement will be illuminated by Love, like that wonderful subterranean home of Tolstoi's shoemaker.

Four of them are having tea, with Mrs. Dowey as hostess. "There is no intention on their part to consider peace terms until a decisive victory has been gained in the field (Sarah Ann Dowey), until the Kaiser is put to the right-about (Emma Mickleham), and singing very small (Amelia Twymley)." Their pride in having sons at the front, in owning war savings certificates, in being bitter-enders, is precisely like that of their sisters in Park Lane. Across every title-page of Barrie's books might be written, "Human nature is always and everywhere the same."

Mrs. Dowey's conquest of her hypothetical son cannot possibly be described; only Barrie, with his insight born of divine sympathy, could have imagined it. The big, rough "chunk of Scotland," bursting with vitality, leaves her for the front, as his time is up; we hear him in the street; "that is he laughing coarsely with Dixon." In the last scene not a word is spoken. Kenneth has been killed. The "old lady" is in her working-clothes, about to start off for her day's toil. But before going, she shows her medals.

It is, like all Barrie's plays, like the story of every human life, a tragi-comedy. The early scenes arouse inextinguishable laughter; in the last act, the ordinary relation of audience to stage is reversed. Instead of noise on the stage and silence in the auditorium, the solitary woman moved about in absolute stillness while unrestrained sobbing is heard all over the house.

The heroine is a charwoman, elevated to a vertiginous height by solemn pride.

The latest play to fall within the scope of this essay (how happy I am that I cannot make it complete) is *Dear Brutus,* which had its first regular American performance in New York, 23 December, 1918, and ran until the closing of the theatre in hot weather. The title of course is taken from the speech of Cassius in *Julius Caesar:*

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

But I think the germ of the play and its main idea are to be found in *The Admirable Crichton,* in one of the stage directions of the third act: the slacker Ernest, transformed in appearance by Crichton's discipline, appears hard at work, and here is the comment by the dramatist:

We should say that he is Ernest *completely changed if we were of those who hold that people change.*

That people do not change is the law of which this drama is a brilliant illustration and like all rules it is proved by its exceptions. All the persons of the play have, by the magical agency of Lob (see *Midsummer Night's Dream*), a second chance; and although their circumstances are different, their characters are the same. With one exception. The artist and his wife, at the close of the play, seek out a new and better existence, because they have passed through a spiritual revolution. The fault then really is in ourselves, and Barrie is true to the Shakespearean quotation. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would be the same, even if they had their heart's desire—an opportunity to try again; but there is the hundredth man. The play is disheartening when we think of the average person; but inspiring when we think of the possibilities of human nature. The one hope of the world is not that human nature will change, for it never will. The hope lies in the possibility of controlling human instincts, in the coming of that time when man's energy, conscience, reason, and will power will control his passions, rather than being their obedient servants.

Nothing could surpass, it would seem, the skill in construction shown in this comedy. But in *Dear Brutus,* as in *The Admirable Crichton,* in *What Every Woman Knows,* and in all Barrie's plays, the last act crowns the work.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO BEETHOVEN— STRAUSS AND THE MUSIC OF DEATH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT IS one hundred and fifty years since Ludwig von Beethoven was born, and we are all saluting the Great Wraith in memory of December 16, 1770. So let us meditate here concerning him.

Was Beethoven ever more persuasive than as a tonal celebrant of the natural world? For a giant of art, an authentic master of expression, his range was amazingly limited. He could do wondrous things with that titanic voice of his—he could be a prophet, a revealer of mysteries; and he could sing with the morning stars in their exalted hours. But he could not express the intenser phases of human emotion—his music lacks flame, lacks sensuous warmth, lacks radiance. Nor had he the power of shaking and tearing the heart through tragic speech, as it is shaken and torn in page after page of Wagner. And he was no swift-winged, iridescent fantaisiste—no "bold foot along the verges of percipitous dream."

But how moving, how immortally memorable he is as a poet of Nature! Perhaps, here, he is most lovable, most treasurous. For Beethoven, the Return to Nature was no deliberately romantic sophistication. To his devout and passionate spirit, it was a resort as spontaneous and naïve and profound as the inclination of the mediæval mystic's soul toward God. He sincerely and piously believed, as we have elsewhere noted, that wisdom broods upon the hills and in the long forest aisles; that sustenance for the heart can be garnered from sunlight and free winds, and spiritual peace drunk from quiet valleys as from a divinely proffered cup. He would have understood that ecstatically confident cry of a Celtic dreamer of today: "Death will

never find us in the heart of the wood!" To his mind, as to Lafcadio Hearn's, had come the thought that illumination of a transcendent kind was yielded "by the mere common green of the world." For Beethoven, there were confirmations and reinforcements in that murmuring and timeless mystery that engrossed the meditations of Hearn: "the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green—the mystery of that which multiplies, forever issuing out of that which multiplies not. Or is the seeming lifeless itself life—only a life more silent still, more hidden?"

Beethoven copied from his beloved and much-thumbed volume of Sturm's *Lehr und Erbauungs Buch* this passage: "One might rightly denominate Nature the school of the heart; she clearly shows us our duties towards God and our neighbor. Hence, I wish to become a disciple of this school and to offer Him my heart. Desirous of instruction, I would seek after that wisdom which no disillusionment can confute; I would gain a knowledge of God, and through this knowledge I shall obtain a foretaste of celestial felicity." Beethoven himself wrote to the Baroness Droszdick that he was convinced of the fact that "no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute enquiries and respond to them." A dozen years before his death he exclaimed: "Almighty God, in the woods I am blessed. Happy every one in the woods. Every tree speaks through Thee. O God! What glory in the woodland! On the heights is peace—peace to serve Him." Sir George Grove records a tradition that Beethoven refused to take possession of an engaged lodging because there were no trees near the house. "How is this? Where are your trees?"—"We have none."—"Then the house won't do for me. I love a tree more than a man." Charles Neate, the British musician who knew Beethoven, told Thayer, the master's admirable biographer, that Nature was "his [Beethoven's] nourishment."

It is extraordinary, in view of Beethoven's passion for natural beauty, that he should have left us, as Sir George Grove remarks, no music exhibiting any avowed connection with Nature but the Pastoral Symphony—whatever other pieces "may have been inspired by the country." M. Vincent d'Indy has confidently determined which among Beethoven's other works "tell us of his impressions

face to face with Nature." He lists these works as follows: "First of all, according to date, the charming sonata for piano, Op. 28 (entitled "Pastoral" in some editions).[1] This work . . . seems like the avowal to fields and forests of a moment of calm happiness, at the dawn of his love for 'la Damigella Contessa Giulietta di Guicciardi.' Then come the sonatas Op. 30, No. 3 (for violin) and Op. 31, No. 3 (for piano); the admirable sonata in C major, Op. 53 (*Waldstein*); then three movements out of four in the seventh quartet, and the . . . Seventh and Eighth Symphonies; finally, the superb tenth sonata for violin, Op. 96, in its entirety; without taking account of the rustic dances, the finales of the trios, Op. 70, No. 2, and Op. 97, or the pastoral entr'acte in *Egmont*."

M. d'Indy calls the *Waldstein* Sonata "eminently pastoral"; he regards the Seventh Symphony as "a pastoral symphony pure and simple"; and the Eighth Symphony, he thinks, "evidently retraces impressions received from Nature." In the first movement of the sonata for violin and piano in G major, Op. 96, "one already feels the caresses of a soft breeze." The adagio is "a revery on a wooded slope which would be a fitting pendant to that 'on the bank of a brook.'" In the scherzo, M. d'Indy, whose second sight is most enviable, perceives Beethoven "lying in a meadow, or maybe perched in a tree," noting a dance of country folk.

Of course there is no limit to such speculations; but if any one but M. d'Indy had written these passages, we might be tempted to call them sentimental and amateurish; but since M. d'Indy is a profound scholar, an accomplished essayist, and one of the first musicians of our time, we shall probably have to let him get away with it.

Beethoven composed the Pastoral Symphony in the summer of 1808, in what were then the wooded environs of Vienna. Into this music he poured his delight in the wonder of the created earth. Back of its charming and ingenuous picturing of rural scenes and incidents and encounters—its brookside idyls, its merrymaking and thunder-storms and shepherd's hymns; back of the element of profound emotional speech connoted by Beethoven's slightly self-

[1] The *Sonata Pastorale*, Op. 28, as Sir George Grove points out, did not get its name from Beethoven or with his consent. "It was so-called by a publisher, probably because the last movement recalls the 6-8 sequences which were formerly supposed to represent the music of shepherds."

righteous deprecation about his music being "more an expression of feeling than portraiture"—back of all these more evident aspects, rises the image of a poet transfixed by the immortal spectacle, and recording his awe and tenderness in songs that cannot help being canticles of praise. And as you listen to this lovely and jocund music, full of sincerity and candor and sweet gravity, you may recall the folk-tale of the old man who could always be found at sunrise looking seaward through the dusk of the woods, with his white locks blowing in the wind that rose out of the dawn; and who, being asked why he was not at his prayers, replied: "Every morning like this I take off my hat to the beauty of the world."

Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration* was played in New York at the opening concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Bodanzky's direction; and we have just heard it again from the superb Philadelphia band, under Leopold Stokowski's necromantic bâton. In both instances, Nature remained unperturbed by this recrudescence of German music composed a quarter of a century before the War, and indubitably representative audiences heard the work with quiet and absorbed attention, keeping their bombs (if they brought any to hurl at the orchestra) in their pockets or under the seats. Perhaps they were instructed by the example of the musical public of London, which had welcomed this same score of Strauss' back to the English concert-stage eight months before.

In New York, at the National Symphony concert, the music made, as it used to make, a profound impression. When *Death and Transfiguration* was performed for the first time in London, twenty-three years ago, it was heard with unmitigated rage by the exhilarating John F. Runciman (may Allah give him peace!), who swore that "here indeed is the music of the future—the very far future." If ever, he declared, "this kind of music becomes acceptable to the people at large, then may I not be here to see and hear." Well, he is not, alas, "here to see and hear"—Mr. Runciman, a writer of uncommon force and imagination, savagely honest, died in 1916, to the serious loss of the art of criticism. Meanwhile, "this kind of music" has, it is vividly obvious, become "acceptable to the people at large." It has even passed beyond that point, and now seems as old-

fashioned as Liszt or Tchaikovsky. Yet it persuades and enchains, at its best, with undiminished power. Some of it has faded; but it still has many moments of overwhelming poignancy, and one or two summits of extraordinary beauty and transfixing pathos.

The poet, said Henry James in his wonderful Preface to *The Wings of the Dove,* " essentially *can't* be concerned with the act of dying. Let him deal with the sickest of the sick, it is still by the act of living that they appeal to him, and appeal the more as the conditions plot against them and prescribe the battle. The process of life gives way fighting, and often may so shine out on the lost ground as in no other connexion. . . ."

Perhaps Mr. James was over-confident; for certainly the tone-poet of *Death and Transfiguration* is concerned, essentially and unequivocally, with " the act of dying." But Mr. James, who probably perceived only at rare intervals —if at all—that a musician might be a poet (for he seems to have had little concern with that art which most men of letters regard chiefly as a relaxing background for a demi-tasse), has nevertheless, despite his somewhat dogmatic quibble, unconsciously portrayed the spiritual substance of Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration.*

In the old, forgotten, far-off days when we were all discovering Richard Strauss, and either canonizing him or hanging him as high as Haman, Mr. James Huneker, for whom Strauss provided an incomparable excuse for the contrivance of ingenious and subtle prose-rhythms, declared that *Death and Transfiguration* " gives us *in esse* all the overpowering qualities of Strauss. . . . He has never surpassed the plangency of coloring, the melting sweetness, of this score."

Perhaps that needs, today, no revision. Perhaps, listening to certain moments that this music yields, one can still say over to oneself, without an embarrassing awareness of disparity, those seven words of English verse in which are marvellously concentrated all the pathos and majesty of death:

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

HAVING recently been engaged in a great war the purport of which was widely interpreted as being to make the world safe for democracy, the United States has now in a great and solemn referendum declared itself to be safe for democracy. This, we surmise, will be the ultimate judgment of history upon the Presidential election of 1920. The result of that contest was, as will doubtless be more clearly perceived when lapse of time provides a better proportioned perspective, a double vindication of American democracy, against the dual menace of autocracy and internationalism. In that respect it was unique, in degree, certainly, if not in kind; though we should say that it was in both. We have had measurably autocratic Executives before the present, and we have had international issues injected into domestic politics. But never before were the two influences combined for such a purpose. Never before was a formidable and deliberate attempt made to transform, by ostensible constitutional means, the genius of our Government and the status of the Nation. The only such attempt, comparable though vastly different, was undertaken sixty years ago by extra-constitutional and forcible means. It is cause for devout gratitude that this latest—and, we may confidently hope, last—attack upon American integrity was defeated no less decisively than the former one. A close contest, with the result nearly evenly balanced, would have been regrettable and menacing in the extreme. The unprecedentedly overwhelming result which was in fact achieved was indisputable and unappealable.

The issuance of a court decree in the case of the prolonged strike in the Boston shoe trade has, of course, provoked revival of the patter against "government by injunction." Such clamor is ill-founded, since the injunctions are not

legislation but only the means of enforcing legislation; and accordingly those who object to them are really opposing the enforcement of the laws. It is illuminating to observe against what the injunction in this case is directed. It forbids intimidation of men who want to work. It forbids even attempted persuasion of men to quit work or to refrain from work when the men themselves object to being thus addressed. It forbids all attempts to induce men to break contracts. It forbids men from interfering in any way with other men's legitimate business. To such inhibitions it is difficult to see how any just and law-abiding man can take exception, seeing how manifestly and offensively illegal are the things forbidden. The injunction, it is true, goes further than that, and forbids the payment of strike benefits to the strikers by the labor unions. That is probably the most extreme action ever taken in injunction proceedings. It is defensible, however, on the ground that the strike itself is for an illegal purpose, and that therefore all measures for the support and promotion of it are illegal. The strike is aimed against the "open shop." It aims to prevent men from working unless they join a certain Union; and the means of such prevention are notoriously identical with the practices which this writ enjoins, namely, intimidation, annoyance, contract-breaking, and interference with other people's business. The logic of the court is that since certain things are illegal, anything intended to promote the practice of them is also illegal.

The fifth quinquennial election to the Hall of Fame at New York University has resulted in the choice of a smaller number of names than any of its predecessors. The first chose twenty-nine names, the second eight, the third ten, and the fourth nine, while the fifth has added only seven to the illustrious roll. It is quite natural that the number should thus diminish, or at any rate that the task of selection should become more difficult with each succeeding lustrum. What is essential is, however, that the elections, whether few or many, shall continue to be as indisputably fit as they have thus far invariably been. There are millions of people, probably, who would like to have names placed in the Hall which are not yet there; names which they think ought to be there. But it would be difficult, we imagine, to find a corporal's guard of intelligent persons who would like to

see stricken out a single name that has been placed there, or who think that a single name has been unworthily chosen. That same supreme test will be successfully passed by the seven names just chosen:

Samuel Langhorne Clemens;
James B. Eads;
Patrick Henry;
William G. T. Morton;
Alice Freeman Palmer;
Augustus Saint-Gaudens;
Roger Williams.

The list spans the history of America, from the early colonies to our own time. It is geographically diversified, though the predominance of those born in or associated with New England continues, as hitherto, to be conspicuous. It is finely representative of nearly all important departments of human interest—an author, a theologian, a jurist and statesman, an artist, an educator, a scientist, and an industrial engineer. And it is at once suggestive of the memorable services which Americans have rendered to the world, and of the intelligence and discrimination with which our present generation regards the eminent men and women of the past.

The Cuban Presidential election, which preceded our own by a single day, strikingly illustrated the changes and reversals to which the politics of that country, as well as of some others, is subject. Dr. Zayas, the eminent jurist and man of letters who was elected President, was the candidate of the Conservative party, of which the present President, General Menocal, is a member, joined with a faction of the Liberal party. But Dr. Zayas was formerly the Liberal Vice-President of Cuba, and Liberal candidate for the Presidency against General Menocal. Also, he was opposed in this campaign by General José Miguel Gomez. But he was Vice-President when Gomez was President, and he was the right-hand aid of Gomez in the revolution against Estrada Palma. Despite his participation in the last-named episode, his career has been far more creditable than that of General Gomez and gives promise of an enlightened and progressive administration. The interest of the United States in the matter is, of course, confined to

the maintenance of constitutional order, and the fulfillment of Cuba's treaty obligations, both of which conditions happily appear to be complied with, obviating any need of the intervention which some were so ill-advised as to predict and even to demand in advance of the election.

The partition of the remains of the Turkish Empire among the three Great Powers of Europe is volubly explained to be merely economic, but it would overtax credulity to regard it as anything less than potentially political as well. The civilized world will not be inclined to protest against it, for the result is sure to be for the betterment of conditions in that country and for the advantage of humanity. Nothing in all the history of Turkdom was more welcome than will be the extinction of the last vestige of its power. The interest of the United States in the episode is properly confined to the maintenance of the same principle that we insisted upon in China years ago, namely, an open door and equality of opportunity in commerce. Champions of the League of Nations may be interested, though not altogether to their comfort and satisfaction, to observe that the partition was effected some months ago by means of a secret treaty. They will also be interested in awaiting the registration of that treaty at the Secretariat of the League, and the vindication of it as consistent with the principles of the League. We observe that the three partitioning powers agree to support each other in maintaining their respective positions. Apparently they do not look to the League, not even to Article Ten, for support, but act for all the world like old-fashioned imperialistic Powers upon which the light of the League had never dawned.

The defeat of the prohibitionist propaganda in the greater part of Scotland was not unexpected, but neither was it conclusive. That such a campaign should have been undertaken at all was significant. That a respectable-sized minority of municipalities did, after so short a campaign, vote for prohibition, was unmistakably suggestive. The result will encourage prohibitionists to persist in their efforts and to renew the contest at the next opportunity. Scotland is at once a most unpromising and a most desirable field for temperance reform. Despite the fact that in morals and education it ranks close to the top of the list of the nations

of the world, in drunkenness it has also an unenviable pre-eminence. There are few great cities in the world in which industry, wealth and culture on the one hand and degradation and debauchery on the other are more strikingly contrasted and commingled than in Glasgow. Whether with their intense individuality and love of personal freedom the Scottish people as a whole will ever assent to absolute prohibition, is questionable. That many of their best thinkers are convinced of the need of some pretty radical reform in popular drinking habits, is not to be doubted.

The plain speaking of several United States Senators concerning the unsatisfactory state of the coal trade seems to be justifiable. Although the wages of miners have been largely increased, a plentiful supply of railroad cars for transportation has been provided, and retail prices are more than twice what they were before the war, there is distressing scarcity of coal in most markets, and New York and other great cities have for some time been on famine rations. It is not to be believed for a moment that there is any satisfactory or sufficient excuse for such a state of affairs, and Senators do well to warn the coal people, operators and miners alike, that a continuance of it will be intolerable, and will certainly provoke some strenuous legislation. We do not concede that government ownership is the proper remedy. There are other means at hand, as New York's dealing with the building and housing problem indicated. There is, however, one thing which the Government might do, which would give measurable and permanent relief. That is, to provide at once for the fullest possible development of water power, for power, light and heating. It is nothing less than a public scandal, and a gross reproach upon the thrift, enterprise and energy of America, that we should every year suffer from scarcity of coal while the equivalent of hundreds of millions of tons of coal yearly is running to waste in our rivers. There are, of course, certain purposes for which coal is practically indispensable. For them our coal supplies should be so far as possible reserved. There are other purposes for which water power is not only equally available, but actually far more desirable. It is a discreditable anomaly for a city to be suffering a coal famine—a famine in power, light and heat—while tens of thousands of horse-power energy are flowing past its borders unutilized.

The unfortunate differences of opinion between France and Great Britain over the Reparations Commission and the fixing and exacting of the German indemnity, which at one time actually seemed to threaten an estrangement of the two governments, have happily been composed on what is probably a satisfactory basis. The settlement involves a compromise, in which nothing of essential importance has been relinquished. France accedes to the British proposal that Germany shall have a hearing in the matter, but it will apparently be a hearing and nothing more. The French contention will prevail, that the Reparations Commission shall be deprived of none of its power, but shall—after listening to the German whinings—fix the amount of the indemnity and also, we assume, the manner of its payment, which will probably mean the method by which Germany is to be compelled to pay it. As the day of accounting draws near, German pleas of poverty and impending bankruptcy increase and multiply, with an access of unctuous hypocrisy. At the same time reports of German business corporations show increasing prosperity and dividends which many American concerns might envy. Of Germany's prosperous condition and her ability to pay a substantial indemnity, there can be no reasonable doubt. Happily, the determination of France to compel her to pay shows no diminution nor shadow of turning. There is regrettable delay in the process; but Nemesis was leaden-footed.

The Japanese census which has just been taken is described as the first accurate enumeration of the people that the Empire has ever had. Former censuses, we are told, were based on statistics of the local registry offices, "which have been shown to be most inaccurate." But it seems to us that precisely the reverse of the latter statement is indicated, namely, that this first real census remarkably vindicates the accuracy of those former enumerations. Thus we are told that the census shows the population of the Empire, excluding Korea, to be not the 70,000,000 which had been hoped and boasted, but only about 58,000,000. Now those former enumerations, which were taken quadrennially, reported the population of Japan proper to be 40,718,677 in 1891, and to have risen at a pretty uniform rate to 48,774,285 in 1907. The rate of increase was thus

about 1.23 per cent a year. Reckoning an increase at that rate upon the figures given for 1907, we have something like 56,400,000 for 1920. If to that we add say 3,500,000 for Formosa, and deduct 1,500,000 for the extraordinary losses from pestilence and other causes which the Empire has suffered, we have 58,400,000, or practically the same as the result of the census. Now although this number is said to be disappointingly small, in the minds of many, it must be borne in mind that it means a density of population approximating 400 to the square mile, or greater than that of any State in this Union save only Massachusetts and Rhode Island. While, therefore, the total number may not be regarded as suggesting any considerable surplus for emigration, the density of the population does strongly suggest the need of relief. Doubtless the figures will be carefully studied by Japanese statesmen in considering their future regulation of emigration, to America or elsewhere.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

IDLING IN ITALY. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

What ever possessed the author (or more probably the publishers) of this book of virile criticism upon literature and life to call it *Idling in Italy* is one of the mysteries of book-making. The fact is that the book is not in any way the production of an idler, but obviously that of a hard thinker who has a knack of expression. The reader questions whether Dr. Collins has ever permitted himself an idle moment. To dream is human; to judge is godlike. Dr. Collins dreams a little now and then in this volume, but his reveries are always cut short and are immediately criticized by reason. The author does not possess the art of loafing; he is no accomplished *flaneur,* such as, for example, E. V. Lucas. He cannot conceal from the reader the fact that his thought is habitually consecutive and purposeful, and that he is a little troubled whenever he feels that his consideration of a subject has been noticeably incomplete. He is at no pains to mask his determination to say what he means and to mean what he says. The reader gets from the volume ideas, not suggestions; stimulus, not charm. He who picks up the book to be lulled, may lay it down sleepless or enraged. It is a real book, not a piece of literary exquisiteness or a series of agreeable conversational discourses.

Professional men ought to write books, because a profession gives one a point of view, a method, and an intellectual conscience. Those who produce literature should as a rule know something besides literature and should have more than a merely literary grasp upon life and its problems. De Quincey, the type of pure man of letters, has been called a mere "stylistic ghost"; Macaulay, who was something of a politician, is still read occasionally for what he had to say. William James, a psychologist, has written books in all senses literary and more generally read than most purely literary productions. Henry Arthur Jones, a playwright, has written excellent essays, more effective, perhaps, in striking at British complacency, than the speculations and satires of H. G. Wells. One does not wish to hold a brief for the "medicated novel"; but a little medication would not hurt some recent novels; and similarly, a little legality would not hurt some books upon world politics. It is rather an encouraging sign of the times that so many books in these days are written by men who know one thing thoroughly and many things well. Mr. Beck's book on German responsibility for the war, Mr. Kahn's book on our economic problems, may be mentioned as illustrations of what the professional man of broad culture may do in literature.

It may be said in passing that literature with the professional man should not be merely a hobby: it should have a large purpose. Purposeful thinking from men trained to think is what the world needs just now. The lawyer should not discuss at tedious length the question whether Bacon, after all, did write the plays attributed to Shakespeare or the problems relative to the early history of Schoharie County; business men will not do their best work by writing of hunting and fishing in the North Woods, or by describing their trips to Europe, or by contributing something to the current knowledge of the various types of firearms used in the history of the United States.

Of all the professions outside letters, the law seems the most literary. But the law is logic and codified common sense; it has no speculative field, and whatever liberties the judge may allow himself in the way of *obiter dicta*, he is liable to feel in his literary output a certain dryness and lack of artistic completeness. The usual release of the judicial mind seems to be by way of Shakespeare; as a class, lawyers quote Shakespeare oftener and with less literary appropriateness than do the members of any other profession—but this is a little beside the mark. The point is that from a lawyer one may properly expect that excellent, balanced, logical judgment which the law requires—but not, in general, speculation or a display of many-sidedness. The man of medicine, however, especially if he be a neurologist, like Dr. Collins, needs to understand how his patients feel and think, to have a flair for character and temperament. He may also be given to speculation in his leisure hours; for the things he studies are mysteries in their essential nature—whereas, in the law, either a thing is so or it isn't.

All of which is beautifully illustrated by a comparison, in one point, between Dr. Collins's *Idling in Italy* and a recent book by James M. Beck, author of *The Evidence in the Case*. It happens that a considerable amount of space is devoted in both these books to the personality and character of President Wilson. Dr. Collins's characterization of the present Chief Executive as a man with "the mind of Jove, and the heart of a batrachian," is in a way to become classic. Mr. Beck, however, takes issue with it. "Far from having the soul of a batrachian," he writes, "he [Mr. Wilson] is a man of the same mould as all of us. He has eyes, a tongue, affections, dimensions, passions. He is not more selfish than most of the public men of our past history. A pure, unselfish spirit, like those of Washington and Lincoln, is rare indeed. For the rest, nearly all the men who have been distinguished in the annals of the United States have been men who pursued the policy of personal success. He only differs from them in his remorseless indifference to the conventions of democracy." Mr. Beck ends by comparing the President to Malvolio—"You are sick of self-love, Malvolio."

On the whole, the Law and Shakespeare appear to have the better of this controversy. The character of a public man, unlike that of a writer, who exposes himself consciously or unconsciously in his imaginative or autobiographical writings, is better judged by common standards applied with judicial fairness than by the methods of psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis may add something—it has given us in this case a vivid impression, something far more thought-provoking than the ordinary *literary* impression—but the final court of appeal is trained common sense.

It is unfair, however, to lay, for better or worse, too much stress upon this one feature of Dr. Collins's book. In dealing with Italian literature and with problems of literature and conduct generally, the author's diagnostic skill, his professional conscience, his intellectual versatility, his aesthetic appreciation as a critic, his tolerance as a man of the world, enable him to write sensibly and charmingly, and lead him to draw sound and often striking conclusions. His reasoning, perhaps, lacks the iron rigidity of Mr. Beck's; but it is meant to convince, and mainly it does. Dr. Collins has written a book of straightforward, intelligible criticism, seasoned with wit; manly and outspoken, though never presumptuous.

It is amazing that any one should have been able to treat of modern Italian authors so encyclopaedically, and yet to say so many distinct and humanly convincing things about each. One likes a plain, frank verdict or summing up, with a little personal flavor, or perhaps a little professional bias (not unfairness) after one has listened to an ingenious and impartial literary discussion. Thus, one is genuinely grateful to Dr. Collins for what he says of D'Annunzio: "He is the true decadent of the nineteenth-century literature, to whom the decadent French symbolists cannot hold a candle." Equally understandable and penetrating is his remark about the most prominent figure among the Italian Futurists: "Signor Marinetti . . . is the most amusing writer in Italy. His idea of beauty is a massive building of concrete in course of construction with the scaffoldings lovingly embracing it. His idea of ugliness is a curve of any kind—save in the feminine body. . . . Signor Marinetti has no delusions of grandeur; he only pretends that he has."

Of another prominent writer, professional acumen and a professional habit of putting truth before sympathy or aesthetics lead Dr. Collins to say: "No one unfamiliar with that strange disorder called the manic depressive psychosis can fully understand Signor Papini." We know how disgusting and how unpopular Nordau made this kind of criticism, how he used it to enforce literary distastes of his own, how he included Swinburne and Maeterlinck among the babblers, the insane scribblers, the people of twilight intelligence. There is nothing of this in the writings of Dr. Collins: he is too wise a man to ride a scientific hobby, and too just and too appreciative to treat people who are doing considerable things in the world as if they were, or ought to be, simply inmates in a private sanatorium. In him, professional, psychological criticism is agreeable, worth while, and not too prevalent. He deals interestingly and sympathetically with "decadents," "radicals," queer people generally—seeing in them something more than crankiness, infantilism, or megalomania. We seldom get such criticism from the purely literary critics, who too often would be afflicted with a kind of holy horror at the thought of approaching an aesthetic question from the standpoint of an alienist. From the alienists we generally get nothing but morbid psychology. Dr. Collins tries to give us that many-sided view which is the best substitute for the simple truth when the latter is not obtainable.

Some of the best things in the book are the general remarks that one finds by the way. They are the considered, but not too carefully hedged, sayings of a man who does not permit himself to generalize over

much. For example: "It is idle to deny that the pitch of man's thought to-day is materialistic, though his unconscious mind is steeped in the mystic." This is something like a brief diagnosis of the modern mentality. Comparing nations is a pastime that generally tends to banality, if not to irresponsible epigram, but the following remark about Italy as compared with the United States is both amusing and sensible: "Italy of to-day is a very new country. Whenever we as a nation do something which the Italians consider gauche or raw, and they are obliged to dislocate an inherent politeness by mention of it, they excuse us because we are so young. So one excuses an infant for some verbal or conductual infraction. In reality, we are about a century older than Italy of to-day, and we have spent that time developing a 'manner' that reflects our protracted habituation to freedom." Here, too, is something better worth saying about the recent literary output of Italy than can generally be said about the modern literature of any nation as a whole: "Were I obliged to characterize the fictional output of Italy during the past few years, I should say that it was imaginatively sterile and emotionally fecund." With these significant sayings—sayings that let in a good deal of light in a few words—one may classify, as similar in quality, the whole of the author's careful, non-laudatory study of the philosopher Samuel Butler.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The economic sections of the treaty had nothing directly to do with the Fourteen Points, except as these points provided for restoration, and "restoration" was promptly interpreted to mean the payment of damages. Reparation had nothing to do with the covenant of the League of Nations. Consequently it was possible to discuss these matters without becoming involved in theoretic dubieties. Nevertheless, the framing of the economic sections was about as difficult a task as the treaty-makers had to undertake, even though here there was no principle of self-determination to be equitably applied. Hate had been aroused; claims conflicted.

In ancient times if a people had offended the world, or Alexander, or the Roman Empire, as Germany has offended, the solution would have been simple. *Delenda est Carthago!* Cato's formula was logical. But nowadays no one contemplates the destruction, root and branch, of a whole people. And so, strangely, it has been found difficult to punish the Germans adequately, or even to assess the damages. Perhaps, after all, we ought to have marched to Berlin.

How much can Germany pay? That is the question on which all turns. For instance, the question whether the bill should be presented for war costs or simply for damages depends on this. If the sum that Germany can pay, as determined by a calculation of her resources, is limited, then the inclusion of the larger item of war costs would simply alter the ratio of payment to the various Allied nations, with the result that those who needed most would perhaps receive the smallest proportion. Again, it has been pointed out that the imposition of a huge indemnity might work badly in another way. If Germany were

granted no facilities for development, then very simply and obviously she could not pay; but if the Allies forced Germany to become the workshop of the world, why, the workshop of the world she would be, with no great permanent advantage to her late enemies.

Mr. Baruch's discussion is very clear and detailed on all such matters. Take, for example, the coal question. "There is a great fallacy prevailing," he says, "as to the production and distribution of raw materials in the world. Only in time of war or blockade are the location and ownership of coal or other raw materials important. . . . It will be found that the French who demanded and the Germans who objected to the coal clauses were unnecessarily alarmed. When normality in production of coal in Germany and Europe returns, the producer will find the most available market for coal where it had previously existed. This will take place only when that section of Europe containing coal gets back to work."

The fundamental difficulty of the whole problem is the fixing of the total. "No one knew how much Germany owed. No one now knows how much Germany owes. No one knew how much Germany could pay. No one now knows how much Germany can pay." The amounts discussed ranged from $8,000,000,000 to $120,000,000,000. Under these circumstances the American delegation seems to have been right in contending for the necessity of determining the amount by some sort of definite calculation that would give a sum within reason. The intensity of feeling that the question aroused made this difficult.

Mr. Baruch is convinced that, in view of all the difficulties, the economic problems of the treaty were solved as well as was humanly possible. The treaty, he points out, was not perfected with its signing; the signing was just the beginning of a process. The worth of the treaty will lie in the spirit in which it is carried out. However this may be, the author has given a valuable account of the matter; clear, dispassionate, uninvolved. His contentions gain in force through the strictness with which he keeps within the field that he has marked out for himself. There is no turning aside to discuss personalities or non-economic policies, or national aspirations, or international ethics. The book contains in its appendices much material for independent study of the economic sections of the treaty.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW FREEDOM. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

For once in these later years a Latin quotation on the title page of a book is appropriate—and it is a quotation from the not much quoted Ennius—

> Firm based upon its principles and men
> Standeth the Roman State——

as a famous translation has it. This expresses the spirit and aspiration of the whole of Mr. Beck's book.

The New Freedom is, of course, Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom." It is the freedom which means a dangerous relaxation of those prin-

ciples on which this nation was founded, the casting of principles into the alchemist's melting pot, whence they are to emerge as a purified but vague idealism.

With clear application to fact, Mr. Beck expounds the six great principles of our Constitution, the principles of the old freedom, which, he maintains, constitute "the great contribution of its framers to the ordered progress of mankind." All, or nearly all, these principles have been gradually undermined, the process having begun in pre-Wilsonian times. "The principle of home rule has been subverted by a steady submergence of the States, which has now made of them little more than glorified police provinces. . . . The independence of the judiciary is menaced by many provisions for the recall of both judges and judicial decisions. . . . The Fifth and Fifteenth Amendments have largely broken down as bulwarks against confiscatory legislation." However old-fashioned and reactionary such a view may seem, the truth is that we ought to go back to the ideals of the Fathers —those ideals which conserved "the worth and dignity of the human soul, the free competition of man and man, the nobility of labor, the right to work, free from the tyranny of state or class." At least, one may say, we ought to go back to these until we have found some better substitute for them than has as yet been proposed.

No one has stated his political credo more concisely, elegantly, and adequately than has Mr. Beck. Frankly, he would test all political propositions by it. The advantage of testing all thinking by clearly defined principles is obviously as great from a pragmatic point of view as the disadvantage of guiding conduct by ideals and tendencies, however lofty or "irresistible," is clear to the practical man of affairs.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Beck's book, however, is not its political philosophy, but the literary quality of the dialogues regarding the Peace Conference, which are its novel feature. These are really dramatic in so far as, like the plays of the older dramatists, they express aptly and with some approach to verisimilitude, not necessarily or always what a character would *say*, but certainly what he would think and feel. It is true that plausibility is a little strained when President Wilson is made to gloss his own present views with references to his past works; and perhaps the author makes the President speak throughout with a little too much of that candor which Dante, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, was able to extort from some of those great figures whom he met in his round through the Inferno. Still, all this is very skillful—especially the imitation of the Presidential style, with its seeming luminosity and its failure ever quite to get to the point. And all is done with dignity. It is satire, but not of the flagellating kind: rather it is satire proffering (to use a Presidential word) "solemn" advice or remonstrance.

All the great persons of the Conference are, indeed, made to speak in character. The representations of them amount almost to portraits. To Balfour is assigned his proper role—that of critic-philosopher, keen and detached. Lloyd George is seen, brusque, good-humored, tenacious, quick to see an advantage, just as one may justifiably suppose him to be. Then there is Clemenceau, appropriately given the chief part, ironical, enigmatic, often quiescent, dangerous when aroused. Who that is at all acquainted with the literary personality of

the French ex-premier can fail to recognize the characteristic quality of the following bit of persiflage put into his mouth by the author. In a conversation that occurs just before the real business of the session begins, Clemenceau is made to say that the smaller Allies are "like a lot of hens being held by the feet and carried to market—although all doomed to the same fate, they contrive to fight each other while awaiting it."

The dialogues are dramatic, too, in their ordering. The entrance of the Japanese question occurs at just the psychological moment, and what happens thereafter is just enough to express through action the real motives involved.

Not often does the author permit himself to be ironical without regard to his necessary purpose. The state of affairs at the Conference might have been made clear, no doubt, without the inclusion of the remark attributed to President Wilson at the unfortunate juncture when the Irish delegates seek an audience: "Who are they that thus intrude upon this inner conference where we are openly arriving at open covenants?"—and doubtless the President has too lively a sense of humor ever to have said anything of the sort. But the speech is too good to be spared. It is exactly the sort of speech that Mr. Dooley might invent if he were treating President Wilson as he once treated President McKinley.

Mr. Beck has produced in these dialogues a kind of literature that is not often written after so much cool, thoughtful preparation, and that is seldom found to be, as in this case, profound and exact as well as amusing.

"SIMSADUS: LONDON." By John Langdon Leighton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

"Simsadus: London" was the cable address of Admiral Sims' London office—dissected, Sims, Admiral, U. S. The author served in the Naval Intelligence Department and Historical Section in London.

Most war books, however admirable in spirit, novel or valuable in contents, make rather trying reading. They almost necessarily present a great array of facts and impressions in no very systematic order and with rather high tension of expressed or half-suppressed emotion. This is not to be disapproved, of course. Somehow that part of the world that did not go to war must be made to realize what the war was like. Still, one does not envy the historians who will have to canvass all this material. And it is something of a relief to find a war-book that does not strain one's nerves, or overwhelm one with facts, and that has hardly any note in it of propaganda, or eulogy, or criticism.

The Navy had its trials and hardships, but it saw less horror than the Army. Not that the naval men, British or American, were not anxious for a stand-up fight. "Flotin' around that blinkin' Nor' Sea," said one English tar, "waitin' till those bloody 'uns get grit henough to fight, and yet always 'oping that they will fight some di, 'tisn't the kind of life for an hambitious or warlike chap the likes of me." It isn't that one underrates the heroism either of the army men or of the naval men. It is simply that one is glad to turn to a story of efficiency

that doesn't make one feel continually ashamed and horrified at the thought of what that efficiency cost.

Mr. Leighton has given a clear-cut, well-ordered account of what our Navy did in connection with the British Navy. Its greatest merit, perhaps, is that it tells us the plain facts about the submarines.

In April, 1917, the German submarine war was much nearer success than the public in the Allied countries realized. At this time the English were doing about eighty per cent of what was being done to ward off the peril. American destroyers arrived in April, and more in May and June, and the situation gradually changed. In charge of the American forces was Admiral Sims, who in 1905 had been instrumental, through Theodore Roosevelt, in changing the whole gunnery system of the United States Navy; who in 1909 was distinguished as the first officer below the rank of captain to have command of a first-class battleship; and who in 1910 made the famous speech pledging the aid of the American Navy to the British Navy in time of absolute need. Sims reported that the United States must furnish merchant vessels in the near future and naval and military aid at once; he also recommended that the United States Navy should operate as part of the British forces—a wise and magnanimous decision. After American naval bases had been established at Queenstown, Brest, and Gibraltar, our Navy was effectively co-operating with that of Great Britain. By September, 1917, the convoy system, an enormous undertaking, was in working order. The critical period was safely passed by the fall of 1917. In September the losses from submarines were only thirty per cent of what they had been in April.

Such, in bare outline, are the facts of the submarine contest. Much, though not all of this, was unfolded to us in the newspapers from day to day. But there was a great deal that the papers could not tell us, and that many of us have not, even now, an inkling of. Why was it futile to attempt to bottle up the German subs at their bases by means of mines? Why was the mine-barrage in the North Sea not attempted until nearly the end of the war? Why was it ridiculous to suppose that the Germans had submarine bases on the Mexican coast or elsewhere near the United States? Mr. Leighton answers such questions clearly and satisfactorily. How many persons know that the appearance of German submarines in American waters was a sign of German failure? True, during July and August they sank off the American coast about twenty per cent of the total tonnage sunk in two months. This effort, however, was but testimony to the success of the convoy system. But for that the submarines might have been far more profitably employed elsewhere.

People supposed that hundreds of submarines were at sea at the same time. There were about 144 German submarines in commission, and about the waters of England and France there were from sixteen to twenty-eight cruising every day. The low percentage is explained by the fact that after a cruise it was necessary to keep one of these boats in port for overhauling and repairs for a length of time about three times as great as the period at sea. Stories of the sighting of submarines at sea were often based on error. "Few of our soldiers ever saw a submarine."

On the other hand, only one submarine was sunk in every thirty-nine attempts. Commanders of destroyers and other vessels often supposed the submarine sunk or damaged when this was not the case. The reasons for such mistakes are simple and well worth knowing. Is it not strange that more troopships were not torpedoed? The reason is that to the Germans the game was not worth the candle. Strange, but true! According to their conception, their best policy was to try to starve England, and they were probably right.

But the strangest and most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the British Intelligence Office. We had great respect for the German system of espionage. It was efficient. Nevertheless, the Germans not infrequently got wrong information, which in war is much worse than no information. The British, on the other hand, says the author, always had the right information. They knew, at certain times, where every enemy submarine was. This they accomplished by means of radio stations. To be sure, the messages from the German subs, conveyed in a highly secret code, might be undecipherable; but the direction from which the message came could be determined. "The Admiralty took the greatest care that this method of locating submarines should not be discovered by the enemy, for they regarded it as the greatest secret in their possession; and there is no evidence to show that the Germans ever did discover it."

Here, then, is information clearing up many obscure points about the naval conduct of the war—a reassuring account, showing the efficiency and precision, the full knowledge and the cool calculation, with which our Navy and the British Navy worked together during the last critical period of the conflict.